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John Lilly

THE DRAMATIC WORKS

OF JOHN LILLY,

(THE EUPHUIST.)

WITH NOTES AND SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS

LIFE AND WRITINGS

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OF SCOTLAND.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



PR
2659
L9
1858
V. 2

LONDON:

JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,

SOHO SQUARE.

1858.

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MYDAS.

PLAYED BEFORE THE QUEENES MAJESTIE UPON

TWELFE DAY AT NIGHT BY THE

CHILDREN OF PAULS.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BACCHUS.

APOLLO.

PAN.

MIDAS, *King of Phrygia.*

ERISTUS,
MARTIUS, } *Gentlemen of the Court.*
MELLACRITES, }

LICIO,
PETULUS, } *Servants.*
MINUTIUS, }

MOTTO, *a Barber.*

DELLO, *his Boy.*

MENALCAS, }
CORYN, } *Shepherds.*
CELTHUS, }
DRIAPON, }
CIMYNTAS, }

HUNTSMAN.

ERATO.

NYMPHS.

SOPHRONIA, *the Daughter of Midas.*

CÆLIA,
CAMILLA, } *Ladies of the Court.*
AMERULA, }
SUAVIA, }

PIPENETTA, *a Servant.*

SCENE—*Phrygia and Delphos.*

THE PROLOGUE

IN PAULS.

GENTLEMEN, so nice is the world, that for apparell there is no fashion, for musique no instrument, for diet no delicate, for playes no invention, but breedeth satietie before noone, and contempt before night.

Come to the taylor, hee is gone to the painters, to learne how more cunning may lurke in the fashion, then can be expressed in the making. Aske the musicians, they wil say their heads ake with devising notes beyond Ela. Enquire at ordinaries, there must be sallads for the *Italian*; picktooths for the *Spaniard*; pots for the *Germane*; pottage for the *Englishman*. At our exercises, souldiers call for tragedies, their object is bloud: courtiers for comedies, their subject is love; countrimen for pastorals, sheepheards are their saints. Traffique and travell hath woven the nature of all nations into ours; and made this land like arras, full of devise; which was broad-cloth, full of workmanship.

Time hath confounded our mindes, our minds the matter; but all commeth to this passe, that what heretofore hath beene served in severall dishes for a feast, is now minced in a charger for a gallimaufrey. If we

present a mingle-mangle, our fault is to be excused, because the whole world is become an hodge-podge.

We are jealous of your judgements, because you are wise ; of our owne performance, because wee are unperfect ; of our author's device, because he is idle. Onely this doth encourage us, that presenting our studies before gentlemen, though they receive an inward mislike, wee shall not be hist with an open disgrace.

Stirps rudis urtica est ; stirps generosa, rosa.



MYDAS.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCÆNA PRIMA.

BACCHUS, MYDAS, EBISTUS, MARTIUS.

Bacchus.

MYDAS, where the gods bestow benefits they aske thankes, but where they receive good turnes, they give rewards. Thou hast filled my belly with meat, mine eares with musick, mine eies with wonders. *Bacchus* of all the gods is the best fellow, and *Mydas* amongst men, a king of fellowes. All thy grounds are vineyards, thy corne, grapes; thy chambers, sellers; thy household stuffe, standing cups: and therefore aske any thing it shall be granted. Wouldest thou have the pipes of thy conduits to runne wine, the udders of thy beasts to drop nectar, or thy trees to bud ambrosia? Desirest thou to be fortunate in thy love, or in thy victories famous, or to have the yeeres of thy life as many as the haire on thy head? Nothing shall be denied, so great is *Bacchus*, so happy is *Mydas*.

Myd. *Bacchus*, for a king to beg of a god it is no shame, but to aske with advise, wisdom; give me leave

to consult, least desiring things above my reach, I befiered with *Phaeton* : or against nature, and be drowned with *Icarus* : and so perishing, the world shall both laugh and wonder, crying, *Magnis tamen excidit ausis*.

Bacchus. Consult, *Bacchus* will consent.

Myd. Now, my lords, let mee heare your opinions ; what wish may make *Mydas* most happy, and his subjects best content ?

Erist. Were I a king I would wish to possesse my mistresse, for what sweetnesse can there be found in life, but love ? whose wounds the more mortall they are to the heart, the more immortall they make the possessors : and who knoweth not that the possessing of that must bee most precious, the pursuing whereof is so pleasing.

Mar. Love is a pastime for children, breeding nothing but folly, and nourishing nothing but idlenesse. I would wish to be monarch of the world, conquering kingdomes like villages, and being greatest on the earth bee commander of the whole earth : for what is there that more tickles the minde of a king, then a hope to be the only king, wringing out of every country tribute, and in his owne to sit in triumph ? Those that call conquerors ambitious, are like those that tearme thrift, covetousnesse ; cleauelinesse, pride ; honestie, precisenesse. Command the world, *Mydas*, a greater thing you cannot desire, a lesse you should not.

Myd. What say you, *Mellacrites* ?

Mel. Nothing, but that these two have said nothing. I would wish that every thing I touched might turne to gold : this is the sinewes of war, and the sweetnesse of peace. Is it not gold that maketh the chastest to yeeld

to lust, the honestest to lewdnesse, the wisest to folly, the faithfulest to deceit, and the most holy in heart, to be most hollow of heart? In this word gold are all the powers of the gods, the desires of men, the wonders of the world, the miracles of nature, the loosenesse of fortune and triumphs of time. By gold may you shake the courts of other princes, and have your owne settled; one spade of gold undermines faster then an hundred mattockes of steele. Would one bee thought religious and devout? *Quantum quisque sua nummorum servat in arca, tantum habet et fidei*: religion's ballance are golden bags. Desire you vertue? *quærenda pecunia primum est, virtus post nummos*: the first staire of vertue is money. Doth any thirst after gentrie, and wish to be esteemed beautifull? *et genus et formam regina pecunia donat*: king coine hath a mint to stampe gentlemen, and art to make amiablenes. I deny not but love is sweet, and the marrow of a man's mind; that to conquer kings is the quintessence of the thoughts of kings: why then follow both, *Aurea sunt verè nunc sæcula, plurimus auro venit honos, auro conciliatur amor*: it is a world for gold, honor and love are both taken up on interest. Doth *Mydas* determine to tempt the minds of true subjects? to draw them from obedience to trecherie, from their allegiance and oaths to treason and perjurie? *quid non mortalia pectora cogit auri sacra fames?* What holes doth not gold bore in mens' hearts? Such vertue is there in gold, that being bred in the barennest ground, and trodden under foot, it mounteth to sit on princes' heads. Wish gold, *Mydas*, or wish not to be *Mydas*. In the counsell of the gods,

was not *Anubis* with his long nose of gold, preferred before *Neptune*, whose stature was but brasse? And *Æsculapius* more honoured for his golden beard, than *Apollo* for his sweet harmonie?

Erist. To have gold and not love, (which cannot be purchast by gold) is to be a slave to gold.

Mar. To possesse mountaines of gold, and a mistris more precious then gold, and not to command the world,—is to make *Mydas* new prentise to a mint, and journeyman to a woman.

Mel. To enjoy a faire ladie in love, and want faire gold to give: to have thousands of people to fight, and no peny to pay,—will make one's mistresse wilde, and his souldiers tame. *Jupiter* was a god, but he knew gold was a greater: and flew into those grates with his golden wings, where he could not enter with his swans' wings. What staid *Atalanta's* course with *Hippomanes*? an apple of gold! What made the three goddesses strive? an apple of gold! If therefore thou make not thy mistresse a gold-finch, thou mayest chance to find her a wag-taile: beleeve me, *Res est ingeniosa dare*. Besides, how many gates of cities this golden key hath opened, wee may remember of late, and ought to feare hereafter. That iron world is worne out, the golden is now come. *Sub Jove nunc mundus, jussa sequare Jovis*.

Erist. Gold is but the guts of the earth.

Mel. I had rather have the earth's guts, then the moone's braines. What is it that gold cannot command, or hath not conquered? Justice herselfe, that sitteth wimpled about the eyes, doth it not because shee will

take no gold, but that shee would not bee scene blushing when she takes it: the ballance she holdeth are not to wey the right of the cause, but the weight of the bribe; she will put up her naked sword, if thou offer her a golden scabberd.

Myd. Cease you to dispute, I am determind. It is gold, *Bacchus*. that *Mydas* desireth, let every thing that *Mydas* toucheth be turned to gold, so shalt thou blesse thy guest, and manifest thy godhead. Let it be gold, *Bacchus*.

Bacchus. *Mydas*, thy wish cleaveth to thy last word. Take up this stone.

Myd. Fortunate *Mydas*! It is gold, *Mellacrites*! gold! it is gold!

Mel. This sticke.

Myd. Gold, *Mellacrites*! my sweet boy all is gold! for ever honoured bee *Bacchus*, that above measure hath made *Mydas* fortunate.

Bacchus. If *Mydas* bee pleased *Bacchus* is, I will to my temple with *Silenus*, for by this time there are many to offer unto me sacrifices: *Poenam pro munere poseis*.

Myd. Come, my lords, I will with gold pave my court, and decke with gold my turrets, these petty islands neere to *Phrygia* shall totter, and other kingdomes bee turned topsie turvie: I wil command both the affections of men and their fortunes. Chastitie will grow cheape where gold is thought deare; *Cælia*, chaste *Cælia*, shall yeeld. You, my lords, shall have my hands in your houses, turning your brazen gates to fine gold. Thus shall *Mydas* be monarch of the world, the darer of fortune, the commander of love. Come let us in.

Mel. Wee follow, desiring that our thoughts may bee touched with thy fingers, that they also may become gold.

Erist. Well, I feare the event, because of *Bacchus'* last words, *pœnam pro munere poscis*.

Myd. Tush, he is a drunken god, else hee would not have given so great a gift. Now it is done, I care not for any thing he can doe. [Exeunt.]

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCÆNA SECUNDA.

LICIO, PETULUS.

Licio. Thou servest *Mellucrites*, and I his daughter, which is the better man?

Pet. The masculine gender is more worthy than the feminine. Therefore *Licio*—*backare*.

Licio. That is when those two genders are at jarre, but when they belong both to one thing, then—

Pet. What then?

Licio. Then they agree like the fiddle and the sticke.

Pet. *Pulchrè sanè*. God's blessing on thy blue nose; but, *Licio*, my mistresse is a proper woman.

Licio. I, but thou knowest not her properties.

Pet. I care not for her qualities, so I may embrace her quantitie.

Licio. Are you so peart?

Pet. I, and so expert, that I can as well tell the thoughts of a woman's heart by her eyes, as the change of the weather by an almanacke.

Licio. Sir boy, you must not be saucie.

Pet. No, but faithfull and serviceable.

Licio. Locke up your lips, or I will lop them off. But sirrha, for thy better instructions I will unfold every wrinkle of my mistresse disposition.

Pet. I pray thee doe.

Licio. But for this time I will only handle the head and purtenance.

Pet. Nothing else?

Licio. Why, will not that bee a long houre's worke to describe, that is almost a whole daye's worke to dresse?

Pet. Proceed.

Licio. First, she hath a head as round as a tennis ball.

Pet. I would my bed were a hazard.

Licio. Why?

Pet. Nothing, but that I would have her head there among other balls.

Licio. *Video, pro intelligo.* Then hath she an hauke's eye.

Pet. O that I were a partridge head.

Licio. To what end?

Pet. That shee might tire with her eyes on my countenance.

Licio. Wouldst thou be hanged?

Pet. *Scilicet.*

Licio. Well, shee hath the tongue of a parret.

Pet. That's a leaden dagger in a velvet sheath, to have a blacke tongue in a faire mouth.

Licio. Tush, it is not for the blacknesse, but for the babbling, for every houre she will cry *walke, knave, walke.*

Pet. Then will I mutter, *a rope for parrat, a rope.*

Licio. So maist thou be hanged, not by the lippes, but by the neck. Then, sir, hath she a calve's tooth.

Pet. O monstrous mouth! I would then it had beene a sheepe's eye, and a neate's tongue.

Licio. It is not for the bignes, but the sweetnesse: all her teeth are as sweet as the sweet tooth of a calfe.

Pet. Sweetly meant.

Licio. She hath the eares of a want.

Pet. Doth she want eares?

Licio. I say the eares of a want, a mole; thou dost want wit to understand mee. She will heare though shee bee never so low on the ground.

Pet. Why then if one aske her a question, it is likely she will hearken to it.

Licio. Hearken thou after that, she hath the nose of a sow.

Pet. Then belike there she weares her wedding ring.

Licio. No, shee can smel a knave a mile off.

Pet. Let us go farther, *Licio*, she hath both us in the wind.

Licio. She hath a beetle brow.

Pet. What, is she beetle browed?

Licio. Thou hast a beetle head! I say the brow of a beetle, a little flie whose brow is as blacke as velvet.

Pet. What lips hath she?

Licio. Tush, the lips are no part of the head, only made for a double leafe-dore for the mouth.

Pet. What is then the chin?

Licio. That is onely the threshold to the doore.

Pet. I perceiue you are driven to the wall that stands

behind the dore, for this is ridiculous : but now you can say no more of the head begin with the purtenances, for that was your promise.

Licio. The purtenances ! it is impossible to reckon them up, much lesse to tell the nature of them. Hoods, frontlets, wires, caules, curling-irons, perriwigs, bodkins, fillets, hairlaces, ribbons, roles, knotstrings, glasses, combs, caps, hats, coifes, kerchers, clothes, earerings, borders, crippins, shadowes, spots, and so many other trifles, as both I want the words of arte to name them, time to utter them, and wit to remember them : these be but a few notes.

Pet. Notes quoth you, I note one thing.

Licio. What is that ?

Pet. That if every part require so much as the head, it will make the richest husband in the world ake at the heart.

Enter PIPENETTA.

Licio. But soft, here comes *Pipenetta*, what newes ?

Pip. I would not be in your coates for any thing.

Licio. Indeed if thou shouldest rigge up and downe in our jackets, thou wouldst be thought a very tomboy.

Pip. I meane I would not bee in your cases.

Pet. Neither shalt thou, *Pipenetta*, for first, they are too little for thy body, and then too faire, to pull over so fowle a skinne.

Pip. These boyes be drunke, I would not be in your takings.

Licio. I thinke so, for we take nothing in our hands

but weapons, it is for thee to use needles and pinnes, a sampler, not a buckler.

Pip. Nay then, wee shall never have done ! I meane I would not be so curst as you shal be.

Pet. Worse and worse ! Wee are no chase (prettie mops) for deare ; we are not, neither red nor fallow, because wee are batchelers and have not *cornucopia*, we want heads : bares we cannot be, because they are male one yeare, and the next female, wee change not our sex : badgers we are not, for our legges are one as long as another : and who will take us to be foxes that stand so neare a goose, and bite not ?

Pip. Fooles you are, and therefore good game for wise men to hunt : but knaves I leave you, for honest wenches to talke of.

Licio. Nay, stay sweet *Pipenetta*, we are but disposed to be merrie.

Pip. I marvel how old you will bee before you be disposed to be honest. But this is the matter, my master is gone abroad, and wants his page to wait on him : my mistresse would rise, and lacks your worship to fetch her haire.

Pet. Why, is it not on her head ?

Pip. Meethinks it should, but I meane the haire that shee must weare to day.

Licio. Why, doth she weare any but her owne ?

Pip. In faith, sir, no, I am sure it's her owne when shee paies for it. But doe you heare the strange newes at the court ?

Pet. No, except this bee it, to have one's haire lie all night out of the house from one's head.

Pip. Tush! every thing that *Mydas* toucheth is gold.

Pet. The devill it is!

Pip. Indeed gold is the devil.

Licio. Thou art deceived, wench, angels are gold.
But is it true?

Pip. True? Why the meate that hee toucheth turneth to gold, so doth the drinke, so doth his raiment.

Pet. I would hee would give mee a good boxe on the eare, that I might have a golden cheeke.

Licio. How happy shall wee bee if hee would but stroke our heads, that wee might have golden haire. But let us all in, least hee lose the vertue of the gift before we tast the benefit.

Pip. If he take a cudgel and that turne to gold, yet beating you with it, you shall only feele the weight of gold.

Pet. What difference to bee beaten with gold, and to be beaten gold?

Pip. As much as to say, drinke before you goe, and goe before you drinke.

Licio. Come, let us goe, least we drinke of a drie cup for our long tarrying. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCÆNA PRIMA.

ERISTUS, CÆLIA, SOPHRONIA, MELLACRITES, MARTIUS.

Eristus.



BAIRE *Cælia*, thou seest of gold there is satiety, of love there cannot.

Cæl. If thou shouldst wish that whatso-

ever thou thoughtest might be love, as *Mydas* whatever he toucht might be gold, it may bee love would bee as lothsome to thine eares, as gold is to his eyes; and make thy heart pinch with melancholy, as his guts doe with famine.

Erist. No, sweet *Cælia*, in love there is varietie.

Cæl. Indeed men varie in their love.

Erist. They vary their love, yet change it not.

Cæl. Love and change are at variance, therefore if they varie, they must change.

Erist. Men change the maner of their love, not the humor; the meanes how to obtaine, not the mistresse they honour. So did *Jupiter*, that could not intreate *Danae* by golden words, posses his love by a golden shoure, not altering his affection, but using art.

Cæl. The same *Jupiter* was an egle, a swan, a bull; and for every saint a new shape; as men have for every mistresse a new shadow. If you take example of the gods, who more wanton, more wavering? if of yourselves, being but men, who will thinke you more constant then gods? *Eristus*, if gold could have allured mine eyes, thou knowest *Mydas* that commandeth all things to bee gold, had conquered: if threats might have feared my heart, *Mydas* being a king, might have commanded my affections: if love, gold, or authoritie might have enchanted me, *Mydas* had obtained by love, gold, and authoritie, *Quorum si singula nostrum flectere non poterant, potuissent omnia mentem.*

Erist. Ah, *Cælia*! if kings say they love and yet dissemble, who dare say that they dissemble, and not love? They command the affections of others to yeeld, and

their owne to bee beleev'd. My teares which have made furrowes in my cheekes, and in mine eyes fountaines: my sighes, which have made of my heart a furnace, and kindled in my head flames: my body that melteth by peecemeale, and my minde that pineth at an instant, may witnesse that my love is both unspotted, and unspeakeable, *Quorum si singula duram flectere non poterant, deberent omnia mentem.* But soft, here cometh the princesse, with the rest of the lords.

Enter SOPHRONIA.

Soph. *Mellacrites*, I cannot tell whether I should more mislike thy counsell, or *Mydas*' consent, but the covetous humour of you both I contemne and wonder at, being unfit for a king, whose honour should consist in liberalitie, not greedines; and unworthy the calling of *Mellacrites*, whose fame should rise by the soldiers' god, *Mars*, not by the merchants' god, gold.

Mel. Madam, things past cannot be recalled, but repented; and therefore are rather to bee pittied than punished. It now behoveth us how to redresse the miserable estate of our king, not to dispute of the occasion. Your highnes sees, and without griefe you cannot see, that his meate turneth to massie gold in his mouth, and his wine slideth downe his throate like liquid gold: if he touch his roabes they are turned to gold, and what is not that toucheth him, but becommeth gold?

Erist. I, *Mellacrites*, if thy tongue had bin turned to gold before thou gavest our king such counsell, *Mydas*' heart had beene full of ease, and thy mouth of gold.

Mar. If my advise had taken place, *Mydas* that now

sitteth over head and cares in crownes, had worne upon his head many kings' crownes, and beene conquerour of the world, that now is commander of drosse. That greedines of *Mellacrites*, whose heart-strings are made of *Plutus*' purse-strings, hath made *Mydas* a lumpe of earth, that should be a god on earth; and thy effeminate minde, *Eristus*, whose eyes are stitelt on *Celia*'s face, and thoughts gyvde to her beautie, hath bred in all the court such a tender wantonnes, that nothing is thought of but love, a passion proceeding of beastly lust, and coloured with a courtly name of love. Thus whilest we follow the nature of things, wee forget the names. Since this unsatiable thirst of gold, and untemperate humor of lust crept into the king's court, souldiers have begged almes of artificers, and with their helmet on their head beene glad to follow a lover with a glove in his hat: which so much abateth the courage of true captaines, that they must account it more honorable, in the court to be a coward so rich and amorous, than in a campe to bee valiant, if poore and maimed. He is more favoured that pricks his finger with his mistresse needle, then he that breakes his launce on his enemies face: and hee that hath his mouth full of faire words, than he that hath his body full of deep scarres. If one bee olde, and have silver haire on his beard, so he have golden ruddocks in his bagges, hee must bee wise and honourable. If young, and have curled lockes on his head, amorous glances with his eyes, smooth speeches in his mouth, every ladies lap shal be his pillow, every ladies face his glasse, every ladies care a sheath for his flatteries; only souldiers, if they bee old, must begge

in their owne countries; if young, try the fortune of warres in another. Hee is the man, that being let bloud carries his arme in a scarfe of his mistresse favour, not hee that beares his legge on a stilt for his countries safetie.

Soph. Stay, *Martius*, though I know love to grow to such loosenes, and hoarding to such misery, that I may rather greive at both, than remedy either: yet thy animating my father to continuall armes to conquer crownes, hath onely brought him into imminent danger of his owne head. The love hee hath followed, I feare unnaturall; the riches he hath got, I know unmeasurable; the warres he hath levied, I doubt unlawfull; hath drawne his body with graie haire to the grave's mouth; and his minde with eating cares to desperate determinations: ambition hath but two steps, the lowest bloud, the highest envie: both these hath my unhappie father climbe, digging mines of gold with the lives of men, and now envied of the whole world, is environed with enemies round about the world, not knowing that ambition hath one heele nayled in hell, though she stretch her finger to touch the heavens. I would the gods would remove this punishment, so that *Mydas* would be penitent. Let him thrust thee, *Eristus*, with thy love into Italie, where they honour lust for a god, as the *Egyptians* did dogs: thee, *Mellacrites*, with thy greedines of gold, to the utmost parts of the west, where all the guts of the earth are gold: and thee, *Martius*, that soundest but bloud and terror, into those barbarous nations, where nothing is to be found but bloud and terror. Let *Phrygia* be an example of chastitie, not

lust; liberalitie, not covetousnes; valor, not tyrannie. I wish not your bodies banisht, but your minds; that my father and your king, may be our honor, and the world's wonder. And thou, *Cælia*, and all you ladies, learne this of *Sophronia*, that beautie in a minute is both a blossome and a blast: love, a worme which seeming to live in the eye, dies in the heart. You bee all young, and faire, endeavour all to bee wise and vertuous; that when, like roses, you shall fall from the stalke, you may be gathered and put to the still.

Cæl. Madam, I am free from love, and unfortunate to bee beloved.

Erist. To be free from love is strange, but to think scorne to be beloved, monstrous.

Soph. *Eristus*, thy tongue doth itch to talke of love, and my cares tingle to heare it. I charge you all, if you owe any duty to your king, to goe presently unto the temple of *Bacchus*, offer praise-gifts and sacrifice, that *Mydas* may bee released of his wish, or his life: this I entreate you, this *Mydas* commands you. Jarre not with yourselves, agree in one for your king, if ever you tooke *Mydas* for your lawfull king.

Mel. Madam, we will goe, and omit nothing that duty may performe, or paynes.

Soph. Goe speedily, least *Mydas* die before you returne: and you, *Cælia*, shall goe with me, that with talke wee may beguile the time, and my father think of no meate.

Cæl. I attend.

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCÆNA SECUNDA.

LICIO, PETULUS, PIPENETTA.

Licio. Ah, my girle, is not this a golden world?

Pip. It is all one as if it were lead with me, and yet as golden with mee as with the king; for I see it, and feele it not; hee feeles it, and enjoys it not.

Licio. Gold is but the earth's garbadge, a weed bred by the sunne, the very rubbish of barren ground.

Pet. Tush! *Licio*, thou art unlettered; all the earth is an egge, the white, silver; the yolk, gold.

Licio. Why, thou foole, what hen should lay that egge?

Pip. I warrant a goose.

Licio. Nay, I beleeeve a bull.

Pet. Blirt to you both! it was laid by the sunne.

Pip. The sunne is rather a cock than a hen.

Licio. 'Tis true, girle, else how could *Titan* have troden *Daphne*?

Pet. I weepe over both your wits! if I prove in everie respect no difference betweene an egge and gold, will you not then grant gold to be an egge?

Pip. Yes, but I beleeeve thy idle imagination will make it an addle egge.

Licio. Let us heare. Proceed, doctor egge.

Pet. Gold wil be crackt: a common saying, a crackt crowne.

Pip. I, that's a broken head.

Pet. Nay, then I see thou hast a broken wit.

Licio. Wel, suppose gold wil crack.

Pet. So will an egge.

Licio. On.

Pet. An egge is rosted in the fire.

Pip. Well.

Pet. So is gold tried in the fire.

Licio. Forth.

Pet. An egge (as physicions say) will make one lustie.

Pip. Conclude.

Pet. And who knowes not that gold will make one frolike?

Licio. *Pipenetta*, this is true, for it is called egge, as a thing that doth egge on, so doth gold.

Pip. Let us heare all.

Pet. Egges potcht are for a weake stomach ; and gold boyld, for a consuming body.

Licio. Spoken like a physition.

Pip. Or a foole of necessitie.

Pet. An egge is eaten at one sup, and a portague lost at one cast.

Licio. Gamester-like concluded.

Pet. Egges make custards, and gold makes spoones to eate them.

Pip. A reason dow-baked.

Licio. O ! the oven of his wit was not throwly heated.

Pet. Oncely this ods I finde betweene money and egges, which makes mee wonder ; that being more pence in the world than egges ; that one should have three egges for a peny, and not three pence for an egge.

Pip. A wonderfull matter ! but your wisdom is over-shot in your comparison, for egges have chickens, gold hath none.

Pet. Mops I pittie thee ! gold hath egges ; change an angel into ten shillings, and all those peeces are the angel's egges.

Licio. He hath made a spoke, wilt thou eate an egge? but soft, here come our masters, let us shrinke aside.

Enter MELLACRITES, MARTIUS, ERISTUS.

Mel. A short answer, yet a sound, *Bacchus* is pithy and pitifull. [*Reads the Oracle.*]

In Pactolus goe bathe thy wish and thee,

Thy wish the waves shall have, and thou be free.

Mar. I understand no oracles ! shall the water turne every thing to gold, what then shall become of the fish : shall he be free from gold ? what then shall become of us, of his crowne, of our countrie ? I like not these riddles.

Mel. Thou, *Martius*, art so warlike, that thou wouldest cut off the wish with a sword, not cure it with a salve : but the gods that can give the desires of the hart, can as easily withdraw the torment. Suppose *Vulcan* should so temper thy sword, that were thy hart never so valiant, thine arme never so strong, yet thy blade should never draw bloud,—wouldest not thou wish to have a weaker hand, and a sharper edge ?

Mar. Yes.

Mel. If *Mars* should answer thee thus, goe bath thy sword in water, and wash thy hands in milke ; and thy sword shall cleave adamant, and thy heart answer the sharpnes of thy sword ; wouldest not thou trie the conclusion ?

Mar. What else ?

Mel. Then let *Mydas* beleewe till he have tried, and thinke that the gods rule as well by giving remedies, as granting wishes. But *Eristus* is mum.

Mar. *Cælia* hath sealed his mouth.

Erist. *Cælia* hath sealed her face in my heart, which I am no more ashamed to confesse, than thou that *Mars* hath made a scarre in thy face, *Martius*. But let us in to the king. Sir boies, you wait well!

Pet. We durst not go to *Bacchus*, for if I see a grape, my head akes.

Erist. And if I find a cudgell, Ile make your shoulders ake.

Mel. And you, *Licio*, wait on yourselfe.

Licio. I cannot chuse, sir, I am alwayes so neere myselfe.

Mel. Ile be as neere you as your skin presently.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS TERTIUS. SCENA PRIMA.

MYDAS, MELLACRITES, MARTIUS, ERISTUS.

Mydas (reading the Oracle).



N *Pactolus* goe bathe thy wish and thee,
Thy wish the waves shall have, and thou be
free.

Miserable *Mydas*, as unadvised in thy wish, as in thy succeſſe unfortunate. O unquenchable thirst of gold, which turneth men's heads to lead, and makeſt them blockiſh; their hearts to iron, and makeſt them covetous; their eyes to delight in the view, and makeſt them

blind in the use. I that did possesse mines of gold, could not bee contented till my mind were also a mine. Could not the treasure of *Phrygia*, nor the tributes of *Greece*, nor mountaines in the east, whose guts are gold, satisfie thy minde with gold? Ambition eateth gold, and drinketh blood; climeth so high by other men's heads, that she breaketh her owne necke. What should I doe with a world of ground, whose body must be content with seaven foot of earth? or why did I covet to get so many crownes, having myselfe but one head? Those that tooke small vessels at the sea, I accompted pyrats; and myselfe that suppressed whole fleetes, a conquerour: as though robberies of *Mydas* might maske under the names of triumphs, and the traffike of other nations be called trechery. Thou hast pampered up thyself with slaughter, as *Diomedes* did his horse with blood, so unsatiable thy thirst, so heavie thy sword. Two bookes have I alwaies carried in my bosome, calling them the dagger, and the sword; in which the names of all princes, noblemen, and gentlemen were dedicated to slaughter, or if not (which worse is) to slaverie. O my lords, when I call to minde my cruelties in *Lycæonia*, my usurping in *Getulia*, my oppression in *Sola*: then doe I finde neither mercies in my conquests, nor colour for my warres, nor measure in my taxes. I have written my lawes in blood, and made my gods of gold: I have caused the mothers' wombes to bee their children's tombes, cradles to swimme in bloud like boates, and the temples of the gods a stewes for strumpets. Have not I made the sea to groane under the number of my ships: and have they not perished, that there was

not two left to make a number? Have I not thrust my subjects into a camp, like oxen into a cart; whom having made slaves by unjust warres, I use now as slaves for all warres? Have not I entised the subjects of my neighbor princes to destroy their naturall kings? like moaths that eate the cloth in which they were bred, like vipers that gnaw the bowels of which they were borne, and like wormes that consume the wood in which they were ingendred? To what kingdome have not I pretended claime? as though I had beene by the gods created heire apparant to the world, making every trifle a title; and all the territories about mee, traitours to me. Why did I wish that all might be gold I toucht, but that I thought all men's hearts would be touched with gold; that what policie could not compasse, nor prowes, gold might have commanded, and conquered? A bridge of gold did I meane to make in that island where all my navie could not make a breach. Those islands did I long to touch, that I might turne them to gold, and myselfe to glory. But unhappy *Mydas*, who by the same meanes perisheth himselfe, that hee thought to conquer others: being now become a shame to the world, a seorne to that petty prince, and to thyselfe a consumption. A petty prince, *Mydas*? no, a prince protected by the gods, by nature, by his owne vertue, and his subjects' obedience. Have not all treasons beene discovered by miracle, not counsell? that doe the gods challenge. Is not the country walled with huge waves? that doth nature claime. Is hee not through the whole world a wonder, for wisdom and temperance? that is his owne strength. Doe not all his subjects (like

bees) swarme to preserve the king of bees? that their loyaltie maintaineth. My lords, I faint both for lacke of food, and want of grace. I will to the river, where if I be rid of this intolerable disease of gold I will next shake off that untemperate desire of government, and measure my territories, not by the greatnesse of my minde, but the right of my succession.

Mar. I am not a little sorrie, that because all that your highnesse toucheth turneth to pure gold, and therefore all your princely affections should bee converted to drosse. Doth your majestie begin to melt your owne crowne, that should make it with other monarchies massie? Begin you to make incloasure of your minde, and to debate of inheritance, when the sword proclames you conqueror? If your highnesse heart bee not of kingdome prooffe, every pelting prince will batter it. Though you use this garish gold, let your minde be still of steele, and let the sharpest sword decide the right of scepters.

Myd. Every little king is a king, and the title consisteth not in the compasse of ground, but in the right of inheritance.

Mar. Are not conquests good titles?

Myd. Conquests are great thefts.

Mar. If your highnesse would be advised by mee, then would I rob for kingdomes, and if I obtained, faine would I see him that durst call the conquerour a thiefe.

Myd. *Martius*, thy counsell hath shed as much bloud as would make another sea. Valour I cannot call it, and barbarousnesse is a word too milde. Come, *Mellacrites*, let us goe, and come you, *Eristus*, that if I ob-

taine mercie of *Bacchus*, wee may offer sacrifice to *Bacchus*. *Martius*, if you be not disposed to goe, dispose as you will of yourselfe.

Mar. I will humbly attend on your highnesse, as still hoping to have my hearts' desire, and you your height of honour. [Exeunt.

ACTUS TERTIUS. SCENA SECUNDA.

LICIO, PETULUS, DELLO, MOTTO.

Pet. Ah, *Licio*, a bots on the barbar! ever since I coozened him of the golden beard I have had the tooth-ach.

Licio. I thinke *Motto* hath poysoned thy gummes.

Pet. It is a deadly paine.

Licio. I knew a dog runne mad with it.

Pet. I beleeeve it, *Licio*, and thereof it is that they call it a dogged paine. Thou knowest I have tried all old women's medicines, and cunning men's charmes, but *interim* my teeth ake.

Enter DELLO the Barber's Boy.

Dello. I am glad I have heard the wags, to be quit-tance for overhearing us. Wee will take the vantage, they shall finde us quicke barbers. Ile tell *Motto*, my master, and then we will have *Quid pro quo*, a tooth for a beard. [Exit.

Pet. *Licio*, to make me merrie I pray thee goe forward with the description of thy mistresse: thou must beginne now at the paps.

Licio. Indeed, *Petulus*, a good beginning for thee, for thou canst eat pap now, because thou canst bite nothing else. But I have not minde on those matters. If the king lose his golden wish, wee shall have but a brazen court;—but what became of the beard, *Petulus*?

Pet. I have pawned it, for I durst not coyne it.

Licio. What doest thou pay for the pawning?

Pet. Twelve pence in the pound for the moneth.

Licio. What for the herbadge?

Pet. It is not at herbadge.

Licio. Yes, *Petulus*, if it bee a beard it must be at herbadge, for a beard is a badge of haire; and a badge of haire, haire-badge.

Enter MOTTO with DELLO.

Motto. *Dello*, thou knowest *Mydas* toucht his beard, and 'twas gold.

Dello. Well.

Motto. That the pages coozend mee of it.

Dello. No lie.

Motto. That I must be revenged.

Dello. In good time.

Motto. Thou knowest I have taught thee the knack-ing of the hands, the tickling on a man's haire like the tuning of a citterne.

Dello. True.

Motto. Besides, I instructed thee in the phrases of our eloquent occupation, as “How, sir, will you be trim'd? Will you have your beard like a spade, or a bodkin? A penthouse on your upper lip, or an ally on your chin? A low curl on your head like a bull, or

dangling locke like a spaniell? your mustachoes sharpe at the ends, like shomakers aules, or hanging downe to your mouth like goates flakes? your love-lockes wreathed with a silken twist, or shaggie to fall on your shoulders?"

Dello. I confesse you have taught me *Tully de Oratore*, the very art of trimming.

Motto. Well for all this I desire no more at thy hands, than to keepe secret the revenge I have prepared for the pages.

Dello. O, sir, you know I am a barber, and cannot tittle tattle, I am one of those whose tongues are sweld with silence.

Motto. Indeed thou shouldest bee no blab, because a barber, therefore be secret. Was it not a good cure, *Dello*, to ease the tooth-ach and never touch the tooth?

Dello. O master, he that is your patient for the tooth-ach, I warrant is patient of all aches.

Motto. I did but rub his gummies, and presently the rheume evaporated.

Licio. *Deus bone*, is that word come into the barber's bason.

Dello. I, sir, and why not? My master is a barber and a surgeon.

Licio. In good time.

Pet. O, *Motto*, I am almost dead with the tooth-ach, all my gummies are swolne, and my teeth stand in my head like thornes.

Motto. It may bee that it is only the breeding of a beard, and being the first beard, you shall have a hard travell.

Pet. Old foole, doest thou thinke haire will breed in my teeth?

Motto. As likely, sir, for any thing I know, as on your chinne.

Pet. O teeth! O torments!—O torments! O teeth!

Motto. May I but touch them, *Dello*, (He teach his tongue to tell a tale, what villany it is to coozen one of a beard,) but stand not thou nigh, for it is oddes when hee spits, but that all his teeth flie in thy face.

Licio. Good *Motto*, give some ease, for at thy coming in, I overheard of a cure thou had'st done.

Pet. My teeth! I will not have this paine, that's certaine!

Motto. I, so did you overheare mee, when you coozened me of a beard: but I forget all.

Dello. My master is mild and mercifull: and mercifull, because a barber, for when hee hath the throat at command, you know hee taketh revenge but on a silly haire.

Motto. How now, *Petulus*, doe they still ake?

Pet. I, *Motto*.

Motto. Let me rub your gummes with this leafe.

Pet. Doe, *Motto*, and for thy labour I will requite thee. Out, rascall! what hast thou done? all my nether teeth are loose, and wag like the keyes of a paire of virginals.

Dello. O, sir, if you will, I will sing to them, your mouth being the instrument.

Pet. Doe, *Dello*.

Dello. Out, villaine! thou bitest. I cannot tune these virginall keyes.

Pet. They were the jackes above, the keyes beneath were easie.

Dello. A bots on your jackes and jawes too !

Licio. They were virginals of your master's making.

Pet. O my teeth ! good *Motto*, what will ease my paine ?

Motto. Nothing in the world, but to let me lay a golden beard to your chinne.

Pet. It is at pawne.

Motto. You are like to fetch it out with your teeth, or goe without your teeth.

Pet. *Motto*, withdraw thyselfe, it may be thou shalt draw my teeth ; attend my resolution. A doubtfull dispute, whether I were best to loose my golden beard, or my bone tooth ? Helpe me, *Licio*, to determine.

Licio. Your teeth ake, *Petulus*, your beard doth not.

Pet. I but, *Licio*, if I part from my beard, my heart will ake.

Licio. If your tooth be hollow it must be stopt or puld out ; and stop it the barbar will not, without the beard.

Pet. My heart is hollow too, and nothing can stop it but gold.

Licio. Thou canst not eate meate without teeth.

Pet. Nor buy it without money.

Licio. Thou mayst get more gold, if thou loose these, more teeth thou canst not.

Pet. I, but the golden beard will last mee ten yeeres in porredge, and then to what use are teeth ?

Licio. If thou want teeth, thy tongue will catch cold.

Pet. 'Tis true, and if I lacke money, my whole body

may goe naked. But, *Licio*, let the barbar have his beard, I will have a device (by thy helpe) to get it againe, and a coozenage beyond that, maugre his beard.

Licio. That's the best way, both to ease thy paines, and to try our wits.

Pet. Barber, eleven of my teeth have gone on a jury, to try whether the beard be thine, they have chosen my tongue for the foreman, which cryeth, guiltie.

Motto. Guilded. nay, boy. all my beard was gold. It was not guilt, I will not be so overmatcht.

Dello. You cannot pose my master in a beard. Come to his house you shall sit upon twenty, all his cushions are stufte with beards.

Licio. Let him goe home with thee, ease him, and thou shalt have thy beard.

Motto. I am content, but I will have the beard in my hand to be sure.

Pet. And I thy finger in my mouth, to be sure of ease.

Motto. Agreed.

Pet. *Dello*, sing a song to the tune of my teeth doe ake.

Dello. I will.

[*Exeunt*.

SONG.

Pet. O my teeth! deare barber ease me,
Tongue tell mee, why my teeth disease mee,
O! what will rid me of this paine?

Motto. Some pellitory fetcht from *Spaine*.

Licio. Take masticke else.

Pet. Mastick's a patch.

Masticke does many a fooles face catch.

If such a paine should breed the horne,

'Twere happy to be cuckolds borne.
Should beards with such an ach begin,
Each boy to th' bone would scrub his chin.

Licio. His teeth now ake not.

Motto. Caper then,
And cry up checkerd-apron men :
There is no trade but shaves,
For, barbers are trimme knaves,
Some are in shaving so profound,
By trickes they shave a kingdome round.

ACTUS TERTIUS. SCÆNA TERTIA.

SOPHRONIA, CÆLIA, CAMILLA, AMERULA, SUAVIA.

Soph. Ladies, here must wee attend the happy returne of my father, but in the meane season what pastime shall wee use to passe the time? I will agree to any, so it be not to talke of love.

Sua. Then sleepe is the best exercise.

Soph. Why, *Suavia*, are you so light, that you must chat of love; or so heavie, that you must needs sleepe? *Penelope* in the absence of her lord beguiled the dayes with spinning.

Sua. Indeed she spun a faire threed, if it were to make a string to the bow wherin she drew her woers.

Soph. Why, *Suavia*, it was a bow which she knew to be above thy strength, and therein she shewed her wit.

Sua. *Qui latus arguerit, corneus arcus erat*: it was made of horne, madame, and therein she shewed her meaning.

Soph. Why, doest thou not thinke she was chaste?

Sua. Yes, of all her woers.

Soph. To talke with thee is to lose time, not well to spend it: how say you, *Amerula*, what shall we doe?

Ame. Tell tales.

Soph. What say you, *Cælia*?

Cæl. Sing.

Soph. What thinke you, *Camilla*?

Cam. Dance.

Soph. You see, *Suavia*, that there are other things to keepe one from idlenesse, besides love; nay, that there is nothing to make idlenesse, but love.

Sua. Well, let mee stand by and feed mine owne thoughts with sweetnesse, whilst they fill your eyes and eares with songs and dancings.

Soph. *Amerula*, begin thy tale.

Ame. There dwelt sometimes in *Phrygia*, a lady very faire, but passing froward, as much marvelled at for beautie, as for peevishnesse misliked. High shee was in the instep, but short in the heele; straitlaced, but loose bodied. It came to passe, that a gentleman, as young in wit as yeeres, and in yeeres a very boy, chanced to glance his eyes on her, and there were they dazeled on her beautie, as larkes that are caught in the sunne with the glittering of a glasse. In her faire lookes were his thoughts intangled, like the birds of *Canarie*, that fall into a silken net. Doate hee did without measure, and die hee must without her love. Shee on the other side, as one that knew her good, began to looke askaunce, yet felt the passions of love eating into her heart, though shee dissembled them with her eyes.

Sua. Ha, ha, ha!

Soph. Why laughest thou?

Sua. To see you, madame, so tame as to bee brought to heare a tale of love, that before were so wilde you would not come to the name ; and that *Amerula* could devise how to spend the time with a tale, onely that shee might not talke of love, and now to make love onely her tale.

Soph. Indeed I was overshot in judgement, and shee in discretion. *Amerula*, another tale or none, this is too lovely.

Sua. Nay, let mee heare any woman tell a tale of tenne lines long without it tend to love, and I will be bound never to come at the court. And you, *Cælia*, that would faine trip on your petitoes ; can you perswade mee to take delight to dance, and not love ? or you that cannot rule your feet, can guide your affections, having the one as unstaide as the other unsteddie : dancing is love sauce, therefore I dare bee so saucie, as if you love to dance, to say you dance for love. But *Camilla* she will sing, whose voice if it should utter her thoughts, would make the tune of a heart out of tune. She that hath crochets in her head, hath also love conceits. I dare sweare shee harpeth not onely on plaine song ; and before you, *Sophronia*, none of them all use plaine dealing ; but because they see you so curious they frame themselves counterfet. For myselfe, as I know honest love to be a thing inseparable from our sexe, so doe I thinke it most allowable in the court ; unlesse we would have all our thoughts made of church-worke, and so carry a holy face, and a hollow heart.

Soph. Ladies, how like you *Suavia* in her loving vaine ?

Cæl. Wee are content at this time to sooth her in her vanitie.

Ame. Shee casts all our mindes in the mould of her owne head, and yet erreth as farre from our meanings, as shee doth from her owne modestie.

Sua. *Amerula*, if you were not bitter, your name had beene ill bestowed: but I thinke it as lawfull in the court to be counted loving and chaste, as you in the temple to seeme religious, and be spitefull.

Cam. I marvell you will reply any more, *Amerula*, her tongue is so nimble it will never lie still.

Sua. The liker thy feet, *Camilla*, which were taught not to stand still.

Soph. So, no more ladies: let our comming to sport not turne to spight. Love thou, *Suavia*, if thou thinke it sweet: sing thou, *Cælia*, for thine owne content: tell thou tales, and dance thou, *Camilla*: and so every one using her owne delight, shall have no cause to be discontent. But here commeth *Martius* and the rest. What newes, *Martius*, of my soveraigne and father *Mydas*?

Mar. Madame, hee no sooner bathed his limbes in the river, but it turned to a golden streame, the sands to fine gold, and all to gold that was cast into the water. *Mydas*, dismaid at the sodaine alteration, assayed againe to touch a stone, but hee could not alter the nature of the stone. Then went wee with him to the temple of *Bacchus*, where wee offered a lance wreathed about with ivy. Garlands of ripe grapes, and skins of wolves and panthers, and a great standing cup of the water which so lately was turn'd to gold. *Bacchus* accepted our

gifts, commanding *Mydas* to honour the gods, and also in wishing to be as wise, as he meant to have made him fortunate.

Soph. Happie *Sophronia*, that hast lived to heare these newes, and happy *Mydas*, if thou live better to governe thy fortune. But what is become of our king?

Mel. *Mydas*, overjoyed with this good fortune, determined to use some solace in the woods; where, by chance wee roused a great bore, hee eager of the sport, outrid us, and wee thinking hee had beene come to his palace some other way, came ourselves the next way. If hee bee not returned, hee cannot bee long: wee have also lost our pages, which wee thinke are with him.

Soph. The gods shield him from all harmes: the woods are full of tygres, and he of courage; wilde beasts make no difference betweene a king and a clowne; nor hunters in the heate of their pastime, feare no more the fiercenesse of the bore, than the fearfulnessse of the hare. But hope well, let us in to see all well. [Exeunt.]

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

APOLLO, PAN, MYDAS, NYMPHS.

Apollo.



AN, wilt thou contend with *Apollo*, who tunes the heavens, and makes them all hang by harmony? *Orpheus*, that caused trees to move with the sweetnesse of his harpe, offereth yeerely homage to my lute: so doth *Arion*, that brought dolphins to his sugred notes; and *Amphion*, that by mu-

sique rear'd the wals of *Thebes*. Onely *Pan* with his harsh whistle (which makes beasts shake for feare, not men dance for joy) seekes to compare with *Apollo*.

Pan. *Pan* is a god, *Apollo* is no more. Comparisons cannot bee odious, where the deities are equall. This pipe (my sweet pipe) was once a nymph, a faire nymph, once my lovely mistresse, now my heavenly musique. Tell mee, *Apollo*, is there any instrument so sweete to play on as one's mistresse? Had thy lute beene of lawrell, and the strings of *Daphne's* haire, thy tunes might have beene compared to my notes; for then *Daphne* would have added to thy stroke sweetnesse, and to thy thoughts melodie.

Apollo. Doth *Pan* talke of the passions of love? of the passions of divine love? O, how that word *Daphne* wounds *Apollo*, pronounced by the barbarous mouth of *Pan*. I feare his breath will blast the faire greene, if I dazle not his eyes, that hee may not behold it. Thy pipe a nymph? Some hagge rather, hanting these shadie groves, and desiring not thy love, but the fellowship of such a monster. What god is *Pan* but the god of beasts, of woods, and hils? excluded from heaven, and in earth not honoured. Breake thy pipe, or with my sweete lute will I breake thy heart. Let not love enter into those savage lippes, a word for *Jove*, for *Apollo*, for the heavenly gods, whose thoughts are gods, and gods are all love.

Pan. *Apollo*, I told thee before that *Pan* was a god, I tell thee now againe, as great a god as *Apollo*, I had almost said a greater: and because thou shalt know I care not to tell my thoughts, I say a greater. *Pan*

feeles the passions of love deeply engraven in his heart, with as faire nymphes, with as great fortune, as *Apollo*, as *Neptune*, as *Jove*; and better than *Pan* can none describe love. Not *Apollo*, not *Neptune*, not *Jove*! My temple is in *Arcadie*, where they burne continuall flames to *Pan*. In *Arcadie* is mine oracle, where *Erato* the nymph giveth answeres for *Pan*. In *Arcadie*, the place of love, is the honour of *Pan*. I, but I am god of hils, so I am, *Apollo*; and that of hils so high, as I can pry into the jugling of the highest gods. Of woods, so I am, *Apollo*! of woods so thicke, that thou with thy beames canst not pierce them. I knew *Apollo*'s prying, I knew mine owne jealousie. Sunne and shadow coozen one another. Bee thou sunne still, the shadow is fast at thy heeles, *Apollo*. I as neere to thy love, as thou to mine. A carter with his whistle and his whip in true eare, moves as much as *Phobus* with his fierie chariot, and winged horses. Love-leaves are as well for countrie porridge, as heavenly nectar. Love made *Jupiter* a goose, and *Neptune* a swine, and both for love of an earthly mistresse. What hath made *Pan*, or any god on earth (for gods on earth can change their shapes) turne themselves for an heavenly goddesse? Beleeve me, *Apollo*, our groves are pleasanter than your heavens; our milkemaides, than your goddesses; our rude ditties to a pipe, than your sonets to a lute. Here is flat faith *amo* *amas*; where you cry, *O utinam amarent vel non amassem*. I let passe, *Apollo*, thy hard words, as calling *Pan* monster; which is as much as to call all monsters: for *Pan* is all, *Apollo* but one. But touch thy strings, and let these nymphs decide.

Apollo. Those nymphs shall decide, unlesse thy rude

speech have made them deafe : as for any other answer to *Pan*, take this, that it becommeth not *Apollo* to answer *Pan*. *Pan* is all, and all is *Pan* ; thou art *Pan* and all, all *Pan* and tinkerly. But to this musique, wherein all thy shame shall be seene, and all my skill.

Enter MYDAS.

Myd. In the chase, I lost all my company, and missed the game too. I thinke *Mydas* shall in all things bee unfortunate.

Apollo. What is he that talketh ?

Myd. *Mydas*, the unfortunate king of *Phrygia*.

Apollo. To be a king is next to being a god. Thy fortune is not bad : what is thy folly ?

Myd. To abuse a god.

Apollo. An ungratefull part of a king. But, *Mydas*, seeing by chance thou art come, or sent by some god of purpose ; none can in the earth better judge of gods than kings. Sit downe with these nymphes. I am *Apollo*, this *Pan*, both gods. Wee contend for souveraigntie in musicke. Seeing it happens in earth, wee must bee judged of those on earth ; in which there are none more worthy than kings and nymphes. Therefore give eare, that thy judgement erre not.

Myd. If gods you be, although I dare wish nothing of gods, being so deeply wounded with wishing ; yet let my judgement prevaile before these nymphes, if wee agree not, because I am a king.

Pan. There must be no condition, but judge *Mydas*, and judge nymphes.

Apollo. Then thus I begin both my song and my play.

A SONG of DAPHNE to the Lute.

Apollo. My *Daphne's* haire is twisted gold,
 Bright starres a-piece her eyes doe hold,
 My *Daphne's* brow inthrones the graces,
 My *Daphne's* beauty staines all faces,
 On *Daphne's* cheek grow rose and cherry,
 On *Daphne's* lip a sweeter berry,
Daphne's snowy hand but touch'd does melt,
 And then no heavenlier warmth is felt,
 My *Daphne's* voice tunes all the spheres,
 My *Daphne's* musick charmes all eares.
 Fond am I thus to sing her prayse,
 These glories now are turn'd to bayes.

Nymph Erato. O divine *Apollo*, O sweet consent !

Thia. If the god of musicke should not be above our reach, who should ?

Myd. I like it not.

Pan. Now let me tune my pipes. I cannot pipe and sing, that's the ods in the instrument, not the art : but I will pipe and then sing ; and then judge both of the art and instrument. [*He pipes, and then sings.*]

SONG.

Pan. *Pan's* *Syrinx* was a girle indeed,
 Though now shee's turn'd into a reed,
 From that deare reed *Pan's* pipe does come,
 A pipe that strikes *Apollo* dumbe ;
 Nor flute, nor lute, nor gitterne can,
 So chant it, as the pipe of *Pan* ;
 Cross-gartred swaines, and dairie girles,
 With faces smug, and round as pearles,
 When *Pan's* shrill pipe begins to play,
 With dancing weare out night and day :
 The bag-pipes drone his hum layes by,
 When *Pan* sounds up his minstrelsie,

His minstrelsie! O base! This quill
Which at my mouth with winde I fill,
Puts me in minde though her I misse,
That still my *Syrinx* lips I kisse.

Apollo. Hast thou done, *Pan*?

Pan. I, and done well, as I thinke.

Apollo. Now, Nymphes, what say you?

Erato. We all say that *Apollo* hath shewed himselfe both a god, and of musick the god; *Pan* himselfe a rude satyre, neither keeping measure, nor time; his piping as farre out of tune, as his body out of forme. To thee, divine *Apollo*, wee give the prize and reverence.

Apollo. But what sayes *Mydas*?

Myd. Meethinks there's more sweetnesse in the pipe of *Pan*, than *Apollo's* lute; I brooke not that nice tickling of strings, that contents mee that makes one start. What a shrilnesse came into mine eares out of that pipe, and what a goodly noise it made! *Apollo*, I must needes judge that *Pan* deserveth most praise.

Pan. Blessed bee *Mydas*, worthy to be a god: these girles, whose eares doe but itch with daintiness, give the verdict without weighing the vertue; they have beene brought up in chambers with soft musick, not where I make the woods ring with my pipe, *Mydas*.

Apollo. Wretched, unworthie to bee a king, thou shalt know what it is to displease *Apollo*. I will leave thee but the two last letters of thy name, to bee thy whole name; which if thou canst not gesse, touch thine eares, they shall tell thee.

Myd. What hast thou done, *Apollo*? the cares of an asse upon the head of a king?

Apollo. And well worthy, when the dulnes of an asse is in the eares of a king.

Myd. Helpe, *Pan!* or *Mydas* perisheth.

Pan. I cannot undoe what *Apollo* hath done, nor give thee any amends, unlesse to those eares thou wilt have added these hornes.

1 *Nymph.* It were very well, that it might bee hard to judge whether hee were more ox or asse.

Apollo. Farewell, *Mydas.*

Pan. *Mydas*, farewell.

2 *Nymph.* I warrant they bee dainty eares, nothing can please them but *Pan's* pipe.

Erato. Hee hath the advantage of all eares, except the mouse; for else there's none so sharp of hearing as the asse. Farewell, *Mydas.*

2 *Nymph.* *Mydas*, farewell.

3 *Nymph.* Farewell, *Mydas.* [Exeunt.]

Myd. Ah, *Mydas!* why was not thy whole body metamorphosed, that there might have beene no part left of *Mydas*? Where shall I shrowd this shame? or how may I bee restored to mine old shape? *Apollo* is angrie: blame not *Apollo*, whom being god of musicke thou didst both dislike and dishonour; preferring the barbarous noise of *Pan's* pipe, before the sweet melodic of *Apollo's* lute. If I returne to *Phrygia*, I shall be pointed at; if I live in these woods, savage beasts must be my companions: and what other companions should *Mydas* hope for than beasts, being of all beasts himselve the dullest? Had it not beene better for thee to have perished by a golden death, than now to lead a beastly life? Unfortunate in thy wish, unwise in thy judge-

ment; first a golden foole, now a leaden asse. What will they say in *Lesbos*—if happily these newes come to *Lesbos*? If they come, *Mydas*! yes, report flies as swift as thoughts, gathering wings in the aire, and doubling rumours by her owne running. insomuch as having here the eares of an asse, it will there be told, al my haire are asses eares. Then wil this be the by-word; is *Mydas* that sought to be monarch of the world, become the mocke of the world? are his golden mines turn'd into water, as free for every one that will fetch, as for himselfe, that possessed them by wish? Ah, poore *Mydas*! are his conceits become blockish, his counsels unfortunate, his judgements unskilfull? Ah, foolish *Mydas*! a just reward, for thy pride to wax poore, for thy overweening to wax dull, for thy ambition to wax humble, for thy crueltie to say, *Sisque miser semper, nec sis miserabilis ulli*. But I must seeke to cover my shame by arte, least being once discovered to these petty kings of *Mysia*, *Pisidia*, and *Galatia*, they all joyne to adde to mine asses eares, of all the beasts the dullest, a sheepes heart, of all the beasts the fearefullest: and so cast lots for those kingdomes, that I have won with so many lives, and kept with so many envies.

[*Exit.*

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCÆNA SECUNDA.

Enter five Shepheards; MENALCAS, CORYN,
CELTHUS, DRAIPON, AMYNTAS.

Menal. I muse what the nymphs meant, that so sang
in the groves, *Mydas* of *Phrygia* hath asses cares.

Cor. I marvel not, for one of them plainly told me he had asses eares.

Cel. I, but it is not safe to say it: he is a great king, and his hands are longer than his eares, therefore for us that keep sheep, it is wisdom enough to tell sheepe.

Dria. 'Tis true; yet since *Mydas* grew so mischevous as to blurre his diademe with blood, which should glisten with nothing but pittie; and so miserable, that he made gold his god, that was framde to bee his slave, many broad speeches have flowen abroad: in his owne countrey they sticke not to call him tyrant, and elsewhere usurper. They flatly say, that hee eateth into other dominions, as the sea doth into the land, not knowing, that in swallowing a poore island as big as *Lesbos*, hee may cast up three territories thrice as big as *Phrygia*: for what the sea winneth in the marsh, it looseth in the sand.

Amint. Take me with you, but speak softly, for these reedes may have eares, and heare us.

Menal. Suppose they have, yet they may be without tongues to bewray us.

Cor. Nay, let them have tongues too, we have eyes to see that they have none, and therefore if they heare, and speake, they know not from whence it comes.

Amint. Well, then this I say, when a lyon doth so much degenerate from princely kind, that he will borrow of the beasts, I say he is no lyon, but a monster; peece'd with the craftinesse of the fox, the crueltie of the tyger, the ravening of the wolfe, the dissembling of the hyena, hee is worthy also to have the eares of an asse.

Menal. Hee seekes to conquer *Lesbos*, and like a

foolish gamester, having a bag-full of his owne, ventures it all to winne a groat of another.

Cor. Hee that fishes for *Lesbos*, must have such a wooden net, as all the trees in *Phrygia* will not serve to make the cod, nor all the woods in *Pisidia* provide the corks.

Dria. Nay, he meanes to angle for it with an hook of gold and a bait of gold, and so to strike the fish with a pleasing bait, that will slide out of an open net.

Amint. Tush! tush! those islanders are too subtil to nibble at craft, and too rich to swallow treasure: if that be his hope, he may as wel dive to the bottome of the sea, and bring up an anchor of a thousand weight, as plod with his gold to corrupt a people so wise. And besides, a nation (as I have heard) so valiant, that are readier to strike than ward.

Cel. More than all this, *Amintas*, (though we dare not so much as mutter it,) their king is such a one as dazeleth the clearest eyes with majesty, daunteth the valiantest hearts with courage, and for vertue filleth all the world with wonder. If beautie goe beyond sight, confidence above valour, and vertue exceed miracle; what is it to bee thought, but that *Mydas* goeth to undermine that by the simplicity of man, that is fastened to a rocke, by the providence of the gods.

Menal. Wee poore commons (who tasting warre, are made to relish nothing but taxes) can do nothing but grieve, to see things unlawfull practised, to obtaine things impossible. All his mines doe but guild his combe, to make it glister in the warres, and cut ours that are forced to follow him in his warres.

Cor. Well! that must be borne, not blam'd, that cannot be changed: for my part, if I may enjoy the fleece of my silly flock with quietnes, I will never care three flocks for his ambition.

Menal. Let this suffice, wee may talke too much, and being overheard, bee all undone. I am so jealous, that meethinks the very reedes bow downe, as though they listened to our talke: and soft,—I heare some comming, let us in, and meete at a place more meete.

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCÆNA TERTIA.

LICIO, PETULUS, MINUTIUS, HUNTSMAN.

Licio. Is not hunting a tedious occupation?

Pet. I, and troublesome, for if you call a dog a dog, you are undone.

Hunts. You be both fooles! and besides, baseminded: hunting is for kings, not peasants. Such as you are unworthy to be hounds, much lesse huntsmen; that know not when a hound is fleet, faire flewd, and well hangd; being ignorant of the deepenesse of a hound's mouth, and the sweetnes.

Min. Why I hope, sir, a cures mouth is no deeper than the sea, nor sweeter than a honeycombe.

Hunts. Prettie cockscombe! a hound will swallow thee as easily as a great pit a small pibble.

Min. Indeed hunting were a pleasant sport, but the dogs make such barking, that one cannot heare the hounds cry.

Hunts. Ile make thee cry! If I catch thee in the forrest thou shalt be lasht.

Min. What's that?

Licio. Doest thou not understand their language?

Min. Not I!

Pet. 'Tis the best calamance in the world, as easily deciphered as the characters in a nutmeg.

Min. I pray thee speake some.

Pet. I will.

Hunts. But speake in order, or I'll pay you.

Licio. To it, *Petulus*.

Pet. There was a boy lasht on the single, because when he was imbest, hee tooke soyle.

Min. What's that?

Pet. Why, a boy was beaten on the taile with a leathern thong, because when hee fomde at the mouth with running, hee went into the water.

Min. This is worse than fustian!

Hunts. Mumme! you were best! Hunting is an honorable pastime, and for my part I had as leife hunt a deere in a parke, as court a ladie in a chamber.

Min. Give mee a pastie for a parke, and let mee shake off a whole kennel of teeth for hounds, then shalt thou see a notable champing, after that will I carouse a boule of wine, and so in the stomacke let the venison take soyle.

Licio. He hath laid the plot to be prudent, why 'tis pastie crust, "Eat enough and it will make you wise," an old proverb.

Pet. I, and eloquent, for you must tipple wine freely, and *fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum?*

Hunts. *Fecere dizardum!* Leave off these toyes, and let us seeke out *Mydas* whom we lost in the chase.

Pet. I'le warrant he hath by this started a covey of bucks, or roused a scul of phesants.

Hunts. Treason to two brave sports, hauking and hunting, thou shouldest say, start a hare, rowse the deere, spring the partridge.

Pet. I'le warrant that was devised by some country swad; that seeing a hare skip up, which made him start, he presently said, he started the hare.

Licio. I, and some lubber lying besides a spring, and seeing a partridge come by, said he did spring the partridge.

Hunts. Well, remember all this!

Pet. Remember all? nay then had we good memories, for there bee more phrases than thou hast haire; but let me see, I pray thee what's this about thy necke?

Hunts. A bugle.

Pet. If it had stoode on thy head I should have called it a horne. Wel, 'tis hard to have one's browes imbrodered with bugle.

Licio. But canst thou blow it?

Hunts. What else?

Min. But not away.

Pet. No, 'twill make *Boreas* out of breath, to blow his hornes away.

Licio. There was good blowing I'le warrant before they came there.

Pet. Well, 'tis a shrowd blow.

Hunts. Spare your windes in this, or I'le wind your neckes in a cord: but soft, I heard my master's blast.

Min. Some have felt it !

Hunts. Thy mother, when such a fly-blow was buz'd out ; but I must be gone, I perceive *Mydas* is come.

[*Exit.*

Licio. Then let not us tarrie, for now shal wee shave the barbar's house. The world will grow full of wiles seeing *Mydas* hath lost his golden wish.

Min. I care not, my head shall digge devises, and my tongue stampe them ; so as my mouth shall bee a mint, and my braines a mine.

Licio. Then help us to cousen the barbar.

Min. The barbar shall know every haire of my chinne to bee as good as a choakepeare for his purse.

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCÆNA QUARTA.

MELLACRITES, MARTIUS, ERISTUS.

Erist. I marvell what *Mydas* meaneth to bee so melancholy since his hunting.

Mel. It is a good word in *Mydas*, otherwise I should tearme it in another blockishnes. I cannot tell whether it be a sownesse commonly incident to age, or a severnesse particular to the kings of *Phrygia*, or a suspicion cleaving to great estates ; but methinkes he seemeth so jealous of us all, and becomes so overthwart to all others, that either I must conjecture his wits are not his own, or his meaning very hard to some.

Mar. For my part, I neither care nor wonder, I see all his expeditions for warres are laid in water : for now when he should execute, he begins to consult ; and suffers the enemies to bid us good morrow at our owne

doores, to whom wee long since might have given the last good night in their owne beds. He weareth (I know not whether for warmth or wantonnesse) a great tyara on his head, as though his head were not heavy enough, unlesse hee loaded it with great rolles: an attyre never used (that I could heare of) but of old women, or pelting priestes. This will make *Pisidia* wanton, *Lycaonia* stiffe, all his territories wavering; and hee that hath coucht so many kingdomes in one crowne, will have his kingdomes scattered into as many crownes as hee possesseth countries. I will rouse him up, and if his eares be not asses eares, I will make them tingle. I respect not my life, I know it is my duetic, and certainly I dare sweare warre is my profession.

Erist. Martius, wee will all joyne: and though I have beene (as in *Phrygia* they tearme) a brave cour-tier, that is, (as they expound it) a fine lover; yet will I set both aside, love and courting, and follow *Martius*: for never shall it bee said, *Bella gerant alii, semper Eristus amet*.

Mel. And I, *Martius*, that honored gold for a god, and accounted all other gods, but lead; will follow *Martius*, and say, *Vilius argentum est auro, virtutibus aurum*.

Mar. My lords, I give you thanks, and am glad: for there are no stouter souldiers in the world, than those that are made of lovers; nor any more liberall in warres than they that in peace have bin covetous. Then doubt not, if courage and coyne can prevaile, but we shall prevaile; and besides, nothing can prevaile but fortune. But here comes *Sophronia*, I will first talke with her.

Enter SOPHRONIA, CAMILIA, AMERÜLA.

Madame, either our king hath no eares to heare, or no care to consider, both in what state wee stand being his subjects, and what danger he is in being our king. Dutie is not regarded, courage contemned; altogether careles of us, and his owne safety.

Soph. Martius, I mislike not thy plaine dealing: but pittie my father's trance; a trance I must call that, where nature cannot move, nor counsell, nor musicke, nor physicke, nor danger, nor death, nor all. But that which maketh mee most both to sorrow and wonder, is that musicke (a mithridat for melancholy) should make him mad; crying still, *Uno namque modo Pan et Apollo nocent*. None hath accesse to him but *Motto*, as though melancholy were to bee shav'n with a razor, not cur'd with a medicine. But stay, what noise is this in those reedes?

Mel. What sound is this? who dares utter that he heares?

Soph. I dare, *Mellacrites*, the words are plaine,—*Mydas* the king hath asses eares.

Cam. This is strange, and yet to bee told the king.

Soph. So dare I, *Camilla*: for it concerneth me in duty, and us all in discretion. But soft, let us hearken better.

(*The reeds. Mydas of Phrygia* hath asses eares.)

Erist. This is monstrous, and either portends some mischief to the king, or unto the state confusion. "*Mydas of Phrygia* hath asses eares?" It is impossible! let us with speede to the king to know his resolution, for

to some oracle he must send. Till his majesty be acquainted with this matter, we dare not roote out the reeds; himselve must both heare the sound, and gesse at the reason.

Soph. Unfortunate *Mydas*! that being so great a king, there should out of the earth spring so great a shame.

Mar. It may be that his wishing for gold, being but drosse of the world, is by all the gods accounted foolish, and so discovered out of the earth: for, a king to thirst for gold, in steede of honour, to preferre heapes of worldly coyne before triumphes in warlike conquests, was in my minde no princely minde.

Mel. Let us not debate the cause, but seeke to prevent the snares, for in minde it foretelleth that which woundeth my minde. Let us in. [Exeunt.]

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCÆNA PRIMA.

MYDAS, SOPHRONIA, MELLACRITES, MARTIUS.

Mydas.



SOPHRONIA, thou seest I am become a shame to the world, and a wonder. Mine eares glow. Mine eares? Ah miserable *Mydas*! to have such eares as make thy cheekes blush, thy head monstrous, and thy heart desperate? Yet in blushing I am impudent, for I walke in the streetes; in deformitie I seeme comely, for I have left off my tyara; and my heart the more heavy it is for grieve, the more hope it conceiveth of recovery.

Soph. Dread soveraigne and loving syre, there are nine days past, and therefore the wonder is past; there are many yeares to come, and therefore a remedy to bee hoped for. Though your eares be long, yet is there roome left on your head for a diademe: though they resemble the eares of the dullest beast, yet should they not daunt the spirit of so great a king. The gods dally with men, kings are no more: they disgrace kings, least they should bee thought gods: sacrifice pleaseth them, so that if you know by the oracle what god wrought it, you shall by humble submission, by that god be released.

Myd. *Sophronia*, I commend thy care and courage, but let mee heare these reedes, that these lothsome eares may be glutted with the report, and that is as good as a remedy.

(*The reedes. Mydas of Phrygia hath asses eares.*)

Myd. *Mydas of Phrygia* hath asses eares? So hee hath, unhappy *Mydas*. If these reedes sing my shame so lowd, will men whisper it softly? No, all the world already rings of it: and as impossible it is to stay the rumor, as to catch the winde in a net that bloweth in the aire; or to stop the wind of all men's mouths that breath out aire. I will to *Apollo*, whose oracle must bee my doome, and I feare mee my dishonor, because my doome was his, if kings may disgrace gods: and gods they disgrace, when they forget their duties.

Mel. What saith, *Mydas*?

Myd. Nothing, but that *Apollo* must determine all, or *Mydas* see ruine of all. To *Apollo* will I offer an ivory lute for his sweet harmony, and berries of baies as blacke as jeat for his love *Daphne*, pure simples for his physicke, and continuall incense for his prophecyng.

Mar. *Apollo* may discover some odde riddle, but not give the redresse; for yet did I never heare that his oracles were without doubtfulness, nor his remedies without impossibilities. This superstition of yours is able to bring errors among the common sort, not ease to your discontented mind.

Myd. Dost thou not know, *Martius*, that when *Bacchus* commanded mee to bath myselfe in *Pactolus*, thou thoughtedst it a meere mockerie, before with thine eyes thou sawest the remedy.

Mar. I, *Bacchus* gave the wish, and therefore was like also to give the remedie.

Myd. And who knowes whether *Apollo* gave mee these eares, and therefore may release the punishment. Well, reply not, for I will to *Delphos*: in the meane time let it be proclaimed, that if there be any so cunning, that can tell the reason of these reedes creaking, he shall have my daughter to his wife, or if she refuse it, a dukedome for his paines: and withall, that who-soever is so bold as to say that *Mydas* hath asses eares, shall presently lose his.

Soph. Deare father then goe forwards, prepare for the sacrifice, and dispose of *Sophronia* as it best pleaseth you.

Myd. Come let us in.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA SECUNDA.

LICIO, PETULUS.

Pet. What a rascall was *Motto* to cosen us, and say

there were thirtie men in a roome that would undoe us, and when all came to all, they were but table-men.

Licio. I, and then to give us an inventory of all his goods, only to redeeme the beard ; but wee will bee even with him, and I'le be forsworne but I'le bee revenged.

Pet. And here I vow by my conceald beard, if ever it chance to be discovered to the world, that it may make a pikedevant. I will have it so sharpe pointed, that it shall stab *Motto* like a poynado.

Licio. And I protest by these haire on my head, which are but casualties, for alas, who knowes not how soone they are lost, autumnne shaves like a razor : if these locks bee rooted against winde and weather, spring and fall, I sweare they shall not be lopped, till *Motto* by my knavery bee so bauld, that I may write verses on his scalpe. In witnesse whereof I eate this haire : now must thou, *Petulus*, kisse thy beard, for that was the booke thou swarest by.

Pet. Nay, I would I could come but to kisse my chinne, which is as yet the cover of my booke, but my word shall stand. Now let us read the inventorie, wee'le share it equally.

Licio. What else ?

Pet. An inventorie of all *Motto's* moveable baddes and goods, as also of such debts as are owing him, with such houshold stuffe as cannot bee removed. *Inprimis*, in the bed-chamber, one fowle wife, and five small children.

Licio. I'le not share in that.

Pet. I am content, take thou all. These be his moveable baddes.

Licio. And from me they shall be removeables.

Pet. Item, in the servants' chamber, two paire of curst queanes tongues.

Licio. Tongs thou wouldst say.

Pet. Nay, they pinch worse than tongs.

Licio. They are moveables I'll warrant.

Pet. Item, one paire of hornes in the bride chamber, on the bed's head.

Licio. The beast's head, for *Motto* is stuf in the head, and these are among unmoveable goods.

Pet. Wel, *Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum*, happie are they whom other men's hornes doe make to beware. *Item*, a broken pate owing me by one of the cole house, for notching his head like a ches-boorde.

Licio. Take thou that, and I give thee all the rest of his debts.

Pet. Noli me tangere. I refuse the executorship, because I will not meddle with his desperate debts. *Item*. an hundred shrewd turnes owing mee by the pages in the court, because I will not trust them for trimming.

Licio. That's due debt.

Pet. Wel, because *Motto* is poore, they shal be paid him *cum recumbentibus*. All the pages shall enter into recognisance, but *ecce*, *Pipenetta* chaunts it.

Enter PIPENETTA singing.

SONG.

'Las! How long shall I
And my maydenhead lie
In a cold bed all the night long,
I cannot abide it,
Yet away cannot chide it,
Though I find it does me some wrong.

Can any one tell
Where this fine thing doth dwell,
That carries nor forme, nor fashion?
It both heates and cooles,
'Tis a bable for fooles,
Yet catch'd at in every nation.

Say a maide were so crost,
As to see this toy lost,
Cannot Hue and Cry fetch it agen?
'Las! No, for 'tis driven
Nor to hell, nor to heaven,
When 'tis found, 'tis lost even then.

Pip. Hey hoe! would I were a witch, that I might
bee a dutchesse.

Pet. I know not whether thy fortune is to be a dutchesse, but sure I am thy face serves thee well for a witch, what's the matter?

Pip. The matter? marry 'tis proclaimed, that who-soever can tell the cause of the reeds' song, shall either have *Sophronia* to wife, or (if shee refuse it) a dukedome for his wisdom. Besides, whosoever saith that *Mydas* hath asses eares, shall lose theirs.

Licio. I'll be a duke, I find honour to bud in my head, and meethinkes every joynt of mine armes from the shoulder to the little finger, sayes send for the herauld. Mine armes are all armarie, gules, sables, azure, or, vert, pur, post, pare, &c.

Pet. And my heart is like a hearth where *Cupid* is making a fire, for *Sophronia* shall be my wife: mee-thinkes *Venus* and *Nature* stand with each of them a paire of bellows, the one cooling my low birth, the other kindling my lofty affections.

Pip. *Apollo* will helpe me, because I can sing.

Licio. *Mercurie* me, because I can lie.

Pet. All the gods mee, because I can lie, sing, sweare, and love. But soft, here comes *Motto*, now shall wee have a fit time to be revenged, if by device wee can make him say, *Mydas* hath asses eares.

Enter *MOTTO.*

Licio. Let us not seeme to be angry about the inventory, and you shall see my wit to be the hangman for his tongue.

Pip. Why, fooles, hath a barbar a tongue?

Pet. Wee'le make him have a tongue, that his teeth that looke like a combe, shall be the cissars to cut it off.

Pip. I pray let me have the odde ends, I feare nothing so much as to bee tongue taw'de.

Licio. Thou shalt have all the shavings, and then a woman's tongue ympt with a barbar's, will proove a razor or a raser.

Pet. How now, *Motto*, what all a-mort?

Motto. I am as melancholy as a cat.

Licio. Melancholy? mary gup, is melancholy a word for a barbar's mouth? thou shouldst say, heavie, dull, and doltish: melancholy is the creast of courtiers' armes, and now every base companion, being in his muble-fubles, sayes he is melancholy.

Pet. *Motto*, thou shouldst say thou art lumpish. If thou eneroach upon our courtly tearmes, wee'le trounce thee: belike if thou shouldst spit often, thou wouldst call it rheume. *Motto*, in men of reputation and credit it is the rheume; in such mechanicall mushrumpes, it

is a catarre, a pose, the water evill. You were best weare a velvet patch on your temples too.

Motto. What a world it is to see egges forwarder than cockes? these infants are as cunning in diseases, as I that have runne them over all, backward and forward. I tell you, boys, it is melancholy that now troubleth me.

Dello. My master could tickle you with diseases, and that olde ones, that have continued in his ancestors' bones these three hundred yeares. Hee is the last of the family that is left uneaten.

Motto. What mean'st thou, *Dello*?

Pet. Hee meanes you are the last of the stocke alive, the rest the wormes have eaten.

Dello. A pox of those sawcie wormes, that eate men before they be dead.

Pet. But tell us, *Motto*, why art thou sad?

Motto. Because all the court is sad.

Licio. Why are they sad in court?

Motto. Because the king hath a paine in his eares.

Pet. Belike it is the wennes.

Motto. It may bee, for his eares are swolne very bigge.

Pet. Ten to one *Motto* knowes of the asses cares.

Licio. If he know it, wee shall: for it is as hard for a barbar to keepe a secret in his mouth, as a burning coale in his hand. Thou shalt see mee wring it out by wit. *Motto*, 'twas told me that the king will discharge you of your office, because you cut his eare when you last trimm'd him.

Motto. 'Tis a lie; and yet if I had, hee might well spare an inch or two.

Pet. It will out, I feele him comming.

Dello. Master, take heed, you will blab all anon, these wags are craftie.

Motto. Let me alone !

Licio. Why, *Motto*, what difference betweene the king's eares, and thine ?

Motto. As much as betweene an asses eares and mine.

Pet. O, *Motto* is modest ; to mitigate the matter, hee calcs his owne eares, asses eares.

Motto. Nay, I meane the king's are asses eares.

Licio. Treason, treason !

Dello. I told you, master ! you have made a faire hand ! for now you have made your lips cissars to cut off your eares.

Motto. *Peri*, unlesse you pitie me, *Motto* is in a pit.

Pet. Nay, *Motto*, treason is a worse paine than tooth-ach.

Licio. Now, *Motto*, thou knowest thine eares are ours to command.

Motto. Your servants, or hand-maides.

Pet. Then will I lead my maid by the hand.

[*He puls him by the eares.*]

Motto. Out, villaine ! thou wring'st too hard.

Dello. Not so hard as he bit me.

Motto. Thou seest, boy, wee are both mortall. I enjoy mine eares, but *durante placito* ; nor thou thy finger, but *favente dento*.

Pet. Yea, *Motto*, hast thou Latine ?

Motto. Alas ! hee that hath drawne so many teeth, and never askt Latine for a tooth, is ill brought up.

Licio. Well, *Motto*, let us have the beard, without

covin, fraud, or delay, at one entire payment, and thou shalt scape a payment.

Motto. I protest by cissars, brush and combe ; bason, ball and apron ; by razor, earepike and rubbing clothes ; and all the *tria sequuntur trias* in our secret occupation (for you know it is no blabbing art) that you shall have the beard, in manner and forme following. Not onely the golden beard and every haire, (though it be not haire,) but a dozen of beards, to stuffe two dozen of cushions.

Licio. Then they be big ones.

Dello. They be halfe a yard broad, and a nayle, three quarters long, and a foote thicke ; so, sir, shall you finde them stufte enough, and soft enough. All my mistresse lines that shee dries her clothes on, are made only of mustachio stuffe. And if I durst tell the truth, as lustie as I am heere, I lie upon a bed of beards ; a bots of their bristles, and they that owe them ; they are harder than flockes !

Pet. A fine discourse ! well, *Motto*, wee give thee mercie, but wee will not lose the beard. Remember now our inventorie. *Item*, we will not let thee goe out of our hands, till we have the beard in our hands.

Motto. Then follow.

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCÆNA TERTIA.

MYDAS, SOPHRONIA, MELLACRITES, MARTIUS.

Myd. This is *Delphos*. Sacred *Apollo*, whose oracles bee all divine, though doubtfull : answer poore *Mydas*, and pitie him.

Soph. I marvell there is no answer.

Myd. Fond *Mydas*, how can'st thou aske pittie of him whom thou hast so much abusde ; or why doest thou abuse the world, both to seeme ignorant in not acknowledging an offence ; and impudent, so openly to crave pardon ? *Apollo* will not answer, but *Mydas* must not cease. *Apollo*, divine *Apollo*, *Mydas* hath asses eares, yet let pittie sinke into thine eares, and tell when hee shall be free from this shame, or what may mitigate his sinne ?

Mar. Tush ! *Apollo* is tuning his pipes, or at barly-breake with *Daphne*, or assaying on some sheephherd's coate, or taking measure of a serpent's skin. Were I *Mydas*, I would rather cut these eares off close from my head, than stand whimp'ring before such a blind god.

Myd. Thou art barbarous not valiant. Gods must bee entreated not commanded : thou wouldst quench fire with a sword, and adde to my shame (which is more than any prince can endure) thy rudenesse, (which is more than any sensible creature would follow.) Divine *Apollo*, what shall become of *Mydas* ? Accept this lute, these berries, these simples, these tapers ; if *Apollo* take any delight in musique, in *Daphne*, in physicke, in eternitie.

APOLLO his Oracle.

When *Pan Apollo* in musique shal excell,
Mydas of *Phrygia* shall lose his asses eares ;
Pan did *Apollo* in musique farre excell,
 Therefore king *Mydas* weareth asses eares :
 Unlesse he shrinke his stretching hand from *Lesbos*,
 His eares in length, at length shall reach to *Delphos*.

Mel. It were good to expound these oracles, that the learned men in *Phrygia* were assembled; otherwise the remedie will bee as impossible to bee had, as the cause to be sifted.

Mar. I foresaw some old saw, which should be doubtful. Who would gad to such gods, that must be honoured if they speake without sence: and the oracle wond'ered at, as though it were above sense?

Myd. No more, *Martius*! I am the learned'st in *Phrygia* to interprete these oracles, and though shame hath hitherto caused me to conceale it, now I must unfold it by necessitie. Thus destiny bringeth me, not only to bee cause of all my shame, but reporter. Thou, *Sophronia*, and you my lords, hearken. When I had bathed myselfe in *Pactolus*, and saw my wish to float in the waves, I wished the waves to overflow my bodie, so melancholy my fortune made me, so mad my folly: yet by hunting I thought to ease my heart. And comming at last to the hill *Tmolus*, I perceived *Apollo* and *Pan* contending for excellencie in musique, among nymphes; they required also my judgement. I (whom the losse of gold made discontent, and the possessing desperate) either dulled with the humours of my weake braine, or deceived by thicknesse of my deaffe eares, prefer'd the harsh noyse of *Pan's* pipe, before the sweete stroke of *Apollo's* lute, which caused *Phæbus* in justice (as I now confesse, and then as I saw in anger) to set these eares on my head, that have wrung so many teares from mine eyes. For stretching my hands to *Lesbos*, I find that all the gods have spurn'd at my practices, and those ilands scorn'd them. My pride the gods disdain; my

policie men: my mines have beene emptied by souldiers, my souldiers spoyled by warres, my warres without successe, because usurping; my usurping without end, because my ambition above measure. I will therefore yeeld myselfe to *Bacchus*, and acknowledge my wish to be vanitie: to *Apollo*, and confesse my judgement to be foolish: to *Mars*, and say my warres are unjust: to *Diana*, and tell my affection hath beene unnatural. And I doubt not, what a god hath done to make mee know myselfe, all the gods will helpe to undoe, that I may come to myselfe.

Soph. Is it possible that *Mydas* should be so overshoot in judgement? Unhappy *Mydas*, whose wits melt with his gold, and whose gold is consumed with his wits.

Myd. What talketh *Sophronia* to herselfe?

Soph. Nothing, but that since *Mydas* hath confessed his fault to us, hee also acknowledge it to *Apollo*.

Myd. I will, *Sophronia*. Sacred *Apollo*, things passed cannot be recalled, repented they may be: behold, *Mydas* not only submitting himselfe to punishment, but confessing his peevishnesse, being glad for shame to call that peevishnesse, which indeed was folly. Whatsoever *Apollo* shall command, *Mydas* will execute.

Apollo. Then attend, *Mydas*. I accept thy submission, and sacrifice, so as yeerly at this temple thou offer sacrifice in submission: withall, take *Apollo*'s counsell, which if thou scorne, thou shalt finde thy destinie. I will not speake in riddles; all shall be plaine, because thou art dull; but all certaine, if thou be obstinate.

Weigh not in one ballance gold and justice ;
With one hand wage not warre and peace ;
Let thy head be glad of one crowne,
And take care to keepe one friend.
The friend that thou wouldst make thy foe,
The kingdome thou wouldst make the world,
The hand that thou doest arme with force,
The gold that thou do'st thinke a god,
Shall conquer, fall, shrinke short, be common :
With force, with pride, with feare, with traffique.
If this thou like, shake off an asses eares :
If not, for ever shake an asses eares.

Soph. *Apollo* will not reply.

Myd. It may bee, *Sophronia*, that neither you, nor any else, understand *Apollo*, because none of you have the heart of a king : but my thoughts expound my fortunes, and my fortunes hang upon my thoughts. That great *Apollo*, that joyn'd to my head asses eares, hath put into my heart a lion's minde. I see that by obscure shadowes, which you cannot discern in fresh colours. *Apollo* in the depth of his dark answere, is to me the glistering of a bright sunne. I perceive (and yet not too late) that *Lesbos* will not be touched by gold, by force it cannot : that the gods have pitched it out of the world, as not to be controld by any in the world. Though my hand be gold, yet I must not thinke to span over the maine ocean. Though my souldiers be valiant, I must not therefore thinke my quarrels just. There is no way to naile the crowne of *Phrygia* fast to my daughter's head, but in letting the crownes of others sit in quiet on theirs.

Mar. *Mydas* !

Myd. How darest thou reply seeing me resolved ?

thy counsell hath spilt more bloud than all my souldiers' lances; let none be so hardie as to looke to crosse me. Sacred *Apollo*, if sacrifice yeerely at thy temple, and submission hourely in mine owne court, if fulfilling thy counsell, and correcting my counsellors may shake off these asses eares, I here before thee vow to shake off all envies abroad, and at home all tyrannie. [*The eares fall off.*]

Soph. Honoured be *Apollo*, *Mydas* is restored.

Myd. Fortunate *Mydas*, that feelest thy head lightned of dull eares, and thy heart of deadly sorrowes. Come my lords, let us repaire to our palace, in which *Apollo* shall have a stately statue erected: every moneth will we solemnize there a feast, and here every yeere a sacrifice. *Phrygia* shall be governed by gods, not men. least the gods make beasts of men. So my counsell of warre shall not make conquests in their owne conceits, nor my counsellors in peace make me poore, to enrich themselves. So blessed be *Apollo*, quiet be *Lesbos*, happie be *Mydas*, and to begin this solemnitie, let us sing to *Apollo*, for, so much as musique, nothing can content *Apollo*. [*They sing all.*]

SONG.

Sing to *Apollo*, god of day,
Whose golden beames with morning play,
And make her eyes so brightly shine
Aurora's face is call'd divine.
Sing to *Phæbus*, and that throne
Of diamonds which he sits upon;
 Iô pæans let us sing,
To physicke's, and to poesie's king.

Crowne all his altars with bright fire,
Laurels bind about his lyre,
A *Daphnean* coronet for his head,
The Muses dance about his bed;
When on his ravishing lute he playes,
Strew his temple round with bayes.

Iô pæans let us sing,
To the glittering *Delian* king.

[*Exeunt.*

MOTHER BOMBIE.

AS IT WAS SUNDRY TIMES PLAYED BY THE
CHILDREN OF PAULS.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEMPHIO, *an avaricious Old Man.*

STELLIO, *a wealthy Husbandman.*

PRISIUS, }
SPERANTUS, }*old Countrymen.*

CANDIUS, *Son to Sperantus.*

MÆSTIUS, *Son to Memphio ; supposed Son to Vicina.*

ACCIUS, *the supposed Son to Memphio.*

DROMIO, *Servant to Memphio.*

RISCIO, *Servant to Stellio.*

HALFPENNY, *a Boy, Servant to Sperantus.*

LUCIO, *a Boy, Servant to Prisius.*

LIVIA, *Daughter to Prisius.*

SERENA, *Daughter to Stellio ; supposed Daughter to Vicina.*

SILENA, *the supposed Daughter to Stellio.*

VICINA, *Mother to Accius and Silena.*

MOTHER BOMBIE, *a Fortune-Teller.*

RIXULA, *a Servant Wench.*

SYNIS, }
NASUTUS, }*three Fiddlers.*
BEDUNENUS, }

HACKNEYMAN.

SERJEANT.

SCRIVENER.

SCENE—*Rochester, Kent.*



A PLEASANT CONCEITED COMEDIE,

CALLED

MOTHER BOMBIE.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCÆNA PRIMA.

MEMPHIO, DROMIO.

Memphio.

BOY, there are three things that make my life miserable ; a threedbare purse, a curst wife, and a foole to my heire.

Dro. Why then, sir, there are three medicines for these three maladies : a pike staffe to take a purse on the high way : a holly wand to brush choler from my mistresse tongue : and a young wench for my young master : so that as your worship being wise begot a foole ; so hee being a foole, may tread out a wise man.

Memp. I, but, *Dromio*, these medicines bite hot on great mischiefes ; for so might I have a rope about my necke, hornes upon my head, and in my house a litter of fooles.

Dro. Then, sir, you had best let some wise man sit

on your sonne, to hatch him a good wit: they say, if ravens sit on hens' egges, the chickens will be blacke, and so forth.

Memp. Why, boy, my sonne is out of the shell, and is growne a prettie cocke.

Dro. Carve him, master, and make him a capon, else all your breed will prove cockescomes.

Memp. I marvell he is such an asse, he takes it not of his father.

Dro. He may for any thing you know.

Memp. Why, villaine, doest thou thinke me a foole?

Dro. O no, sir, neither are you sure that you are his father.

Memp. Rascall, do'st thou imagine thy mistresse naught of her bodie?

Dro. No, but fantasticall of her mind; and it may be, when this boy was begotten she thought of a foole, and so conceived a foole, yourselfe being very wise, and she surpassing honest.

Memp. It may be; for I have heard of an *Æthiopian*, that thinking of a faire picture, brought forth a faire lady, and yet no bastard.

Dro. You are well read, sir; your sonne may be a bastard, and yet legitimate; yourselfe a cuckold, and yet my mistresse vertuous; all this in conceit.

Memp. Come, *Dromio*, it is my griefe to have such a sonne that must inherit my lands.

Dro. He needs not, sir, I'll beg him for a foole.

Memp. Vile boy! thy young master?

Dro. Let me have in a device.

Memp. I'll have thy advice, and if it fadge, thou

shalt eate, thou shalt sweate, play till thou sleepe, and sleepe till thy bones ake.

Dro. I marry, now you tickle mee, I am both hungry, gamesome, and sleepe, and all at once. I'le breake this head against the wall, but I'le make it bleed good matter.

Memp. Then this it is, thou knowest I have but one sonne, and he is a foole.

Dro. A monstrous foole !

Memp. A wife and she an arrant scold.

Dro. Ah, master, I smell your device, it will be excellent !

Memp. Thou canst not know it till I tell it.

Dro. I see it through your braines, your haire is so thinne, and your skull so transparant, I may sooner see it then heare it.

Memp. Then, boy, hast thou a quicke wit, and I a slow tongue, but what is't ?

Dro. Marry, either you would have your wives tongue in your sonnes head, that hee might be a prating foole ; or his braines in her braine pan, that shee might be a foolish scold.

Memp. Thou dreamest, *Dromio*, there is no such matter ; thou knowest I have kept him close, so that my neighbours thinke him to bee wise, and her to bee temperate, because they never heard them speake.

Dro. Well !

Memp. Thou knowest that *Stellio* hath a good farme and a faire daughter ; yea so faire that shee is mewed up, and onely looketh out at the windowes, least shee should by some roisting courtier be stollen away.

Dro. So, sir.

Memp. Now if I could compasse a match betweene my sonne and *Stellio's* daughter, by conference of us parents, and without theirs; I should be blessed, hee coosned, and thou for ever set at libertie.

Dro. A singular conceit.

Memp. Thus much for my son, now for my wife; I would have this kept from her, else shall I not bee able to keepe my house from smoake: for let it come to one of her eares, and then woe to both mine: I would have her goe to my house into the countrie whilst wee conclude this: and this once done, I care not if her tongue never have done: these if thou canst effect, thou shalt make thy master happy.

Dro. Thinke it done, this noddle shall coyne such new device as you shall have your sonne married by to-morrow.

Memp. But take heede that neither the father nor the maide speake to my sonne, for then his folly will marre all.

Dro. Lay all the care on mee, *Sublevabo te onere*, I will rid you of a foole.

Memp. Wilt thou rid mee for a foole?

Dro. Tush! quarrell not.

Memp. Then for the dowrie, let it be at least two hundredth ducats, and after his death the farme.

Dro. What else?

Memp. Then let us in, that I may furnish thee with some better counsell, and my son with better apparell.

Dro. Let me alone,—I lacke but a wag more to make of my counsell, and then you shall see an exquisite

coosnage, and the father more foole then the sonne.
But heare you, sir, I forgot one thing.

Memp. What's that?

Dro. Nay, *Expellas furca licet, usque recurret.*

Memp. What's the meaning?

Dro. Why though your son's folly be thrust up with
a paire of hornes on a forcke, yet being naturall, it will
have his course.

Memp. I pray thee no more, but about it. [*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCÆNA SECUNDA.

STELLIO, RISCIO.

Stel. *Riscio*, my daughter is passing amiable, but
very simple.

Ris. You meane a foole, sir.

Stel. Faith I implie so much.

Ris. Then I applie it fit: the one shee takes of her
father, the other of her mother: now you may be sure
she is your owne.

Stel. I have penned her up in a chamber, having
onely a window to look out, that youths seeing her faire
cheekes, may be enamored before they heare her fond
speech. How likest thou this head?

Ris. There is very good workemanship in it, but the
matter is but base; if the stuffe had bin as good as the
mould, your daughter had beene as wise as shee is
beautifull.

Stel. Doest thou thinke she tooke her foolishnesse of
mee?

Ris. I, and so cunningly, that shee took it not from you.

Stel. Well, *Quod natura dedit, tollere nemo potest.*

Ris. A good evidence to prove the fee-simple of your daughter's follie.

Stel. Why?

Ris. It came by nature, and if none can take it away, it is perpetuall.

Stel. Nay, *Riscio*, shee is no naturall foole, but in this consisteth her simplicity, that shee thinketh herselfe subtile in this her rudenesse, that she imagins she is courtly: in this the overshooting of herselfe, that shee overweeneth of herselfe.

Ris. Well, what followes?

Stel. *Riscio*, this is my plot, *Memphio* hath a prettie stripling to his son, whom with cockring he hath made wanton, his girdle must be warm'd, the aire must not breath on him, hee must lie a bed till noone, and yet in his bed breake his fast: that which I doe to conceale the follie of my daughter, that doth he in too much cockering of his sonne. Now, *Riscio*, how shall I compasse a match betweene my girle and his boy?

Ris. Why with a paire of compasses, and bring them both into the circle. I'll warrant the'il match themselves.

Stel. Tush! plot it for me that never speaking one to another, they be in love one with another: I like not solemne woing, it is for courtiers, let countrie folkes believe others' reports as much as their owne opinions.

Ris. O then, so it bee a match you care not.

Stel. Not I, nor for a match neither, were it not I thirst after my neighbor's fame.

Ris. A very good nature. Well if by flat wit I bring this to passe, what's my reward?

Stel. Whatsoever thou wilt aske.

Ris. I'll aske no more then by my wit I can get in the bargaine.

Stel. Then about it.

[*Exit.*

Ris. If I come not about you never trust me, I'll seeke out *Dromio*, the counsellor of my conceit.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCÆNA TERTIA.

PRISIUS, SPERANTUS.

Pris. It is unneighbourly done to suffer your son since he came from schoole, to spend his time in love; and unwisely done to let him hover over my daughter, who hath nothing to her dowrie but her needle, and must prove a sempster; nor hee any thing to take too but a grammer, and cannot at the best be but a schoole-master.

Spe. *Prisius*, you bite and whine, wring me on the withers, and yet winch yourselfe; it is you that goe about to match your girle with my boy, she being more fit for seames than for marriage, and he for a rod then a wife.

Pris. Her birth requires a better bridegroomer than such a groomer.

Spe. And his bringing up another gate's marriage than such a minion.

Pris. Marie gup! I am sure he hath no better bread than is made of wheate, nor worne finer cloth than is

made of wooll, nor learned better manners than are taught in schooles.

Spe. Nor your minxe had no better grandfather than a tailour, who (as I have heard) was poore and proude: nor a better father then yourselfe, unlesse your wife borrowed a better, to make your daughter a gentlewoman.

Pris. Twit not me with my ancestors, nor with my wives honestie, for if thou doest——

Spe. Hold thy hands still, thou had'st best; and yet it is impossible now I remember, for thou hast the palsie.

Pris. My hands shake, so that wert thou in place where, I would teach thee to cogge.

Spe. Nay if thou shake thy hands, I warrant thou canst not teach any to cog. But, neighbour, let not two old fooles fall out for two young wantons.

Pris. Indeed it becommeth men of our experience to reason, not raile: to debate the matter, not to combat it.

Spe. Well, then this I'll tell thee friendly, I have almost these two yeares cast in my head, how I might match my princecks with *Stellio's* daughter, whom I have heard to be very faire, and know shall bee very rich, shee is his heire; hee doates, he is stooping old, and shortly must die; yet by no meanes, either by blessing or cursing can I win my son to be a woer, which I know proceeds not of bashfulnesse, but stubbornnesse, for he knowes his good though I say it, hee hath wit at will: as for his personage, I care not who sees him, I can tell you he is able to make a ladies mouth water if she winke not.

Pris. Stay, *Sperantus*, this is like my case, for I have

beene tampering as long to have a marriage committed betweene my wench and *Memphio's* onely sonne; they say hee is as goodly a youth as one shall see in a summer's day, and as neate a stripling as ever went on neates leather; his father will not let him hie forth of his sight, hee is so tender over him, hee yet lies with his mother for catching colde. Now my pretie elfe, as proude as the day is long, shee will none of him, shee forsooth will choose her owne husband; made marriages prove mad marriages, she will choose with her eye, and like with her heart, before she consent with her tongue; neither father nor mother, kith nor kinne, shall bee her carver in a husband, shee will fall too where shee likes best; and thus the chicke scarce out of the shel, cackles as though shee had beene troden with an hundredth cockes, and mother of a thousand egges.

Spe. Well then, this is our best, seeing we know each other's minde, to devise to governe our owne children: for my boy, I'll keepe to his bookes, and study shall make him leave to love, I'll breake him of his will, or his bones with a cudgell.

Pris. And I'll no more dandle my daughter, shee shall pricke on a clout till her fingers ake, or I'll cause her leave to make my heart ake. But in good time, though with ill lucke, behold if they bee not both together; let us stand close and heare all, so shall we prevent all.

Enter CANDIUS and LIVIA.

Spe. This happens pat, take heed you cough not,
Prisius.

Pris. Tush! spit not you, and I'll warrant I, my beard is as good as a handkerchieffe.

Livia. Sweete *Candius*, if thy father should see us alone, would hee not fret? The old man methinkes should bee full of fumes.

Cand. Tush! let him fret one heart-string against another, hee shall never trouble the least vaine of my little finger; the old churle thinkes none wise, unlesse hee have a beard hang dangling to his wast, when my face is bedawbed with haire as his, then perchance my conceit may stumble on his staiednesse.

Pris. I, in what booke read you that lesson?

Spe. I know not in what booke hee read it, but I am sure he was a knave to learne it.

Cand. I beleeve, faire *Livia*, if your sowre sire should see you with your sweetheart, he would not be very patient.

Livia. The care is taken, I'll aske him blessing as a father, but never take counsell for an husband; there is as much oddes betweene my golden thoughts, and his leaden advice, as betweene his silver haire, and my amber lockes; I know hee will cough for anger that I yeeld not, but he shall cough me a foole for his labour.

Spe. Where pickt your daughter that worke, out of broad-stitch?

Pris. Out of a flirt's sampler; but let us stay the end, this is but the beginning, you shal heare two children wel brought up!

Cand. Parents in these daies are growne peevish, they rocke their children in their cradles till they sleepe, and crosse them about their bridalles till their hearts

ake. Marriage among them is become a market, what will you give with your daughter? What joynter will you make for your sonne? And many a match is broken off for a pennie more or lesse, as though they could not affoord their children at such a price, when none should cheapen such ware but affection, and none buie it but love.

Spe. Learnedly and scholerlike!

Livia. Indeed our parents take great care to make us aske blessing, and say grace when we are little ones, and growing to yeares of judgement, they deprive us of the greatest blessing, and the most gracious things to our mindes, the libertie of our mindes: they give us pap with a spoone before we can speake, and when wee speake for that wee love, pap with a hatchet: because their fancies being growen mustie with hoarie age, therefore nothing can relish in their thoughts that savours of sweete youth; they study twentie yeares together to make us grow as straight as a wand, and in the end, by bowing us, as crooked as a cammocke. For mine own part, sweete *Candius*, they shall pardon me, for I will measure my love by mine owne judgement, not my father's purse or peevishnesse. Nature hath made mee his child, not his slave: I hate *Memphio* and his sonne deadly, if I wist he would place his affection by his father's appointment.

Pris. Wittily but uncivilly!

Can. Bee of that minde still, my faire *Livia*, let our fathers lay their purses together, we our hearts; I will never woe where I cannot love, let *Stellio* enjoy his daughter. But what have you wrought heere?

Livia. Flowers, fowles, beastes, fishes, trees, plants, stones, and what not. Among flowers, cowslops and lillies, for our names *Candius* and *Livia*. Among fowles, turtles and sparrowes, for our truth and desires. Among beasts, the fox and the ermin, for beautie and pollicie. And among fishes, the cockle and the tortuse, because of *Venus* among trees: the vine wreathing about the elme, for our embracings. Among stones, abestor, which being hot will never bee colde, for our constancies. Among plants, time and hearts-ease, to note, that if wee take time, wee shall ease our hearts.

Pris. There's a girle that knowes her lerripoope.

Spe. Listen, and you shall heare my sonnes learning.

Livia. What booke is that?

Can. A fine pleasant poet, who intreateth of the art of love, and of the remedie.

Livia. Is there art in love?

Can. A short art and a certaine, three rules in three lines.

Livia. I pray thee repeat them.

Can. *Principio quod amare velis reperire labora,
Proximus huic labor est placidam exorare puellam,
Tertius ut longo tempore ducet amor.*

Livia. I am no Latinist, *Candius*, you must conster it.

Can. So I will, and paece it too: thou shalt be acquainted with case, gender, and number. First, one must finde out a mistresse, whom before all others he voweth to serve. Secondly, that he use all the meanes that hee may to obtaine her. And the last, with deserts, faith, and secreteie, to studie to keepe her.

Livia. What's the remedie?

Can. Death.

Livia. What of all the booke is the conclusion?

Can. This one verse, *Non caret effectu quod voluere duo.*

Livia. What's that?

Can. Where two is agreed, it is impossible but they must speed.

Livia. Then cannot wee misse: therefore give me thy hand, *Candius.*

Pris. Soft, *Livia*, take mee with you, it is not good in law without wnesse.

Spe. And as I remember, there must bee two witnessses; God give you joy, *Candius*, I was worth the bidding to dinner, though not worthy to be of the counsell.

Pris. I thinke this hot love have provided but cold cheare.

Spe. Tush! in love is no lacke; but blush not, *Candius*, you neede not bee ashamed of your cunning, and have made love a booke-case, and spent your time well at schoole, learning to love by art, and hate against nature; but I perceiue the worser childe, the better lover.

Pris. And my minion hath wrought well, where everie stitch in her sampler is a pricking stitch at my heart: you take your pleasure on parents, they are peevish, fooles, churles, overgrown with ignorance, because overworn with age: little shalt thou know the case of a father, before thyselfe bee a mother, when thou shalt breede thy childe with continuall paines, and with deadly

pangs, nurse it with thine owne pappes, and nourish it up with motherly tendernesse ; and then finde them to curse thee with their hearts, when they should aske blessing on their knees, and the collops of thine own bowels to be the torture of thine owne soule ; with teares trickling downe thy cheeks, and drops of bloud falling from thy heart, thou wilt in uttering of thy minde, wish them rather unborne, than unnaturall, and to have had their cradles their graves, rather than thy death their bridals. But I will not dispute what thou shouldest have done, but correct what thou hast done : I perceiue sowing is an idle exercise, and that every day there comes more thoughts into thine head, than stitches into thy worke : I'le see whether you can spinne a better minde then you have stitched, and if I coope you not up, then let me be the capon.

Spe. As for you, sir boy, instead of poaring on a booke, you shall hold the plough ; I'le make repentance reap what wantonnesse hath sowed : but wee are both well served, the sonnes must bee masters, the fathers gaffers ; what we get together with a rake, they cast abroad with a forke ; and wee must wearie our legges to purchase our children armes. Well, seeing that booking is but idlenes, I'le see whether threshing bee any occupation, thy minde shall stoupe to my fortune, or mine shall breake the lawes of nature. How like a micher he standes, as though he had trewantend from honestie : get thee in, and for the rest let me alone. In, villaine !

Pris. And you, pretty minx, that must be fed with love upon sops, I'le take an order to cram you with sorrowes : get you in without looke or replic.

[*Exeunt Candius, Livia.*]

Spe. Let us follow, and deale as rigorously with yours, as I will with mine, and you shall see that hot love will waxe soone cold: I'll tame the proud boy, and send him as farre from his love, as hee is from his dutie.

Pris. Let us about it, and also goe on with matching them to our mindes, it was happy that wee prevented that by chance, which wee could never yet suspect by circumstance. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCÆNA PRIMA.

DROMIO, RISCIO.

Dromio.



OW if I could meet with *Riscio*, it were a world of waggerie.

Ris. Oh that it were my chance, *obviare Dromio*, to stumble upon *Dromio*, on whom I doe nothing but dreame.

Dro. His knaverie and my wit, should make our masters that are wise, fooles; their children that are fooles, beggers; and us two that are bond, free.

Ris. Hee to cosin, and I to conjure, would make such alterations, that our masters should serve themselves; the idiots, their children, serve us; and wee to wake our wittes betweene them all.

Dro. *Hem quàm opportune*, looke if hee drop not full in my dish.

Ris. *Lupus in fabula*, *Dromio* imbrace me, hugge mee, I must make thee fortunate.

Dro. *Riscio*, honour me, kneele downe to mee, kisse my feete, I must make thee blessed.

Ris. My master, old *Stellio*, hath a foole to his daughter.

Dro. Nay, my master, old *Memphio*, hath a foole to his sonne.

Ris. I must convey a contract.

Dro. And I must convey a contract.

Ris. Betweene her and *Memphio*'s son, without speaking one to another.

Dro. Betweene him and *Stellio*'s daughter, without one speaking to the other.

Ris. Doest thou mocke me, *Dromio*?

Dro. Thou doest me else.

Ris. Not I, for all this is true.

Dro. And all this.

Ris. Then are wee both driven to our wittes endes, for if either of them had beene wise, we might have tempered, if no marriage, yet a close marriage.

Dro. Well, let us sharpen our accounts, there's no better grindstone for a young man's head than to have it whet upon an olde man's purse. Oh thou shalt see my knaverie shave like a razor!

Ris. Thou for the edge, and I the point, we'll make the foole bestride our mistres' backes, and then have at the bagge with the dudgin hafte, that is, at the dudgen dagger, by which hangs his tantonie pouch.

Dro. These old huddles have such strong purses with lockes, when they shut them, they goe off like a snap-hance.

Ris. The old fashion is best, a purse with a ring

round about it, is a cirele to course a knave's hand from it: but, *Dromio*, two they say may keepe counsell if one bee away: but to convay knaverie, two are too few, and foure too many.

Dro. And in good time, looke where *Halfepenie*, *Sperantus'* boy, commeth; though bound up in *decimo sexto* for carriage, yet a wit *in folio*, for coosenage. Single *Halfepenie*, what newes are now currant?

Enter HALFEPENIE.

Half. Nothing, but that such double coistrels as you be, are counterfeit.

Ris. Are you so dapper? wee'le send you for a halfe-pennie loafe.

Half. I shall goe for silver though, when you shall bee nailed up for slips.

Dro. Thou art a slipstring I'll warrant.

Half. I hope you shall never slip string, but hang steddy.

Ris. *Dromio*, looke heere, now is my hand on my halfepeny.

Half. Thou liest, thou hast not a farthing to lay thy hands on, I am none of thine: but let me be wagging, my head is full of hammers, and they have so maletted my wit, that I am almost a malcontent.

Dro. Why, what's the matter?

Half. My master hath a fine scholler to his sonne, *Prisius* a faire lasse to his daughter.

Dro. Well!

Half. They two love one another deadly.

Ris. In good time.

Half. The fathers have put them up, utterly disliking the match, and have appointed the one shall have *Memphio's* sonne, the other *Stellio's* daughter; this workes like wax, but how it will fadge in the end, the henne that sits next the cocke cannot tell.

Ris. If thou have but any spice of knavery, wee'll make thee happy.

Half. Tush! doubt not of mine, I am as full for my pitch, as you are for your's; a wren's egge is as full of meat as a goose egge, though there be not so much in it: you shall find this head well stufft, though there went little stuffe to it.

Dro. *Laudo ingenium*, I like thysconce, then harken: *Memphio's* made me of his counsell, about marriage of his son to *Stellio's* daughter, *Stellio* made *Riscio* acquainted to plot a match with *Memphio's* sonne. To be short, they be both fooles.

Half. But they are not fooles that bee short; if I thought thou meanest so, *Senties qui vir sim*, thou should'st have a crow to pull.

Ris. Be not angrie, *Halfepenie*, for fellowship, wee will bee all fooles: and for gaine all knaves. But why doest thou laugh?

Half. At mine owne conceit and quicke censure.

Ris. What's the matter?

Half. Suddainly methought you two were asses, and that the least asse was the more asse.

Ris. Thou art a foole, that cannot bee.

Half. Yea, my young master taught me to prove it by learning, and so I can out of *Ovid* by a verse.

Ris. Prethie how?

Half. You must first for fashion sake confesse yourselves to be asses.

Dro. Well.

Half. Then stand you heere, and you there.

Ris. Go too.

Half. Then this is the verse as I point it, *Cum mala per longas invaluere moras.* So you see the least asse is the more asse.

Ris. Wee'le bite for an ape, if thou bob us like asses. But to end all, if thou wilt joyne with us, wee will make a match between the two fooles, for that must be our taskes, and thou shalt devise to couple *Candius* and *Livia*, by overreaching their fathers.

Half. Let me alone, *Non enim mea pigra inventus*, there's matter in this noddle.

Enter LUCIO.

But looke where *Prisius'* boy comes, as fit as a pudding for a dogges-mouth.

Lucio. Pop three knaves in a sheath, I'll make it a right Tunbridge case, and bee the bodkin.

Ris. Nay, the bodkin is heere alreadie, you must be the knife.

Half. I am the bodkin, looke well to your eares, I must boare them.

Dro. Mew thy tongue, or wee'le cut it out; this I speake representing the person of a knife, as thou didst that in shadow of a bodkin.

Lucio. I must be gone, *Tædet*, it liketh, *Oportet*, it behoveth my wits to worke like barme, *alias* yeast, *alias* sizing, *alias* rising, *alias* god's good.

Half. The new wine is in thine head, yet was hee faine to take this metaphor from ale ; and now you talke of ale, let us all to the wine.

Dro. Foure makes a messe, and wee have a messe of masters that must be coozened ; let us lay our heads together, they are married and cannot.

Half. Let us consult at the tavern, where after to the health of *Memphio*, drinke we to the life of *Stellio*, I carouse to *Prisius*, and brinch you mas *Sperantus* ; wee shall cast up our accounts, and discharge our stomackes, like men that can digest anything.

Lucio. I see not yet what you goe about.

Dro. *Lucio*, that can pierce a mud wall of twentie foot thicke, would make us beleeve hee cannot see a candle through a paper lanthorne ; his knavery is beyond *Ela*, and yet hee sayes hee knowes not *Gam ut*.

Lucio. I am readie, if any coozenage be ripe, I'll shake the tree.

Half. Nay, I hope to see thee so strong, to shake three trees at once.

Dro. Wee burne time, for I must give a reckoning of my dayes worke ; let us close to the bush, *ad deliberandum*.

Half. Indeed, *Inter pocula philosophandum*, it is good to plea among pots.

Ris. Thine will be the worst, I feare we shall leave a halfepeny in hand.

Half. Why, sayest thou that thou hast left a print deeper in thy hand already, then a halfepeny can leave, unlesse it should sing worse than an hot iron.

Lucio. All friends, and so let us sing, 'tis a pleasant thing to goe into the taverne cleering the throat.

SONG.

Omnes. Ió Bacchus! to thy table
Thou call'st every drunken rabble,
We already are stiffe drinkers,
Then seale us for thy jolly skinckers.

Dro. Wine, O wine!

O juyce divine!

How do'st thou the nowle refine!

Ris. Plump thou mak'st mens' rubie faces,
And from girles canst fetch embraces.

Half. By thee our noses swell,
With sparkling carbuncle.

Lucio. O the deare bloud of grapes,
Turnes us to anticke shapes,
Now to shew trickes like apes.

Dro. Now lion-like to rore.

Ris. Now goatishly to whore.

Half. Now hoggishly i'th' mire.

Lucio. Now flinging hats i'th' fire.

Omnes. Ió Bacchus! at thy table,
Make us of thy reeling rabble.

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCÆNA SECUNDA.

Enter MEMPHIO alone.

Memph. I marvell I heare no newes of *Dromio*, either he slackes the matter, or betrayes his master; I dare not motion any thing to *Stellio*, till I know what my boy hath done; I'le hunt him out, if the loiter-sacke bee gone springing into a taverne, I'le fetch him reeling out.

[*Exit.*

Enter STELLIO alone.

Stel. Without doubt *Riscio* hath gone beyond himselfe, in casting beyond the moone ; I feare the boy bee run mad with studying, for I know he loved me so well, that for my favour he will venture to run out of his wits ; and it may be, to quicken his invention, hee is gone into this ivy bush, a notable nest for a grape owle ; I'll firret him out, yet in the end use him friendly, I cannot bee merry till I heare what's done in the mariages. [*Exit.*

Enter PRISIUS alone.

Pris. I thinke *Lucio* be gone a squirrelling, but I'll squirrell him for it, I sent him on my arrand, but I must goe for an answer myselfe ; I have tied up the loving worme my daughter, and will see whether fancie can worne fancie out of her head : this greene nosegay I feare my boy hath smelt too, for if hee get but a penny in his purse, he turnes it so suddenly into *Argentum potabile* ; I must search every place for him, for I stand on thornes till I heare what he hath done. [*Exit.*

Enter SPERANTUS alone.

Spe. Well, *bee as bee may* is no banning ; I thinke I have charm'de my young master, a hungrie meale, a ragged coate, and a dry cudgell, have put him quite beside his love and his logicke too : besides pigsnie is put up, and therefore now I'll let him take the aire, and follow *Stellio's* daughter with all his learning, if he meane to be my heire ; the boy hath wit sance measure, more than needs, cats' meate and dogges'

meat enough for the vantage. Well, without *Halfpenie* all my wit is not worth a dodkin, that mite is miching in this grove, for as long as his name is *Halfpenie*, hee will be banqueting for the other *Halfpenie*. [*Exit.*]

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCÆNA TERTIA.

CANDIUS, SILENA.

Can. Hee must needs goe that the devill drives! a father? a fiend! that seekes to place affection by appointment, and to force love by compulsion; I have sworne to woo *Silena*, but it shall be so coldly, that she take as smal delight in my words, as I doe contentment in his commandement. I'll teach him one schoole-tricke in love. But behold, who is that that commeth out of *Stellio's* house? it should seeme to be *Silena* by her attire.

Enter SILENA.

By her face I am sure it is she, oh faire face! oh lovely countenance! How now, *Candius*, if thou begin to slip at beautie on a sudden, thou wilt surfet with carousing it at the last. Remember that *Livia* is faithfull, I, and let thine eyes witnesse *Silena* is amiable; here shall I please my father and myselfe, I will learne to be obedient, and come what will, I'll make a way; if she seeme coy, I'll practice all the art of love, if cunning, all the pleasures of love.

Sil. My name is *Silena*, I care not who know it, so I doe not: my father keepes mee close, so hee does; and now I have stolne out, so I have; to goe to old *Bombie*

to know my fortune, so I will ;—for I have as faire a face as ever trod on shoee sole, and as free a foot as ever lookt with two eyes.

Can. What? I thinke shee is lunaticke or foolish ! Thou art a foole, *Candius*, so faire a face cannot bee the scabbard of a foolish minde ; mad she may be, for commonly in beautie so rare, there fals passions extreme. Love and beautie disdaine a meane, not therefore because beautie is no vertue, but because it is happinesse ; and we schollers know that vertue is not to be prayed, but honoured. I will put on my best grace. Sweet wench, thy face is lovely. thy body comely, and all that the eyes can see enchanting ! you see how unacquainted I am bold to boord you.

Sil. My father boords me alreadie, therefore I care not if your name were *Geoffrey*.

Can. Shee raves, or over-reaches. I am one sweete soule that loves you, brought hither by report of your beautie, and here languisheth with your rarenesse.

Sil. I thanke you that you would call.

Can. I will alwayes call on such a saint that hath power to release my sorrowes ; yeeld, faire creature, to love.

Sil. I am none of that sect.

Can. Thy loving seet is an ancient seet, and an honourable, and therefore should be in a person so perfect.

Sil. Much !

Can. I love thee much, give me one word of comfort.

Sil. I' faith, sir, no ! and so tell your master.

Can. I have no master, but come to make choice of a mistresse.

Sil. A ha, are you there with your beares !

Can. Doubtlesse she is an idiot of the newest cut !
I'll once more try her. I have loved thee long, *Silena*.

Sil. In your t'other hose.

Can. Too simple to be naturall: too senselesse to bee artificiall. You said you went to know your fortune, I am a scholler, and am cunning in palmistrie.

Sil. The better for you, sir ; here's my hand, what's a clocke ?

Can. The line of life is good, *Venus'* mount very perfect, you shall have a scholler to your first husband.

Sil. You are well seene in crane's dirt, your father was a poulter. Ha, ha, ha !

Can. Why laugh you ?

Sil. Because you should see my teeth.

Can. Alas, poore wretch, I see now also thy folly ; a faire foole is like a fresh weed, pleasing leaves, and sowre juyce ; I will not yet leave her, she may dissemble. I cannot chuse but love thee.

Sil. I had thought to aske you.

Can. Nay then farewell, either too proude to accept, or too simple to understand.

Sil. You need not bee crustie, you are not so hard backt.

Can. Now I perceive thy folly, who hath rackt together all the odde blinde phrases, that helpe them that know not how to discourse ; but when they cannot answer wisely, either with gybing cover their rudenesse, or by some new coyned by-word bewray their peevisshnesse ; I am glad of this, now shall I have colour to refuse the match, and my father reason to accept of *Li-*

via: I will home, and repeat to my father our wise incounter, and hee shall perceive there is nothing so fulsome as a she foole. [Exit.]

Sil. Good God, I thinke gentlemen had never lesse wit in a yeare. We maids are mad wenches, wee gird them and flout them out of all scotch and notch, and they cannot see it; I will know of the old woman whether I be a maide or no, and then, if I bee not, I must needs be a man. God be here.

Enter MOTHER BOMBIE.

Bom. Whose there?

Sil. One that would be a maide.

Bom. If thou be not, it is impossible thou should be, and a shame thou art not.

Sil. They say you are a witch.

Bom. They lie, I am a cunning woman.

Sil. Then tell me something.

Bom. Hold up thy hand; not so high;

Thy father knowes thee not,

Thy mother bare thee not,

Fasly bred, truely begot:

Choice of two husbands, but never tied in bands,

Because of love and naturall bonds.

Sil. I thanke you for nothing, because I understand nothing: though you bee as old as you are, yet am I as young as I am, and because that I am so faire, therefore are you so foule: and so farewell frost, my fortune naught me cost. [Exit.]

Bom. Farewell faire foole, little doest thou know thy hard fortune, but in the end thou shalt, and that must

bewray what none can discover ; in the meane season I will professe cunning for all commers. [Exit.

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCÆNA QUARTA.

DROMIO, RISCIO, LUCIO, HALFEPENIE.

Dro. We are all taken tardie.

Ris. Our masters will be overtaken if they tarrie.

Half. Now must every one by wit make an excuse, and every excuse must bee coozenage.

Lucio. Let us remember our complot.

Dro. Wee will all plod on that ; oh the wine hath turn'de my wit to vineger.

Ris. You meane 'tis sharpe.

Half. Sharpe : I'le warrant 'twill serve for as good sauce to knaverie as—

Lucio. As what ?

Half. As thy knaverie's meate for his wit.

Dro. We must all give a reckoning for our dayes travell.

Ris. Tush ! I am glad we 'scapt the reckoning for our liquor. If you be examined how we met, sweare by chance, for so they met, and therefore will beleieve it : if how much wee drunke, let them answere themselves, they know best because they paid it.

Half. We must not tarrie, *abundum est mihi*, I must goe and cast this matter in a corner.

Dro. *I, præ-sequar*, a bowle, and I'le come after with a broome, every one remember his que.

Ris. I, and his K, or else wee shall thrive ill.

Half. When shall we meet?

Ris. To morrow, fresh and fasting.

Dro. Fast eating our meate, for wee have drunke for to morrow, and to morrow we must eate for to day.

Half. Away, away, if our masters take us here, the matter is mar'd.

Lucio. Let us every one to his taske. [Exeunt.]

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCÆNA QUINTA.

MEMPHIO, STELLIO, PRISIUS, SPERANTUS.

Memp. How quickly wee met on a suddaine in a taverne, that drunke not together almost these thirtie yeares.

Stel. A taverne is the randevous, the exchange, the staple for good fellowes: I have heard my great grandfather tell how his great grandfather should say, that it was an olde proverbe, when his great grandfather was a childe, that it was a good wind that blew a man to the wine.

Pris. The olde time was a good time! Ale was an ancient drinke, and accounted of our ancestors authenticall; *Gascoyne* wine was liquour for a lord: sacke, a medicine for the sicke: and I may tell you, hee that had a cup of red wine to his oysters, was hoysted in the queene's subsidie booke.

Spe. I, but now you see to what loosenesse this age is growne, our boyes carouse sacke like double beere, and say, that which doth an old man good, can doe a young man no harme: old men, say they, eat pap, why

should not yong men drinke sacke, their white heads have counted time out of minde our yong yeares.

Memp. Well! the world is wanton since I knew it first; our boyes put as much wine in their bellies in an houre, as would clothe their whole bodies in a yeere: and as I have heard, it was as much as bought *Rufus*, some time king of this land, a paire of hose.

Pris. Is't possible?

Stel. Nay, 'tis true; they say ale is out of request, 'tis hog's porredge, broath for beggers, a caudle for constables, watchmens' mouth glew; the better it is, the more like bird-lime it is, and never makes one stayed but in the stockes.

Memp. I'le teach my wag-halter to know grapes from barley.

Pris. And I mine to discern a spigot from a faucet.

Spe. And I mine to judge the difference betweene a black bowle and a silver goblet.

Stel. And mine shall learne the oddes betweene a stand and a hogshead; yet I cannot chuse but laugh to see how my wag answered mee, when I strooke him for drinking sacke.

Pris. Why what said he?

Stel. "Master, it is the soveraigntest drinke in the world, and the safest for all times and weathers; if it thunder, though all the ale and beere in the towne turne, it will be constant; if it lighten, and that any fire come to it, it is the aptest wine to burne, and the most wholesomest when it is burnt. So much for summer. If it freeze, why it is so hot in operation, that no ice can congeale it; if it raine, why then he that cannot abide

the heate of it, may put in water. So much for winter.” And so ranne his way, but I’le overtake him.

Spe. Who would thinke that my hop on my thumbe, *Halfepenie*, scarce so high as a pint pot, would reason the matter; but he learn’d his leere of my sonne, his young master, whom I have brought up at *Oxford*, and I thinke must learne here in *Kent* of *Ashford*.

Memp. Why what said hee?

Spe. Hee boldly rapt it out, *Sine Cere et Baccho friget Venus*, without wine and sugar his veines would waxe cold.

Memp. They were all in a pleasant vaine, but I must be gone, and take account of my boyes businesse; fare-well, neighbours, God knowes when wee shall meet againe; yet I have discovered nothing, my wine hath been my wit’s friend, I long to heare what *Dromio* hath done. [Exit.]

Stel. I cannot stay, but this good fellowship shall cost mee the setting on at our next meeting. I am glad I blab’d nothing of the mariage, now I hope to compasse it. I know my boy hath been bungling about it. [Exit.]

Pris. Let us all goe, for I must to my clothes that hang on the tenters; my boy shall hang with them, if hee answeere mee not his daies worke. [Exit.]

Spe. If all be gone, I’le not staie, *Halfepenie* I am sure hath done mee a pennie worth of good, else I’le spend his body in buying a rod. [Exit.]

ACTUS TERTIUS. SCÆNA PRIMA.

MÆSTIUS, SERENA.

Mæstius.

WEETE sister, I know not how it commeth to passe, but I find in myselfe passions more then brotherly.

Ser. And I, deare brother, finde my thoughts intangled with affections beyond nature, which so flame into my distempered head, that I can neither without danger smother the fire, nor without modestie disclose my furie.

Mæst. Our parents are poore, our love unnaturall. what can then happen to make us happy?

Ser. Onely to bee content with our fathers' meane estate, to combate against our owne intemperate desires, and yeeld to the successe of fortune, who though shee hath fram'de us miserable, cannot make us monstrous.

Mæst. It is good counsell, faire sister, if the necessitie of love could be releevd by counsell.

Ser. Yet this is our comfort, that these unnaturall heates have stretched themselves no further than thoughts, unhappie me that they should stretch so.

Mæst. So it is, *Serena*; the neerer wee are in bloud, the further we must be from love; and the greater the kindred is, the lesse the kindnesse must bee; so that betweene brothers and sisters, superstition hath made affection cold; betweene strangers custome hath bred love exquisite.

Ser. They say there is hard by an olde cunning wo-

man, who can tell fortunes, expound dreames, tell of things that bee lost, and divine of accidents to come ; she is called the good woman, who yet never did hurt.

Mæst. Nor any good, I thinke, *Serena* ; yet to satisfie thy minde, we will see what she can say.

Ser. Good brother, let us.

Mæst. Who is within ?

Enter MOTHER BOMBIE.

Bom. The dame of the house.

Mæst. Shee might have said the beldam, for her face, and yeeres, and attire.

Ser. Good mother tell us, if by your cunning you can, what shall become of my brother and me ?

Bom. Let me see your hands, and looke on me stedfastly with your eyes.

You shall be married to morrow hand in hand,
And by the laws of God, nature, and the land,
Your parents shall be glad, and give you their land,
You shall each of you displace a foole,
And both together must releeve a foole.
If this bee not true, then call me old foole.

Mæst. This is my sister, marrie we cannot : our parents are poore, and have no land to give us : each of us is a foole, to come for counsell to such an old foole.

Ser. These doggrell rimes and obscure words, coming out of the mouth of such a weather-beaten witch, are thought divinations of some holy spirit, being but dreames of decayed braines : for mine owne part, I would thou mightest sit on that stoole, till he and I marrie by law.

Bom. I say *Mother Bombie* never speakes but once, and yet never spake untruth once.

Ser. Come, brother, let us to our poore home; this is our comfort, to bewray our passions, since we cannot enjoy them.

Merst. Content, sweet sister; and learne of me hereafter, that these old sawes of such old haggess, are but false fires to lead one out of a plaine path into a deepe pit. [Exeunt.]

ACTUS TERTIUS. SCÆNA SECUNDA.

DROMIO, RISCIO, HALFEPENIE, LUCIO.

Dro. *Ingenium quondam fuerat pretiosius auro*, the time was wherein wit would worke like waxe, and croke up gold like honey.

Ris. *At nunc barbarie est grandis habere nihil*, but now wit and honestie buy nothing in the market.

Dro. What *Riscio*, how sped'st thou after thy potting?

Ris. Nay, my master rung all in the taverne, and thrust all out in the house. But how sped'st thou?

Dro. I, it were a daye's work to discourse it, hee spake nothing but sentences, but they were vengible long ones, for when one word was out, hee made pause of a quarter long, till he spake another.

Ris. Why what did he in all that time?

Dro. Breake interjections like winde, as *eho*, *ho*, *to*.

Ris. And what thou?

Dro. Answered him in his owne language, as *evax*, *vah*, *hui*.

Ris. These were conjunctions rather than interjections. But what of the plot?

Dro. As wee concluded, I told him that we understood that *Silena* was very wise, and could sing exceedingly; that my device was, seeing *Accius* his sonne a proper youth, and could also sing sweetly; that hee should come in the nicke when shee was singing, and answere her.

Ris. Excellent!

Dro. Then hee asked how it should be devised that shee might come abroad, I told him that was cast alreadie by my meanes; then the song being ended, and they seeing one another, noting the apparell, and thanking the personages, hee should call in his sonne for feare he should overreach his speech.

Ris. Very good!

Dro. Then that I had gotten a young gentleman, that resembled his sonne in yeares and favour, that having *Accius'* apparell should court *Silena*; whom shee finding wise, would after that by small intreatie bee wonne without many words; and so the mariage clapt up by this coozenage, and his sonne never speake word for himselfe.

Ris. Thou boy, so have I done in every point, for the song, the calling her in, and the hoping that another shall wooe *Accius*, and his daughter wed him; I tolde him this wooing should bee to night, and they early married in the morning, without any words saving to say after the priest.

Dro. All this fadges well! now if *Halfepenie* and *Lucio* have plaid their parts, we shall have excellent

sport,—and here they come. How wrought the wine, my lads?

Enter HALFEPENIE, LUCIO.

Half. How? like wine, for my bodie being the rundlet, and my mouth the vent, it wrought two dayes over, till I had thought the hoops of my head would have flowne asunder.

Lucio. The best was our masters were as well whittled as wee, for yet they lie by it.

Ris. The better for us! wee did but a little parboyle our livers, they have sod theirs in sacke these fortie yeares.

Half. That makes them spit white broath as they doe. But to the purpose; *Candius* and *Livia* will send their attires, you must send the apparell of *Accius* and *Silena*; they wonder wherefore, but commit the matter to our quadrapertite wit.

Lucio. If you keepe promise to marrie them by your device, and your parents' consent, you shall have ten pounds a piece for your paines.

Dro. If wee doe it not we are undone! for we have broacht a coozenage already, and my master hath the tap in his hand, that it must needes runne out; let them be rulde, and bring hither their apparell, and we will determine; the rest commit to our intricate considerations, depart.

[*Exeunt Halfeenie, Lucio.*]

Enter ACCIUS and SILENA.

Dro. Here comes *Accius* tuning his pipes, I perceive my master's keepes touch.

Ris. And heere comes *Silena* with her wit of prooffe, marrie it will scarce hold our question shot; let us in to instruct our masters in the que.

Dro. Come let us be jogging, but wer't not a world to heare them woo one another!

Ris. That shall be heereafter to make us sport, but our masters shall never knowe it. [Exeunt.]

[MEMPHIO and STELLIO singing.]

SONG.

Mem. O *Cupid*! monarch over kings,
Wherefore hast thou feete and wings?
It is to shew how swift thou art,
When thou wound'st a tender heart,
Thy wings being clip'd, and feete held still,
Thy bow so many could not kill.

Stel. It is all one in *Venus'* wanton schoole,
Who highest sits, the wise man or the foole:

Fooles in love's colledge
Have farre more knowledge,
To reade a woman over,
Than a neate prating lover.

Nay, tis confest,
That fooles please women best.

ACTUS TERTIUS. SCÆNA TERTIA.

MEMPHIO and STELLIO.

Mem. *Accius* come in, and that quickly, what walking without leave?

Stel. *Silena*, I pray you looke homeward, it is a cold aire, and you want a mufler.

[Exeunt *Accius* and *Silena*.]

Mem. This is pat ! if the rest proceed, *Stellio* is like to marrie his daughter to a foole ; but a bargaine is a bargaine !

Stel. This frames to my wish ! *Memphio* is like to marry a foole to his sonne ; *Accius*' tongue shall tie all *Memphio*'s land to *Silena*'s dowrie, let his father's teeth undoe them if hee can : but heere I see *Memphio*. I must seem kinde, for in kindnesse lies cosenage.

Mem. Well, here is *Stellio*, I'll talke of other matters, and flie from the marke I shoot at, lapwing-like flying far from the place where I nestle. *Stellio*, what make you abroad ? I heard you were sicke since our last drinking.

Stel. You see reports are no truths, I heard the like of you, and wee are both well. I perceive sober men tell most lies, for in *vino veritas*. If they had drunke wine, they would have tolde the truth.

Mem. Our boies will bee sure then never to lie, for they are ever swilling of wine : but, *Stellio*, I must straine cur'sie with you, I have businesse, I cannot stay.

Stel. In good time, *Memphio* ! for I was about to crave your patience to depart, it stands me upon. Perhaps I may move his patience ere it be long.

Mem. Good silly *Stellio*, we must buckle shortly.

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS TERTIUS. SCÆNA QUARTA.

HALFEPENIE, LUCIO, RIXULA, DROMIO, RISCIO.

Lucio. Come, *Rixula*, we have made thee privie to our whole packe, there lay downe the packe.

Rix. I beleeve unlesse it bee better handled, we shall out of doores.

Half. I care not, *Omnem solum forti patria*, I can live in Christendome as well as in *Kent*.

Lucio. And I'le sing *Patria ubicunque bene*, every house is my home, where I may stanch hunger.

Rix. Nay, if you set all on hazard, though I bee a poore wench I am as hardie as you both; I cannot speake Latine, but in plaine English, if any thing fall out crosse, I'le runne away.

Half. He loves thee well that would runne after.

Rix. Why, *Halfepenic*, there's no goose so gray in the lake, that cannot finde a gander for her make.

Lucio. I love a nut-browne lasse, 'tis good to recreate.

Half. Thou meanest a browne nut is good to cracke.

Lucio. Why would it not doe thee good to crack such a nut?

Half. I feare she is worme-eaten within, she is so moth-eaten without.

Rix. If you take your pleasure of me, I'le in and tell your practises against your masters.

Half. In faith, soure hart, he that takes his pleasure on thee, is very pleasurable.

Rix. You meane knavishly, and yet I hope foule water will quench hot fire as soone as faire.

Half. Well then, let faire words coole that choler, which foule words hath kindled; and because wee are all in this case, and hope all to have good fortune,—sing a roundelay, and wee'le helpe,—such as thou wast wont when thou beated'st hempe.

Lucio. It was crabs she stamp, and stole away one to make her a face.

Rix. I agree, in hope that the hempe shall come to your wearing; a halfepenie halter may hang you both, that is, *Halfepenie* and you may hang in a halter.

Half. Well brought about.

Rix. 'Twill when 'tis about your necke.

Lucio. Nay, now shee's in shee will never out.

Rix. Nor when your heades are in, as it is likely, they should not come out. But harken to my song.

[*Cantant.*

SONG.

Rix. Full hard I did sweate,
When hempe I did beate,
Then thought I of nothing but hanging;
The hempe being spun,
My beating was done;
Then I wish'd for a noyse
Of crack-halter boyes,
On those hempen strings to be twanging.
Long lookt I about,
The city throughout,—

2 *Pag.* And fownd no such fidling varlets.

Rix. Yes, at last comming hither,
I saw foure together.

2 *Pag.* May thy hempe choake such singing harlots.

Rix. To whit to whoo, the owle does cry;
Phip, phip, the sparrowes as they fly;
The goose does hisse; the duck cries quack;
A rope the parrot, that holds tack.

2 *Pag.* The parrat and the rope be thine.

Rix. The hanging yours, but the hempe mine.

Enter DROMIO, RISCIO.

Dro. Yonder stands the wags, I am come in good time.

Ris. All here before me, you make hast.

Rix. I beleeve to hanging, for I thinke you have all robbed your masters, heere's every man his baggage.

Half. That is, we are all with thee, for thou art a very baggage.

Ris. Hold thy peace, or of mine honesty I'll buy an halfepeny purse with thee.

Dro. Indeed that's big inough to put thy honestie in, but come, shall we go about the matter?

Lucio. Now it is come to the pinch my heart pants.

Half. I for my part am resolute, *in utramque paratus*, ready to die or to run away.

Lucio. But, heare mee! I was troubled with a vile dreame, and therefore it is little time spent to let *Mother Bombie* expound it, shee is cunning in all things.

Dro. Then will I know my fortune.

Rix. And I'll aske for a silver spoone which was lost last day, which I must pay for.

Ris. And I'll know what will become of our devises.

Half. And I!

Dro. Then let us all goe quickly; we must not sleep in this businesse, our masters are so watchfull about it.

Bom. Why doe you rap so hard at the doore?

Dro. Because we would come in.

Bom. Nay, my house is no inne.

Half. Crosse yourselves, looke how shee lookes.

Dro. Marke her not, shee'll turne us all to apes.

Bom. What would you with me?

Ris. They say you are cunning, and are called the good woman of *Rochester*.

Bom. If never to doe harme, be to doe good, I dare say I am not ill. But what's the matter?

Lucio. I had an ill dreame, and desire to know the signification.

Bom. Dreames, my son, have their weight, though they bee of a troubled minde, yet are they signes of fortune. Say on.

Lucio. In the dawning of the day,—for about that time by my starting out of my sleepe, I found it to bee, —methought I saw a stately peece of beefe, with a cape cloke of cabidge. imbroadered with pepper; having two honourable pages with hats of mustarde on their heades; himselfe in greate pompe sitting upon a cushion of white brewish, lined with browne bread; meethought being powdred, hee was much troubled with the salt rume; and therefore there stood by him two great flagons of wine and beere, the one to drie up his rume, the other to quench his choler, I as one envying his ambition, hungring and thirsting after his honour, beganne to pull his cushion from under him hoping by that meanes to give him a fall; and with putting out my hand I awakt, and found nothing in all this dreame about me but the salt rume.

Dro. A dreame for a butcher.

Lucio. Soft, let me end it!—then I slumbred againe, and meethought there came in a leg of mutton.

Dro. What all grosse meat? a racke had beene dainty.

Lucio. Thou foole! how could it come in, unlesse it had bin a leg? methought his hose were cut and drawne out with parsly, I thrust my hand into my pocket for a knife, thinking to hox him, and so awakt.

Bom. Belike thou went'st supperlesse to bed.

Lucio. So I do every night but Sundaies; *Prisius* hath a weake stomacke, and therfore we must starve.

Bom. Well, take this for answeare, though the dreame bee fantasticall;—

They that in the morning sleepe dreame of eating,
Are in danger of sicknesse, or of beating,
Or shall heare of a wedding fresh a beating.

Lucio. This may bee true.

Half. Nay, then let me come in with a dreame, short but sweet, that my mouth waters ever since I wakt. Meethought there sate upon a shelve three damaske prunes in velvet caps, and prest satten gownes like judges; and that there were a whole handful of currants to be arraigned of riot, because they clunged together in such clusters; twelve raisons of the sunne were impannelled in a jewrie, and—as a leafe of old mase which was bailiffe, was carrying the quest to consult,—methought there came an angrie cooke, and gelded the jewrie of their stones, and swept both judges, jurors, rebels, and bailiffe, into a porredg pot; wherat I being melancholy, fetcht a deepe sigh, that wakt myselfe and my bedfellow.

Dro. This was devis'd, not dreamt; and the more foolish being no dreame, for that dreames excuse the fantasticalnesse.

Half. Then aske my bed-fellow, you know him, who dreamt that night that the king of *Diamonds* was sicke.

Bom. But thy yeares and humours, pretie childe, are subject to such fancies, which the more vincible they seeme, the more fantasticall they are; therefore this dreame is easie. To children, this is given from the

gods to dream of milke, fruit, babies, and rods; they betoken nothing, but that wantons must have rods.

Dro. Ten to one thy dreame is true, thou wilt be swunged.

Ria. Nay grammer, I pray you tell mee who stole my spoone out of the buttrie?

Bom. Thy spoone is not stolne but mislaide,
Thou art an ill huswife, though a good maide,
Looke for thy spoone where thou had'st like to be no
maide.

Ria. Body of mee! let mee fetch the spoone! I remember the place!

Lucio. Soft, swift; the place if it be there now, will be there to morrow.

Ria. I, but perchance the spoone will not.

Half. Wert thou once put to it?

Ria. No, sir boy, it was put to me.

Lucio. How was it mist?

Dro. I'll warrant for want of a mist. But what's my fortune, mother?

Bom. Thy father doth live because he doth die,
Thou hast spent all thy thrift with a die,
And so like a begger thou shalt die.

Ris. I, I would have liked well if all the gerundes had beene there, *di, do, and dum*; but all in die, that's too deadly.

Dro. My father indeed is a *dyar*, and I have beene a dicer, but to die a beggar, give me leave not to beleewe *Mother Bombie*; and yet it may bee. I have nothing to live by but knaverie, and if the world grow honest, welcome beggerie. But what hast thou to say, *Riscio*?

Ris. Nothing, till I see whether all this bee true that shee hath said.

Half. I, *Riscio* would faine see thee beg.

Ris. Nay, mother, tell us this, what is all our fortunes, wee are about a matter of legerdemaine, how will it fadge?

Bom. You shall all thrive like cooseners,
That is, to be coosened by coseners:
All shall end well, and you be found cooseners.

Dro. Gramercie! *Mother Bombie*, we are all pleas'd, if you were for your paines.

Bom. I take no money, but good words, raile not if I tell true, if I doe not, revenge. Farewell.

[*Exit Bombie.*]

Dro. Now have we nothing to doe, but to go about this businesse. *Accius'* apparell let *Candius* put on, and I will array *Accius* with *Candius'* clothes.

Ris. Here is *Silena's* attire, *Lucio* put it upon *Livia*, and give me *Livia's* for *Silena*: this done, let *Candius* and *Livia* come forth, and let *Dromio* and me alone for the rest.

Half. What shall become of *Accius* and *Silena*?

Dro. Tush! their turne shall be next, all must be done orderly; let's to it, for now it workes. [*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCÆNA PRIMA.

CANDIUS, LIVIA, DROMIO, RISCIO, SPERANTUS, PRISTUS.

Livia.

HIS attire is verie fit. But how if this make me a foole, and *Silena* wise, you will then wooe mee, and wed her.

Can. Thou knowest that *Accius* is also a foole, and his raiment fits me: so that if apparell be infectious, I am also like to bee a foole, and hee wist what would be the conclusion, I marvell.

Enter DROMIO, RISCIO.

Livia. Here comes our councellors.

Dro. Well said, I perceiue turtles flie in couples.

Ris. Else how should they couple?

Livia. So do knaves go double, else how should they be so cunning in doubling?

Can. *Bona verba, Livia.*

Dro. I understand Latin, that is *Livia* is a good word.

Can. No, I bid her use good words.

Ris. And what deeds?

Can. None but a deede of gift.

Ris. What gift?

Can. Her heart.

Dro. Give mee leave to pose you, though you be a graduate, for I tell you, wee in *Rochester* spur so many hacknies, that we must needs spur schollers, for we take them for hackneys.

Livia. Why so, sir boy?

Dro. Because I knew two hired for ten groates a peece to say service on Sunday, and that's no more then a post horse from hence to *Canterburie*.

Ris. Hee knowes what he sayes, for he once served the postmaster.

Can. Indeed I thinke he served some poast to his master, but come *Dromio post me*.

Dro. You say you would have her heart for a deed.

Can. Well.

Dro. If you take her heart for *cor*, that heart in her body, then know this: *Male ejus levibus, cor enim inviolabile telis*: a woman's heart is thrust through with a feather: if you meane she should give a heart named *cervus*, then are you worse, for *cornua cervus habet*, that is, to have one's heart grow out at his head, which will make one ake at the heart in their body.

Enter PRISIUS, SPERANTUS.

Livia. I beshrew your hearts, I heare one comming, I know it is my father by his comming.

Can. What must we doe?

Dro. Why as I tolde you, and let mee alone with the old men, fall you to your bridall.

Pris. Come, neighbour, I perceive the love of our children waxeth cold.

Spe. I think it was never but luke-warme.

Pris. Bavins will have their flashes, and youth their fancies, the one as soone quenched as the other burnt; but who be these?

Can. Here I do plight my faith, taking thee for the staffe of my age, and of my youth my solace.

Livia. And I vow to thee affection which nothing can dissolve, neither the length of time, nor malice of fortune, nor distance of place.

Can. But when shall we be married?

Livia. A good question, for that one delay in wedding, bringeth an hundred dangers in the church, wee will not be askt, and a licence is too chargeable, and to tarrie till to morrow too tedious.

Dro. There's a girle stands on prickles till she be married.

Can. To avoid danger, charge, and tediousnesse, let us now conclude it in the next church.

Livia. Agreed.

Pris. What bee these that hasten so to marrie?

Dro. Marrie sir, *Accius*, sonne to *Memphio*, and *Silena*, *Stellio's* daughter.

Spe. I am sorrie, neighbour, for our purposes are disappointed.

Pris. You see marriage is destinie, made in heaven, though consummated on earth.

Ris. How like you them, bee they not a prettie couple?

Pris. Yes, God give them joy, seeing in spite of our hearts they must joyne.

Dro. I am sure you are not angrie, seeing things past cannot bee recal'd; and being witnesses to their contract, will bee also well willers to the match.

Spe. For my part I wish them well.

Pris. And I, and since there is no remedie, I am glad of it.

Ris. But will you never hereafter take it in dugeon, but use them as well as though yourselves had made the marriage?

Pris. Not I.

Spe. Nor I.

Dro. Sir, here's two olde men are glad that your love so long continued, is so happily concluded.

Can. Wee thanke them, and if they will come to *Memphio's* house, they shall take part of a hard dinner. This cottons and workes like wax in a sowes care.

[*Exeunt Candius, Livia.*]

Pris. Well, seeing our purposes are prevented, wee must lay plots, for *Livia* shall not have *Candius*.

Spe. Feare not, for I have sworne that *Candius* shall not have *Livia*. But let not us fall out because our children fall in.

Pris. Wilt thou goe soone to *Memphio's* house?

Spe. I, and if you will let us, that we may see how the young couple bride it, and so we may teach our owne.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCÆNA SECUNDA.

ACCIIUS, SILENA, LUCIO, HALFEPENIE.

Lucio. By this time I am sure the waggess have plaide their parts; there rests nothing now for us, but to match *Accius* and *Silena*.

Half. It was too good to be true, for wee should laugh heartily, and without laughing my spleene would split; but whist! here comes the man.

Enter ACCIUS.

And yonder the maide ; let us stand aside.

Enter SILENA.

Accius. What meanes my father to thrust me forth in an other boies coate ? I'le warrant 'tis to as much purpose as a hem in the forehead.

Half. There was an ancient proverb knockt in the head.

Accius. I am almost come into my nonage, and yet I never was so farre as the proverbes of this citie.

Lucio. There's a quip for the suburbes of *Rochester*.

Half. Excellently applied.

Sil. Well, though this furniture make mee a sullen dame, yet I hope in mine owne I am no saint.

Half. A brave fight is like to bee betweene a cocke with a long combe, and a hen with a long legge.

Lucio. Nay, her wits are shorter then her legges.

Half. And his combe longer then his wit.

Accius. I have yonder uncovered a faire girle, I'le bee so bold as spur her, what might a body call her name ?

Sil. I cannot help you at this time, I pray you come againe to morrow.

Half. I, marry sir !

Accius. You neede not bee so lustie, you are not so honest.

Sil. I crie you mercy, I tooke you for a joynt stoole.

Lucio. Heere's courting for a conduit or a bakehouse.

Sil. But what are you for a man? methinkes you looke as pleaseth God.

Accius. What do you give me the bootes?

Half. Whether will they? here be right cobler's cuts!

Accius. I am taken with a fit of love: have you any minde of marriage?

Sil. I had thought to have askt you.

Accius. Upon what acquaintance?

Sil. Who would have thought it?

Accius. Much in my gascoines, more in my round hose; all my father's are as white as daisies, as an egge full of meate.

Sil. And all my father's plate is made of crimson velvet.

Accius. That's brave with bread!

Half. These two had wise men to their fathers.

Lucio. Why?

Half. Because when their bodies were at worke about houshold-stuffe, their mindes were busied about commonwealth matters.

Accius. This is pure lawne: what call you this, a prettie face to your haire?

Sil. Wisely you have pickt a raison out of a fraile of figges.

Accius. Take it as you list, you are in your owne cloathes.

Sil. Saving a reverence, that's a lie! my cloathes are better, my father borrowed these.

Accius. Long may he so doe, I could tell that these are not mine, if I would blab it like a woman.

Sil. I had as leave you should tell them it snowed.

Lucio. Come let us take them off, for we have had the creame of them.

Half. I'll warrant if this be the creame, the milke is very flat; let us joyne issue with them.

Lucio. To have such issue of our bodies, is worse then have an issue in the body. God save you, pretty mouse.

Sil. You may command and goe without.

Half. There's glicke for you, let mee have my girde; on thy conscience tell me what it is a clocke?

Sil. I crie you mercy, I have kild your cushion?

Half. I am paid and strooke dead in the neast; I am sure this soft youth who is not halfe so wise as you are faire, nor you altogether so faire as hee is foolish, will not be so captious.

Accius. Your eloquence passes my recognoscence.

Enter MEMPHIO, STELLIO.

Lucio. I never heard that before, but shall wee two make a match betweene you?

Sil. I'll know first who was his father.

Accius. My father? what need you to care, I hope hee was none of yours!

Half. A hard question, for it is oddes but one begat them both, he that cut out the upper leather, cut out the inner, and so with one awle sticht two soles together.

Memp. What is she?

Half. 'Tis *Prisius'* daughter.

Memp. In good time it fadges.

Stel. What is he?

Lucio. *Sperantus'* sonne.

Stel. So 'twill cotten.

Accius. Damzell, I pray you how olde are you?

Memp. My sonne would scarce have askt such a foolish question.

Sil. I shall bee eighteene next beare-bayting.

Stel. My daughter would have made a wiser answer.

Half. O how fitly this comes off!

Accius. My father is a scolde, what's yours?

Memp. My heart throbs,—I looke him in the face, and yonder I espie *Stellio*.

Stel. My minde misgives me,—but whist, yonder is *Memphio*.

Accius. In faith I perceive an old saw, and a rustie, no foole to the old foole. I pray you wherfore was I thrust out like a scarecrow in this similitude?

Memp. My sonne and I asham'd! *Dromio* shall die.

Sil. Father, are you sneaking behinde, I pray you what must I doe next?

Stel. My daughter! *Riscio* thou hast coozened me.

Lucio. Now begins the game.

Memp. How came you hither?

Accius. Marrie, by the way from your house hither.

Memp. How chance in this attire?

Accius. How chance *Dromio* bid me?

Memp. Ah, thy sonne will be beg'd for a conceal'd foole.

Accius. Will I? I faith, sir, no.

Stel. Wherfore came you hither, *Silena*, without leave?

Sil. Because I did, and I am heere because I came.

Stel. Poore wench, thy wit is improved to the uttermost.

Half. I, 'tis an hard matter to have a wit of the old rent, every one rackes his commons so high.

Memp. *Dromio* told mee that one should meete *Stelio's* daughter, and court her in person of my sonne, and plead in place of my daughter. But alassee, I see that my sonne hath met with *Silena* himselfe, and bewraide his folly.

Stel. But I see my daughter hath prattled with *Accius*, and discovered her simplicitie.

Lucio. A brave cry to heare the two old mules to weepe over the young fooles.

Memp. *Accius*, how likest thou *Silena*?

Accius. I take her to be repugnant.

Sil. Truly his talke is very personable.

Stel. Come in, girle, this geere must be fetcht about.

Memp. Come, *Accius*, let us goe in.

Lucio. Nay, sir, there is no harme done; they have neither bought nor sold, they may be twins for their wits and yeeres.

Memp. But why didst thou tell me it was *Prisius's* sonne?

Half. Because I thought thee a foole, to aske who thine owne sonne was.

Lucio. And so, sir, for your daughter, education hath done much, otherwise they are by nature soft witted enough.

Memp. Alassee, their joynts are not yet tied, they are not yet come to yeares and discretion.

Accius. Father, if my hands be tied, shall I grow wise?

Half. I, and *Silena* too, if you tie them fast to your tongues.

Sil. You may take your pleasure of my tongue, for it is no man's wife.

Memp. Come in, *Accius*.

Stel. Come in, *Silena*, I will talke with *Memphio's* sonne,—but as for *Riscio*—!

Memp. As for *Dromio*—!

[*Exeunt Memphio, Accius, Stellio, Silena.*]

Half. Asse for you all foure.

Enter DROMIO, RISCIO.

Dro. How goes the world, now wee have made all sure ; *Candius* and *Livia* are married. their fathers consenting, yet not knowing.

Lucio. We have flat mar'de all ! *Accius* and *Silena* courted one another, their fathers tooke them napping, both are ashamed, and you both shall be swinged.

Ris. Tush ! let us alone ; wee will perswade them that all fals out for the best, for if I understand this match had beene concluded, they both had beene coozened ; and now seeing they finde both to bee fooles, they may bee both better advised. But why is *Halfepenie* so sad ?

Enter HACKNEYMAN, SERGEANT.

Half. Because I am sure I shall never be a peny.

Ris. Rather pray there bee no fall of money, for thou wilt then goe for a farthing.

Dro. But did not the two fooles currantly court one another ?

Lucio. Very good words, fitly applied, brought in the nicke.

Serg. I arrest you !

Dro. Mee, sir! why then did'st not bring a stoole with thee, that I might sit downe?

Hack. Hee arrests you at my suite for a horse.

Ris. The more asse hee! if hee had arrested a mare instead of an horse, it had beene a slight oversight; but to arrest a man that hath no likenesse of a horse, is flat lunasie or alecie.

Hack. Tush! I hired him a horse.

Dro. I sweare then hee was well ridden.

Hack. I thinke in two dayes hee was never baited.

Half. Why, was it a beare thou rid'st on?

Hack. I meane hee never gave him baite.

Lucio. Why he tooke him for no fish.

Hack. I mistake none of you when I take you for fooles!—I say thou never gavest my horse meate.

Dro. Yes, in foure and fortie houres I am sure hee had a bottle of hay as big as his belly.

Sery. Nothing else? thou should'st have given him provender.

Dro. Why he never askt for any.

Hack. Why, doest thou thinke an horse can speake?

Dro. No, for I spur'd him till my heeles ak't and he said never a word.

Hack. Well, thou shalt pay sweetly for spoyling him! it was as lustie a nag as any in *Rochester*, and one that would stand upon no ground.

Dro. Then hee is as good as ever hee was, I'll warrant hee'll doe nothing but lie downe.

Hack. I lent him thee gently.

Dro. And I restored him so gently, that he neither would cry *wyhie*, nor wag the taile.

Hack. But why didst thou boare him through the eares?

Lucio. It may be he was set on the pillorie, because he had not a true pace.

Half. No, it was for tiring.

Hack. He would never tire, it may be he would be so weary hee would goe no further, or so.

Dro. Yes, hee was a notable horse for service, he would tire, and retire.

Hack. Do you thinke I'll be jested out of my horse?
Sergeant, wreake thine office on him.

Ris. Nay, let him be bailde.

Hack. So he shall when I make him a bargaine.

Dro. It was a very good horse, I must needs confesse, and now harken of his qualities, and have patience to heare them, since I must pay for him. He would stumble three houres in one mile, I had thought I had rode upon addices between this and *Canterbury*: if one gave him water, why hee would lie downe and bathe himselfe like a hauke: if one ranne him, he would simper and mumpe, as though hee had gone a wooing to a malt-mare at *Rochester*: hee trotted before and ambled behind, and was so obedient, that hee would doe dutie every minute on his knees, as though every stone had beene his father.

Hack. I am sure he had no diseases.

Dro. A little rheume or pose, he lackt nothing but an handkercher.

Serg. Come, what a tale of a horse have wee here! I cannot stay, thou must with me to prison.

Lucio. If thou be a good hackneyman, take all our

four bonds for the payment, thou knowest we are town-borne children, and will not shrink the citie for a pelting jade.

Half. I'll enter into a statute marchant to see it answered. But if thou wilt have bonds, thou shalt have a bushell full.

Hack. Alas, poore ant ! thou bound in a statute marchant ? a browne threed will binde thee fast enough : but if you will be content all foure joyntly to enter into a bond, I will withdraw the action.

Dro. Yes, I'll warrant they will. How say you ?

Half. I yeeld.

Ris. And I.

Lucio. And I.

Hack. Well, call the scrivener.

Serg. Here's one hard by, I'll call him.

Ris. A scrivener's shop hangs to a sergeant's mace, like a burre to a freeze coat.

Scri. What's the matter ?

Hack. You must take a note of a bond.

Dro. Nay, a pint of courtesie puls on a pot of wine, in this taverne wee'll dispatch.

Hack. Agreed. [*Exeunt.*

Ris. Now if our wits bee not in the waine, our knaverie shall bee at the full ; they will ride them worse then *Dromio* rid his horse, for if the wine master their wits, you shall see them bleed their follies. [*Exit.*

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCÆNA PRIMA.

DROMIO, RISCIO, LUCIO, HALFEPENIE.

Dromio.

VERY foxe to his hole, the hounds are at hand.

Ris. The *Sergeant's* mace lies at pawne for the reckoning, and he under the boord to cast it up.

Lucio. The *Scrivener* cannot keepe his pen out of the pot, every goblet is an ink-horne.

Half. The *Hackneyman* hee whiskes with his wand, as if the taverne were his stable, and all the servants his horses ; jost there up, bay *Richard*, and white loaves are horse-bread in his eyes.

Dro. It is well I have my acquaintance, and he such bonds as shall doe him no more good then the bond of a faggot ; our knaveries are now come to the push, and we must cunningly dispatch all : wee two wil goe see how we may appease our masters, you two how you may conceale your late marriage ; if all fall out amisse, the worst is beating ; if to the best, the worst is libertie.

Ris. Then let's about it speedily, for so many irons in the fire together require a diligent plumber.

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCÆNA SECUNDA.

VICINA, BOMBIE.

Vic. My heart throbs, my cares tingle, my minde

misgives me, since I heare some muttering of marriages in *Rochester*; my conscience, which these eightene yeares have bin frozen with this congealed guiltines, begins now to thaw in open griefe; but I will not accuse myselfe till I see more danger, the good old woman *Mother Bombie* shall try her cunning upon mee, and if I perceive my case is desperate by her, then will I rather prevent, although with shame, then report too late, and be inexcusable. God speed, good mother.

Bom. Welcome, sister.

Vic. I am troubled in the night with dreames, and in the day with feares; mine estate bare, which I cannot well beare; but my practices devilish, which I cannot recall; if therefore in these same yeares there be any deepe skill, tell me what my fortune shall be, and what my fault is.

Bom. In studying to be over naturall,
Thou art like to be unnaturall,
And all about a naturall:
Thou shalt bee eased of a charge,
If thou thy conscience discharge,
And this I commit to thy charge.

Vic. Thou hast toucht mee to the quicke, mother; I understand thy meaning, and thou wel knowest my practice; I will follow thy counsell. But what will be the end?

Bom. Thou shalt know before this day end. Farewell.

[*Exit Bombie.*]

Vic. Now I perceive I must either bewray a mischiefe, or suffer a continuall inconvenience; I must haste homewards, and resolve to make all whole; better

a little shame, than an infinite griefe: the strangenesse will abate the fault, and the bewraying wipe it cleane away. [Exit.

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCÆNA TERTIA.

Three Fiddlers, SYNIS, NASUTUS, BEDUNENUS.

Syn. Come, fellowes, 'tis almost day, let us have a fit of mirth at *Sperantus*' doore, and give a song to the bride.

Nas. I beleewe they are asleepe, it were pittie to awake them.

Bed. 'Twere a shame they should sleepe the first night.

Syn. But who can tell at which house they lie? at *Prisius*' it may be! wee'le try both.

Nas. Come let's draw like men.

Syn. Now, tune, tune, I say! that boy, I thinke, will never profit in his facultie! he looses his rozen, that his fiddle goes cush, cush, like as one should goe wetshod; and his mouth so dry, that hee hath not spittle for his pin as I have.

Bed. Marrie, sir, you see I goe wetshod and dry mouth'd, for yet could I never get new shooes or good drinke; rather than I'le lead this life, I'le throw my fiddle into the leads for a hobler.

Syn. Boy, no more wordes! there is time for all things; though I say it, that should not, I have beene a minstrell these thirtie yeares, and tickled more strings than thou hast haire, but yet was never so misused.

Nas. Let us not brabble but play, to morrow is a new day.

Bed. I am sorrie I speake in your cast, what shall we sing?

Syn. The Love knot, for that's best for a bridall.
Sing. Good morrow, faire bride, and send you joy of your bridall.

SPERANTUS looks out.

Spe. What a mischief make the twangers here? we have no trenchers to scrape, it makes my teeth on edge to heare such grating. Get you packing! or I'll make you weare double stockes, and yet you shall be never the warmer.

Syn. Wee come for good will, to bid the bride and bridegroom God give them joy.

Spe. Here's no wedding.

Syn. Yes, your sonne and *Prisius'* daughter were married, though you seeme strange, yet they repent it not I am sure.

Spe. My sonne, villaine! I had rather he were fairely hanged.

Nas. So hee is, sir; you have your wish.

Enter CANDIUS.

Can. Here, fiddlers, take this, and not a word; here is no wedding, it was at *Memphio's* house; yet, gramercie! your musicke, though it mist the house, hit the minde; we were a preparing our wedding geare.

Syn. I cry you mercy, sir, I thinke it was *Memphio's* sonne that was married.

Spe. O ho, the case is altered ! goe thither then, and be haltered for me.

Nas. What's the almes ?

Syn. An angell.

Bed. I'le warrant there's some worke towards, ten shillings is money in master maior's purse.

Syn. Let us to *Memphio's* and share equally ; when we have done all, thou shalt have new shooes.

Bed. I, such as they cry at the 'sizes, a marke in issues, and marke in issues, and yet I never saw so much leather as would piece my shooes.

Syn. No more ! there's the money.

Bed. A good handsell, and I thinke the maidenhead of your liberalitie.

Nas. Come, here's the house, what shall we sing ?

Syn. You know *Memphio* is very rich and wise, and therefore let us strike the gentle stroke, and sing a catch, sing.

SONG.

All 3. The bride this night can catch no cold ;
No cold, the bridegroome's yong, not old,
Like ivie he her fast does hold,

1 *Fid.* And clips her.

2. And lips her.

3. And flips her too.

All 3. Then let them alone, they know what they doe.

1. At laugh and lie downe, if they play,

2. What asse against the sport can bray ?

3. Such tick-tacke has held many a day,

1. And longer.

2. And stronger.

3. It still holds too.

All 3. Then let them alone, they know what they doe,

This night,
In delight
Does thump away sorrow.
Of billing
Take your filling,
So good morrow, good morrow.

Nas. Good morrow, mistris bride, and send you a huddle.

Memp. What crouding knaves have wee there ! case up your fiddles, or the constable shall cage you up ! What bride talke you of ?

Syn. Here's a wedding in *Rochester*, and 'twas told mee first, that *Sperantus'* sonne had married *Prisius'* daughter, we were there, and they sent us to your worship : saying, your sonne was matched with *Stellio's* daughter.

Memp. Hath *Sperantus* that churle nothing to doe but mock with his neighbours, I'le be even with him ; and get you gone, or I sweare by the rood's body, I'le lay you by the heeles.

Nas. Sing a catch ? here's a faire catch indeed ! sing till we catch cold on our feet, and be cal'd knave till our eares glow on our heads ; your worship is wise, sir.

Memp. *Dromio*, shake off a whole kennel of officers, to punish these jarring tongues ; I'le teach them to stretch their dried sheepe's guts at my doore, and to mocke one that stands to be maior.

Dro. I had thought they had bin sticking of pigges, I heard such a squeaking. I goe, sir.

Syn. Let us be packing.

Nas. Where is my scabbard, every one sheath his science.

Bed. A bots on the shoemaker that made this boote for my fiddle, 'tis too straight.

Syn. No more words! 'twill be thought they were the foure waites, and let them wring; as for the wagges that set us on worke, wee'le talke with them. [*Exeunt.*]

MEMPHIO, DROMIO.

Dro. They be gone, sir.

Memp. If they had stayed, the stockes should have stayed them. But, sirrha, what shall we now doe?

Dro. As I advise you, make a match, for better one house bee cumbred with two fooles then two.

Memp. 'Tis true, for it being bruted that each of us have a foole, who will tender marriage to any of them that is wise; besides, fooles are fortunate, fooles are faire, fooles are honest.

Dro. I, sir, and more then that, fooles are not wise: a wise man is melancholy for moone-shine in the water, carefull, building castles in the aire, and commonly hath a foole to his heire.

Memp. But what sayest thou to thy dame's chafing?

Dro. Nothing, but all her dishes are chafing-dishes.

Memp. I would her tongue were in thy belly.

Dro. I had as lief have a raw neat's tongue in my stomacke.

Memp. Why?

Dro. Marrie, if the clapper hang within an inch of my heart, that makes mine cares burne a quarter of a mile off. Doe you not thinke it would beate my heart blacke and blew?

Memp. Well, patience is a vertue, but pinching is

worse than any vice ; I will breake this matter to *Stellio*, and if he be willing, this day shall be their wedding.

Dro. Then this day shall be my libertie.

Memp. I, if *Stellio*'s daughter had beene wise, and by thy meanes coozened of a foole.

Dro. Then, sir, I'll revolt, and dash out the braines of your devices.

Memp. Rather thou shalt be free. [Exeunt.

Enter SPERANTUS, HALFEPENIE, PRISIUS, LUCIO.

Spe. Boy, this smoake is token of some fire, I like not the lucke of it. Wherefore should these minstrels dreame of a marriage ?

Half. Alas, sir, they rustle into every place, give credit to no such words.

Spe. I wil to *Prisius*, I cannot be quiet, and in good time I meet him. Good morrow, neighbour.

Pris. I cast the morrow in thy face, and bid good night to all neighbourhood.

Spe. This is your old tricke, to picke one's purse, and then to picke quarrels : I tell thee, I had rather thou shouldst rob my chest, than imbeasell my sonne.

Pris. Thy sonne ? my daughter is seduced ! for I heare say shee is married, and our boyes can tell. How sayest thou, tell the truth or I'll grind thee to powder in my mill,—Be they married ?

Lucio. True it is they were both in a church.

Pris. That's no fault, the place is holy.

Half. And there was with them a priest.

Spe. Why what place fitter for a priest than a church ?

Lucio. And they tooke one another by the hand.

Pris. Tush! that's but common courtesie.

Half. And the priest spake many kind words.

Spe. That shewed hee was no dumbe minister. But what said they, didst thou heare any words betweene them?

Lucio. Faith there was a bargaine during life, and the clocke cried, God give them joy.

Pris. Villaine! they be married!

Half. Nay, I thinke not so.

Spe. Yes, yes! God give you joy is a binder! I'll quickly be resolved. *Candius*, come forth.

Enter CANDIUS.

Pris. And I'll be put out of doubt. *Livia*, come forth.

Enter LIVIA.

Spe. The micher hangs downe his head!

Pris. The baggage begins to blush!

Half. Now begins the game!

Lucio. I beleeeve it will be no game for us.

Spe. Are you married, yong master?

Can. I cannot denie it, it was done so lately.

Spe. But thou shalt repent it was done so soone.

Pris. Then 'tis bootlesse to aske you, *Livia*.

Livia. I, and needlesse to be angry.

Pris. It shall passe anger, thou shalt find it rage.

Livia. You gave your consent,

Pris. Impudent giglot, was it not enough to abuse me, but also to belie me?

Can. You, sir, agreed to this match.

Spe. Thou brazen-face boy, thinkest thou by learning to perswade me to that which thou speakest. Where did I consent, when, what witsnesse?

Can. In this place yesterday before *Dromio* and *Riscio*.

Pris. I remember wee heard a contract betweene *Memphio's* sonne and *Stellio's* daughter: and that our good wils being asked which needed not, wee gave them, which bootied not.

Can. 'Twas but the apparell of *Accius* and *Silena*, we were the persons.

Pris. O villanie not to be borne! Wast thou privie to this practice?

Lucio. In a manner.

Pris. I'll pay thee after a manner.

Spe. And you, oatmeale groat! you were acquainted with this plot.

Half. Accessary as it were.

Spe. Thou shalt be punished as principall: here comes *Memphio* and *Stellio*, they belike were privie, and all their heads were laid together to grieve our hearts.

Enter MEMPHIO, STELLIO.

Memp. Come, *Stellio*, the assurance may be made to morrow, and our children assured to day.

Stel. Let the conveyance run as wee agreed.

Pris. You convey cleanly indeed, if coozenage be cleane dealing, for in the apparell of your children you have convaid a match between ours, which grieves us not a little.

Memp. Nay, in the apparell of your children, you have discovered the folly of ours, which shames us overmuch.

Stel. But 'tis no matter, though they bee fooles they are no beggers.

Spe. And though ours be disobedient, they be no fooles.

Dro. So now they tune their pipes.

Ris. You shall heare sweete musicke betweene a hoarse raven and a schritch-owle.

Memp. Neighbours, let us not vary, our boies have plaid their cheating parts. I suspected no lesse at the taverne where our four knaves met together.

Ris. If it were knavery for foure to meete in a taverne, your worships wot well there were other foure.

Stel. This villaine cals us knaves by craft.

Lucio. Nay truely, I dare sweare he used no craft, but means plainly.

Spe. This is worse ! come, *Halfepenie*, tell truth and scape the rod.

Half. As good confesse here being trust, as at home with my hose about my heeles.

Dro. Nay, I'll tell thee, for 'twill never become thee to utter it.

Memp. Wel, out with it.

Dro. *Memphio* had a foole to his sonne, which *Stellio* knew not ; *Stellio* a foole to his daughter, unknowne to *Memphio* ; to coosen each other, they dealt with their boies for a match ; wee met with *Lucio* and *Halfepenie* who told the love betweene their masters' children, the youth deeply in love, the fathers unwitting to consent.

Ris. I'll take the tale by the end,—then wee foure met, which argued wee were no mountaines; and in a taverne wee met, which argued we were mortall; and everie one in his wine told his dayes worke, which was a signe wee forgot not our businesse; and seeing all our masters troubled with devises, we determined a litle to trouble the water before they drunke; so that in the attire of your children, our masters' wise children bewrayed their good natures; and in the garments of our masters' children yours made a marriage; this all stood upon us poore children, and your young children, to shew that old folkes may be overtaken by children.

Pris. Here's children indeed, I'll never forget it.

Memp. I will! *Accius*, come forth.

Stel. I forgive all! *Silena*, come forth.

Spe. Neighbor, these things cannot be recal'd, therefore as good consent; seeing in all our purposes also we mist the marke, for they two will match their children.

Pris. Well of that more anone, not so suddenly, lest our ungracious youths thinke we dare do no other, but in truth their loves stirs up nature in me.

Memp. Come, *Accius*, thou must be married to *Silena*.
How art thou minded?

Accius. What for ever and ever?

Memp. I, *Accius*, what else?

Accius. I shall never be able to abide it, it will be so tedious.

Stel. *Silena*, thou must be betrothed to *Accius*, and love him for thy husband.

Sil. I had as lief have one of clouts.

Stel. Why, *Silena*?

Sil. Why looke how he lookes.

Accius. If you will not, another will.

Sil. I thanke you for mine old cap.

Accius. And if you be so lusty, lend me two shillings.

Pris. Wee are happy, we mist the foolish match.

Memp. Come, you shall presently be contracted.

Dro. Contract their wits no more, they be shrunke close alreadie.

Accius. Wel, father, heere's my hand, strike the bargain.

Sil. Must he lie with mee?

Stel. No, *Silena*, lie by thee.

Accius. I shall give her the humble-bees kisse.

Enter VICINA.

Vic. I forbid the banes.

Ris. What, doest thou thinke them rattes, and fearest they shall bee poysoned?

Memp. You, *Vicina*, wherefore?

Vic. Harken!—about eighteene yeares ago, I nurst thee a sonne, *Memphio*, and thee a daughter, *Stellio*.

Stel. True.

Memp. True.

Vic. I had at that time two children of mine owne, and being poore, thought it better to chaunge them then kill them; I imagined if by device I could thrust my children into your houses, they would bee well brought up in their youth, and wisely provided for in their age; nature wrought with me, and when they were weaned, I sent home mine instead of yours, which hitherto you

have kept tenderly as yours : growing in yeares I found the children I kept at home to love dearely, at first like brother and sister, which I rejoyced at, but at length too forward in affection ; which although inwardly I could not mislike, yet openly I seemed to disallow : they increased in their loving humors, I ceased not to chastise them for their loose demeanors ; at last it came to my eares, that my sonne that was out with *Memphio* was a foole, that my daughter with *Stellio* was also unwise, and yet being brother and sister, there was a match in hammering betwixt them.

Memp. What monstrous tale is this ?

Stel. And I am sure incredible.

Spe. Let her end her discourse.

Accius. I'le never beleeeve it !

Memp. Hold thy peace !

Vic. My very bowels yearned within mee, that I should be author of such vile incest, an hinderance to lawfull love ; I went to the good old woman, *Mother Bombie*, to know the event of this practise, who told mee, this day I might prevent the danger, and upon submission escape the punishment : hither I am come to claime my children, though both fooles, and to deliver yours both living.

Memp. Is this possible, how shall wee beleeeve it ?

Stel. It cannot sinke into my head.

Vic. This tryall cannot faile ; your son, *Memphio*, had a mole under his eare, I framed one under my childe's eare by art, you shall see it taken away with the juyce of mandrage ; behold now for your sonne's, no hearbe can undoe that nature hath don. Your daughter, *Stel-*

lio, hath on her wrist a moale, which I counterfeited on my daughter's arme, and that shall you see taken away as the other. Thus you see I doe not dissemble, hoping you will pardon me, as I have pittied them.

Memp. This is my sonne. O fortunate *Memphio*!

Stel. This is my daughter, more then thrice happie *Stellio*!

Mæst. How happy is *Mæstius*, thou blessed *Serena*, that being neither children to poore parents, nor brother and sister by nature, may enjoy their love by consent of parents and nature.

Accius. Soft, I'le not swap my father for all this.

Sil. What, doe you thinke I'le bee cos'ned of my father? meethinkes I should not! *Mother Bombie* told mee "my father knew me not, my mother bore me not, falsly bred, truly begot,"—a bots on *Mother Bombie*!

Dro. *Mother Bombie* told us we should be found coosners, and in the end be coosned by coosners: wel fare *Mother Bombie*!

Ris. I heard *Mother Bombie* say, that thou shalt die a beggar, beware of *Mother Bombie*!

Pris. Why have you all beene with *Mother Bombie*?

Lucio. All, and as far as I can see foretold all.

Memp. Indeed she is cunning and wise, never doing harme, but still practising good; seeing these things fall out thus, are you content, *Stellio*, the match go forward?

Stel. I, with double joy; having found for a foole a wise maide, and finding betweene them both exceeding love.

Pris. Then to ende all jarres, our children's matches shall stand with our good liking, *Livia* enjoy *Candius*.

Spe. *Candius* enjoy *Livia*.

Can. How shall wee recompense fortune, that to our loves hath added our parents' good wills!

Mæst. How shall wee requite fortune, that to our loves hath added lawfulnessse, and to our poore estate competent living!

Memp. *Vicina*, thy fact is pardoned, though the law would see it punisht, we bee content to keepe *Silena* in the house with the new married couple.

Stel. And I do maintaine *Accius* in our house.

Vic. Come, my children, though fortune hath not provided you lands, yet you see you are not destitute of friends; I shall be eased of a charge both in purse and conscience; in conscience, having revealed my lewde practise: in purse, having you kept of almes.

Accius. Come, if you bee my sister, 'tis the better for you.

Sil. Come, brother, meethinkes 'tis better then it was, I should have beene but a balde bride, I'le eate as much pie as if I had beene married.

Memp. Let's also forgive the knaverie of our boyes, since all turnes to our good haps.

Stel. Agreed, all are pleased now the boyes are unpunisht.

Enter HACKNEYMAN, SERGEANT, SCRIVENER.

Hack. Nay, soft, take us with you, and seeke redresse for our wrongs, or wee'le complaine to the maior.

Pris. What's the matter?

Hack. I arrested *Memphio's* boy for an horse, after much mocking, at the request of his fellow waggess, I was content to take a bond joyntly of them all; they had mee into a taverne, there they made me, the *Scrivener*, and the *Sergeant*, drunk, pawnde his mase for the wine, and seald mee an obligation nothing to the purpose; I pray you reade it.

Memp. What wags be these? Why by this bond you can demand nothing, and things done in drinke, may be repented in sobernesse, but not remedied.

Dro. Sir, I have his acquaittance, let him sue his bond.

Hack. I'le crie quitance with thee.

Serg. And I, or it shall cost me the laying on freely of my mase.

Scri. And I'le give thee such a dash with a pen as shall cost thee many a pound, with such a *noverint* as *Cheapside* can shew none such.

Half. Doe your worst, our knaveries will revenge it upon your children's children.

Memp. Thou boy, wee will pay the hire of the horse; be not angrie, the boies have beene in a merrie counselling vaine, for they have served their masters of the same sort, but all must be forgotten; now all are content but the poore fiddlers, they shall bee sent for to the marriage, and have double fees.

Dro. You neede no more send for a fidler to a feast, than a begger to a faire.

Stel. This day we will feast at my house.

Memp. To morrow at mine.

Pris. The next day at mine.

Spe. Then at mine the last, and even so spend this weeke in good cheere.

Dro. Then wee were best be going whilest every one is pleased, and yet these couples are not fully pleas'd 'till the priest have done his worst.

Ris. Come, *Sergeant*, wee'le tosse it this weeke, and make thy mase arrest a boild capon.

Serg. No more words at the wedding: if the maior should know it, I were in danger of mine office.

Ris. Then take heede how on such as we are, you shew a cast of your office.

Half. If you mace us, wee'le pepper you.

Accius. Come, sister, the best is, we shall have good cheere these foure daies.

Lucio. And be fooles for ever.

Sil. That's none of our upseekings.

THE WOMAN IN THE MOONE.

AS IT WAS PRESENTED BEFORE HER HIGHNESSE ;

BY JOHN LYLLIE, MAISTER OF ARTES.

*Imprinted at London for William Jones, and
are to be sold at the Signe of the Gun,
neere Holburne Conduict.*

1597.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SATURNE.

JUPITER.

MARS.

SOL.

MERCURY.

CUPID.

JOCULUS.

STESIAS,

LEARCHUS,

MELOS,

IPHICLES,

GUNOPHILUS, *Servant to Pandora.*

VENUS.

LUNA.

NATURE.

CONCORD.

DISCORD.

PANDORA.

} *Shepherds.*

SCENE—*Utopia.*

PROLOGUS.

OUR Poet slumb'ring in the Muses' laps,
Hath seene a woman seated in the Moone,
A point beyond the auncient Theorique :
And as it was, so he presents his dreame ;
Here in the bounds of fayre *Utopia*,
Where lovely *Nature* being onely queene,
Bestowes such workmanship on earthly mould
That heavens themselves envy her glorious worke,
But all in vaine ; for (malice being spent)
They yeeld themselves to follow *Nature's* doom ;
And fayre *Pandora* sits in *Cynthia's* orbe.
This but the shadow of our author's dreame,
Argues the substance to be neere at hand ;
At whose appearance I most humbly crave,
That in your forehead she may read content.
If many faults escape in her discourse,
Remember all is but a poet's dreame,
The first he had in *Phæbus'* holy bowre,
But not the last, unlesse the first displease.



THE WOMAN IN THE MOONE.

ACT I.

Enter NATURE, with her two maidens CONCORD and DISCORD.

Nature.

NATURE descends from farre above the
spheres
To frolicke heere in fayre *Utopia*,
Where my chiefe workes do florish in
their prime,

And wanton in their first simplicitie.
Heere I survey the pictured firmament,
With hurtlesse flames in concave of the *Moone*,
The liquid substance of the welkin's waste ;
Where moysture's treasure is clouded up,
The mutuall joynter of all swelling seas,
And all the creatures which their waves containe.
Lastly the rundle of this massive earth,
From utmost face unto the centers point,
All these, and all their endlesse circumstance,
Heere I survey, and glory in myselfe.
But what means *Discord* so to knit the browes,

With sorrowe's clowde ecclipsing our delights?

Disc. It grieves my hart that still in every worke
My fellow *Concorde* frustrates my desire,
When I to perfect up some wondrous deed,
Do bring forth good and bad, or light and darke,
Pleasant and sad, mooving and fixed things,
Fraile and immortall, or like contraries—
She with her hand unites them all in one,
And so makes voide the end of mine attempt.

Nat. I tell thee, *Discord*, while you twaine attend
On *Nature's* traine, your worke must proove but one;
And in yourselves though you be different,
Yet in my service must you well agree.
For *Nature* workes her will from contraries,—
But see where our *Utopian* shepherds come.

*Enter STESIAS, LEARCHUS, MELOS, IPHICLES, all clad
in skins. They kneele downe.*

Ste. Thou soveraigne queene and author of the world,
Of all that was, or is, or shall be framde.
To finish up the heape of thy great gifts,
Vouchsafe thy simple servants one request.

Nat. Stand up, and tell the sum of your desire,
The boone were great that *Nature* would not graunt:
It ever was, and shall be still my joy,
With wholesome gifts to blesse my workemanship.

Iphi. We crave, fayre goddess, at thy heavenly hands,
To have as every other creature hath,
A sure and certaine meanes among ourselves,
To propagate the issue of our kinde:

As it were comfort to our sole estate,
So were it ease unto thy working hand :
Each fish that swimmeth in the floating sea,
Each winged fowle that soareth in the ayre,
And every beast that feedeth on the ground,
Have mates of pleasure to upholde their broode :
But thy *Utopians*, poore and simple men,
As yet bewaile their want of female sex.

Nat. A female shall you have, my lovely swaines,
Like to yourselves, but of a purer mould :
Meanwhile go hence, and tend your tender flocks,
And when I send her, see you holde her deare.

*[Exeunt Shepheards, singing a roundelay in
praise of Nature.]*

Now, virgins, put your hands to holy worke,
That we may frame new wonders to the world.

*[They draw the curtains from before Nature's
shop, where stands an image clad, and some
unclad ; they bring forth the cloathed image.]*

When I arayde this lifelesse image thus,
It was decreed in my deepe providence,
To make it such as our *Utopians* crave,
A merror of the earth, and heaven's dispight ;
The matter first when it was voyde of forme,
Was purest water, earth, and ayre, and fyre,
And when I shapt it in a matchlesse mould,
(Whereof the lyke was never scene before)
It grew to this impression that you see,
And wanteth nothing now but life and sowle.
But life and soule I shall inspire from heaven,
So hold it fast, till with my quickning breath,

I kindle inward seeds of sence and minde.
Now fire be turned to choler, ayre to bloud,
Water to humor purer then itselfe,
And earth to flesh more cleare then christall rock,
And *Discord* stand aloofe, that *Concord's* hands,
May joyne the spirit with the flesh in league.

[*Concord fast imbraceth the image.*

Con. Now do I feele how life and inward sence,
Imparteth motion unto every limme.

Nat. Then let her stand, or move, or walke alone.

[*The image walkes about fearefully.*

Herein hath *Nature* gone beyond herselfe,
And heaven will grudge at beautie of the earth,
When it espies a second sonne belowe.

Dis. Now everie part performes her functions dew,
Except the tongue whose strings are yet untied.

Nat. *Discorde*, unlose her tongue, to serve her turne,
For in distresse that must be her defence:
And from that roote will many mischiefs growe,
If once she spot her state of innocence.

[*Image speakes.*

Pan. (*kneeling.*) Haile, heavenly queene, the author
of all good,

Whose wil hath wrought in me the fruits of life,
And fild me with an understanding soule,
To know the difference 'twixt good and bad.

Nat. (*lifting her up.*) I make thee for a solace unto
men,

And see thou follow our commanding will.
Now art thou *Nature's* glory and delight,
Compact of every heavenly excellence:

Thou art indow'd with *Saturn's* deepe conceit,
Thy minde as hawte as *Jupiter's* high thoughts,
Thy stomack lion-like, like *Mars's* hart,
Thine eyes bright beamde, like *Sol* in his array,
Thy cheekes more fayre, then are faire *Venus's* cheekes,
Thy tongue more eloquent then *Mercurie's*,
Thy forehead whiter then the silver *Moone's*:
Thus have I rob'd the planets for thy sake.
Besides all this, thou hast proud *Junoe's* armes,
Aurora's hands, and lovely *Thetis's* foote:
Use all these well, and *Nature* is thy friend,
But use them ill, and *Nature* is thy foe.
Now that thy name may suite thy qualities,
I give to thee *Pandora* for thy name.

Enter the SEVEN PLANETS.

Sat. What creature have we heere? a new found
gawde?

A second man, lesse perfect then the first?

Mars. A woman this forsooth, but made in hast,
To robbe us planets of our ornaments.

Jup. Is this the saint, that steales my *Junoe's* armes?

Sol. Mine eyes? then governe thou my daylight carre.

Venus. My cheekes? then *Cupid* be at thy com-
maund.

Merc. My tongue? thou pretty parrat speake a while.

Luna. My forehead? then faire *Cynthia* shine by
night.

Nat. What foule contempt is this you planets use,
Against the glory of my words and worke?
It was my will, and that shall stand for lawe,

And she is fram'd to darken all your prides.
Ordeyned not I your motions, and yourselves?
And dare you check the author of your lives?
Were not your lights contrivde in *Nature's* shop?
But I have meanes to end what I begun,
And make death triumphe in your lives' decay:
If thus you crosse the meede of my deserts,
Be sure I will dissolve your harmonie,
When once you touche the fixed period:
Meanwhile I leave my worthy workmanship,
Here to obscure the pride of your disdain. [Exit.]

Sat. Then in revenge of *Nature* and her worke,
Let us conclude to shew our emperie:
And bend our forces 'gainst this earthly starre.
Each one in course shall signorize awhile,
That she may feele the influence of her beames,
And rue that she was formde in our dispiht:
My turne is first, and *Saturne* will begin.

[*He ascends.*]

Jup. And I'll begin where *Saturne* makes an end,
And when I end, then *Mars* shall tyrannize,
And after *Mars* then *Sol* shall marshall her.
And after *Sol* each other in his course:
Come let us go, that *Saturne* may begin.

Sat. I shall instill such melancholy moode,
As by corrupting of her purest bloud,
Shall first with sullen sorrowes clowde her braine,
And then surround her heart with froward care:
She shal be sick with passions of the hart,
Selfwild, and tounge-tide, but full fraught with teares.

Enter GUNOPHILUS.

Gun. Gracious *Pandora*: *Nature* thy good friend
Hath sent *Gunophilus* to waite on thee,
For honors due that appertaines her will,
And for the graces of thy lovely selfe,
Gunophilus will serve in humble sorte,
And is resolved to live and die with thee.

Pan. If *Nature* wil'd, then do attend on me,
But little service have I to commaund,
If I myselfe might choose my kinde of life,
Nor thou, nor any else should stay with me,
I finde myselfe unfit for company.

Gun. How so, faire mistres, in your flouring youth,
When pleasure's joy should sit in every thought?

Pan. Avaunt! sir sawce, play you the questionest?
What's that to thee, if I be sick or sad?
Eyther demeane thyselfe in better sort,
Or get thee hence, and serve some other where.

Gun. A sowre beginning: but no remedy,
Nature hath bound me, and I must obey:
I see that servants must have merchants' eares,
To beare the blast and brunt of every winde.

Pan. What throbs are these that labour in my breast?
What swelling clouds that overcast my braine?
I burst, unlesse by teares they turne to raine.
I grudge and grieve, but know not well whereat:
And rather choose to weepe then speake my minde,
For fretfull sorrow captivates my tongue.

[*She playes the vixen with every thing about her.*

Enter STESIAS, MELOS, LEARCHUS, and IPHICLES.

Ste. See where she sits, in whom we must delight.
Beware! she sleeps: no noyse for waking her!

Iphi. Asleepe! why see how her alluring eyes,
With open lookes do glaunce on every side.

Melos. O eyes, more fayre then is the morning starre!

Lear. *Nature* herselfe is not so lovely fayre!

Ste. Let us with reverence kisse her lillie hands,

[They all kneele to her.]

And by deserts in service win her love.

Sweete dame, if *Stesias* may content thine eye,

Commaund my neate, my flock, and tender kids,

Whereof great store do overspred our plaines.

Graunt me, sweet mistresse, but to kisse thy hand.

[She hits him on the lips.]

Lear. No, *Stesias*, no; *Learchus* is the man:

Thou myrror of dame *Nature's* cunning worke,

Let me but hold thee by that sacred hand,

And I shall make thee our *Utopian* queene,

And set a gilded chapplet on thy head,

That nymphes and satyrs may admyre thy pompe.

[She strikes his hand. He riseth.]

Gun. These twaine and I have fortunes all alyke.

Melos. Sweet *Nature's* pride, let me but see thy hand,
And servant-lyke, shall *Melos* waite on thee,

And beare thy traine: as in the glorious heavens,

Perseus supports his love *Andromeda*:

Whose thirty starres whether they rise or fall,

He falles or ryseth, hanging at her heeles.

[She thrusts her hands in her pocket.]

Iphi. O then to blesse the love of *Iphicles*,
Whose heart dooth hold thee deerer then himselfe :
Do but behold me with a loving looke,
And I will leade thee in our sollemne daunce,
Teaching thee tunes, and pleasant layes of love.

[*She winkes and frownes.*

Ste. No kisse : nor touche ? nor friendly looke ?
What churlish influence deprives her minde ?
For *Nature* sayd, that she was innocent,
And fully fraught with vertuous qualities :
But speake, sweete love : thou canst not speake but well.

Gun. She is not tongue-tyde, that I know by prooffe.

Melos. Speake once, *Pandora*, to thy loving friends.

Pan. Rude knaves, what meane you thus to trouble
me ?

Gun. She spake to you, my maisters, I am none of
your company.

Lear. Alas ! she weeping sounds : *Gunophilus*,
O helpe to reare thy mistresse from the ground.

Gun. This is the very passion of the heart,
And melancholy is the ground thereof.

Ste. O then to sift that humor from her heart,
Let us with rundelayers delight her care :
For I have heard that musick is a meane,
To calme the rage of melancholy moode. [*They sing.*

[*She starteth up, and runs away at the
end of the song ; saying :*

Pan. What songs, what pipes, and fiddling have we
here ?

Will you not suffer me to take my rest ? [*Exit.*

Melos. What shall we do to vanquish her disease ?

The death of that were life to our desires :

But let us go, we must not leave her thus. [*Exeunt.*

[*Saturne descendeth on the stage.*

Sat. *Saturne* hath layd foundation to the rest,

Whereon to build the ruine of this dame,

And spot her innocence with vicious thoughts ;

My turne is past, and *Jupiter* is next. [*Exit.*

Actus primi finis.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter JUPITER.

Jupiter.



Jove principium, sunt et Jovis omnia plena.

Now *Jupiter* shall rule *Pandoraë's* thoughts,
And fill her with ambition and disdaine :
I will inforce my influence to the worst,
Least other planets blame my regiment.

Enter PANDORA and GUNOPHILUS.

Pan. Though rancor now be rooted from my hart,
I feele it burdened in another sort :
By day I thinke of nothong but of rule,
By night my dreames are all of empery,
Mine eares delight to heare of soveraingtie,
My tongue desires to speake of princely sway,
My eye would every object were a crowne.

Jup. *Danaë* was fayre, and *Læda* pleas'd me well,
Lovely *Calisco* set my heart on fyre :

And in mine eye *Europa* was a gemme,
But in the beauty of this paragon,
Dame *Nature* far hath gone beyond herselfe,
And in this one are all my loves conteind.
And come what can come, *Jupiter* shall proove,
If fayre *Pandora* will accept his love :
But first I must discusse this heavenly clowde
That hydes me from the sight of mortall eyes.
Behold, *Pandora*, where thy lover sits,
High *Jove* himselfe, who ravisht with thy blaze
Receives more influence then he powers on thee,
And humbly sues for succour at thy hands.

Pan. Why what art thou? more then *Utopian*
swaines?

Jup. The king of gods, one of immortall race,
And he that with a beck controules the heavens.

Pan. Why then *Pandora* doth exceed the heavens,
Who neither feares nor loveth *Jupiter*.

Jup. Thy beauty will excuse whate're thou say,
And in thy looks thy words are priviledgd.
But if *Pandora* did conceive those gifts
That *Jove* can give, she would esteeme his love,
For I can make thee empresse of the world,
And seate thee in the glorious firmament.

Pan. The words of empresse and of firmament,
More please mine eares then *Jupiter* mine eyes :
Yet if thy love be lyke to thy protest
Give me thy golden scepter in my hand,
But not as purchase of my precious love,
For that is more then heaven itselfe is worthe.

Jup. There, hold the scepter of eternall *Jove*,

But let not majestie encrease thy pride.

Pan. What lack I now but an imperiall throne,
And *Ariadna's* star-lyght diadem.

Enter JUNO.

Juno. False, perjur'd *Jupiter*, and full of guile,
Are these the fruites of thy new governments?
Is *Junoe's* beauty and thy wedlock vowe,
And all my kindnesse troden under foote?
Was't not enough to fancie such a trull,
But thou must yeeld thy scepter to her hand?
I thought that *Ganimede* had wened thy hart
From lawlesse lust of any woman's love:
But well I see that every time thou strayest,
Thy lust but lookes for strumpet stars belowe.

Pan. Why know, *Pandora* scornes both *Jove* and thee,
And there she layes his scepter on the ground.

Juno. This shall with me to our celestiall court,
Where gods (fond *Jupiter*) shall see thy shame,
And laugh at love for tainting majestie;
And when you please you will repaire to us.
But as for thee, thou shamelesse counterfet,
Thy pride shall quickly loose her painted plumes,
And feele the heavy weight of *Junoe's* wrath.

[*Exit Juno.*]

Pan. Let *Juno* fret, and moove the powers of heaven
Yet in herselfe *Pandora* stands secure:
Am I not *Nature's* darling and hir pride?
Hath she not spent her treasure all on me?

Jup. Yet be thou wise (I counceel thee for love)
And feare displeasure at a goddesses hand.

Pan. I tell thee, *Jupiter*, *Pandora's* worth
Is farre exceeding all your goddesses :
And since in her thou dost obscure my prayse,
Here (to be short) I do abjure thy love.

Jup. I may not blame thee, for my beames are cause
Of all this insolence and proud disdaine :
But to prevent a second raging storme,
If jealous *Juno* should by chaunce returne,
Here endes my love : *Pandora* now farewell. [*Exit.*

Pan. And art thou clouded up ? fare as thou list,
Pandora's hart shall never stoope to *Jove*.

Gunophilus, base vassaile as thou art,
How haps when *Juno* was in presence here,
Thou didst not honor me with kneele and crowche,
And lay thy hands under my precious foote,
[*He pourses downe a number of curtesies.*
To make her know the height of my desart.
Base pesaunt, humbly watch my stately lookes,
And yeeld applause to every word I speake,
Or from my service I'le discarde thee quite.

[*Gunophilus on his knees.*

Gun. Fayre and dread soveraigne ! lady of the world !
Even then when jealous *Juno* was in place,
As I beheld the glory of thy face,
My feeble eyes admiring majestie,
Did sinke into my hart such holly feare,
That very feare amazing every sence,
Withheld my tongue from saying what I would,
And freez'd my joynts from bowing when they should.

Pan. I, now, *Gunophilus*, thou pleasest me,
These words and cur'sies proove thee dutifull.

Enter STESIAS, LEARCHUS, MELOS, and IPHICLES.

Ste. Now, *Stesias*, speake.

Lear. *Learchus*, plead for love.

Iphi. Now, Cyprian queene, guider of loving thoughts,
Helpe Iphicles.

Melos. *Melos* must speed, or dye.

Gun. Whether now, my maisters, in such post hast?
Her excellence is not at leisure now.

Ste. O sweet *Gunophilus*, further our attempts.

Iphi. And we shall make thee riche with our rewards.

Gun. Stay heere untill I know her further pleasure.
Stesias and his felows humbly crave accesse to your
excellence.

Pan. I, now thou fittest my humor: let them come.

Gun. Come on, maisters.

Ste. Tel on, my deare, when comes that happy houre,
Whereon my love shall guerden my desire.

Lear. How long shall sorow's winter pinche my hart?
And lukewarme hopes be chil'd with freezing feare,
Before my suite obteyne thy sweete consent?

Iphi. How long shall death. ineroching by delayes,
Abridge the course of my decaying life,
Before *Pandora* love poore *Iphicles*?

Melos. How long shall cares cut off my flow'ring
prime,
Before the harvest of my love be in?

Ste. O speake! sweet love.

Iphi. Some gentle words, sweet love.

Lear. O let thy tongue first salve *Learchus*' wound,
That first was made with those immortall eyes.

Melos. The only promise of thy future love,
Will drowne the secret heapes of my dispayre
In endlesse ocean of expected joyes.

Pan. Although my brest yet never harbored love,
Yet should my bountie free your servitude :
If love might well consort our majestie,
And not debase our matchlesse dignitie.

Ste. Sweet hony words, but sawst with bitter gawle.

Iphi. They drawe me on, and yet they put me back.

Lear. They hold me up, and yet they let me fall.

Melos. They give me life, and yet they let me dye.

Ste. But as thou wilt, so give me sweete or sowre :
For in thy pleasure must be my content.

Iphi. Whether thou drawe me on, or put me back,
I must admyre thy beautie's wilderness.

Lear. And as thou wilt, so let me stand or fall :
Love hath decreed thy word must governe me.

Melos. And as thou wilt, so let me live or dye :
In life or death I must obey thy wyll.

Pan. I please myselfe in your humility,
Yet will I make some triall of your faith,
Before I stoope to favour your complaints,
For wot ye well *Pandora* knowes her worth :
He that will purchase things of greatest prize,
Must conquer by his deeds, and not by words.
Go then all foure, and slay the savadge boare,
Which roaving up and downe with ceaselesse rage,
Destroyes the fruit of our *Utopian* fields,
And he that first presents me with his head,
Shall weare my glove in favour of the deed.

Melos. We go, *Pandora*.

Lear. Nay, we runne !

Ste. We flye !

Pan. Thus must *Pandora* exercise these swaines,
Commaunding them to daungerous exploits :
And where they kings my beautie should commaund.
Sirra ! Gunophilus, beare up my traine.

[*Exeunt Pandora and Gunophilus.*]

Enter MARS.

Mars. *Mars* comes intreated by the queene of heaven,
To summon *Jove* from this his regiment :
Such jealous humor croweth in her braine,
That she is mad till he returne from hence.
Now soveraigne *Jove*, king of immortal kings,
Thy lovely *Juno* long hath lookt for thee,
And till thou come thinkes every houre a yeere.

Jup. And *Jove* will go the sooner to asswage,
Her frantiecke, idle, and suspitious thoughts ;
For well I know *Pandora* troubles her,
Nor will she calme the tempest of her minde,
Til with a whirlwinde of outragious words,
She beat mine eares, and weep curst hart away.

[*He descends.*]

Yet will I go, for words are but a blast,
And sun-shine wil insue when stormes are past.

[*Exit with Ganymede.*]

Mars (*in his seate*). Now bloody *Mars* begins to play
his part,

I'll worke such warre within *Pandoraë's* brest,
(And somewhat more for *Junoe's* fayre request)
That after all her churlishnesse and pride

She shall become a vixen martialist.

Enter the Foure SHEPHERDS with the boare's head.

Ste. Heere let us stay till fayre *Pandora* come,
And then shal *Stesias* have his due rewarde.

Iphi. And why not *Iphicles* as well as you?

Melos. The prize is mine, my sword cut off his head.

Lear. But first my speare did wound him to the death.

Ste. He fell not downe till I had goard his side.

Lear. Content you all, *Learchus* did the deed,
And I will make it good who'are sayes nay!

Melos. *Melos* will dye before he lose his right.

Iphi. Nay, then 'tis time to snatch, the head is mine.

Ste. Lay downe, or I shal lay thee on the earth.

[*They fight.*

Enter PANDORA and GUNOPHILUS.

Pan. I, so, fayre and far off, for feare of hurt,
See how the cowards counterfet a fray:
Strike home, you dastard swaines, strike home, I say!
Fight you in jest? let me bestur me then,
And see if I can cudgel yee all foure.

[*She snatcheth the speare out of Stesias'*
hand, and layes about her.

Gun. What? is my mistresse mankinde on the
sudden?

Lear. Alas! why strikes *Pandora* her best friends?

Pan. My friends? base pesants!

My friends would fight like men:

Avaunt! or I shall lay you all for dead.

[*Exeunt all saving Stesias.*

Ste. See, cruell fayre, how thou hast wrong'd thy
friend, [*He sheweth his shirt all bloudy.*
To spill his blood that kept it but for thee,
Ther's my desart: and here is my reward;
 [*Pointing first to the head on the ground,*
 and then to his wound.

I dare not say of an ingratefull minde:
But if *Pandora* had been well advis'd,
This dare I say, that *Stesias* had been sparde.

Pan. Begon, I say, before I strike againe.

Gun. O stay, sweet mistresse, and be satisfied.

Pan. Base vassall, how darst thou presume to speake?
Wilt thou incounter any deed of mine; [*She beats him.*
How long have you beene made a counsellor?

 [*Exit Gunophilus, running away.*

Ste. Here strike thy fill, make lavish of my life,
That in my death my love may finde reliefe:
Launce up my side, that when my heart leapes out,
Thou maist behold how it is scorcht with love,
And every way crosounded with desire,
There shalt thou read my passions deepe ingraven,
And in the midst onely *Pandoraë's* name.

Pan. What tel'st thou me of love, and fancie's fire?
Fyre of debate is kindled in my hart,
And were it not that thou art all unarm'd,
Be sure I should make tryall of thy strength:
But now the death of some fierce savadge beast,
In bloud shall end my furie's tragedie;
For fight I must, or else my gall will burst.

 [*Exit Pandora.*

Ste. Ah, ruthlesse hart! harder then adamant,

Whose eares are deafe against affection's plaints,
 And eyes are blinde, when sorrow sheds her teares :
 Neither contented that I live nor dye,
 But fondling as I am, why grieve I thus ?
 Is not *Pandora* mistris of my life ?
 Yes, yes, and every act of hers is just.
 Her hardest words are but a gentle winde,
 Her greatest wound is but a pleasing harme,
 Death at her hands is but a second life. [*Exit Stesias.*]

MARS descendeth.

Mars. *Mars* hath inforst *Pandora* 'gainst her kinde,
 To manage armes and quarrell with her friends ;
 And thus I leave her, all incenst with yre,
 Let *Sol* coole that which I have set on fire. [*Exit.*]

Actus secundi finis.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter SOL, and take his seate.

Sol.



IN looking downe upon this baser worlde,
 I long have seene and rued *Pandoræ's*
 harmes ;

But as myselfe by nature am inclinde,
 So shall she now become, gentle and kinde,
 Abandoning all rancour, pride, and rage,
 And changing from a lion to a lambe ;
 She shal be loving, liberall, and chaste,
 Discreete and patient, mercifull and milde,

Inspired with poetry and prophesie,
And vertues apperteyning womanhoode.

Enter PANDORA with GUNOPHILUS.

Pan. Tell me, *Gunophilus*, how doth *Stesias* now?
How fares he with his wound? unhappy me,
That so unkindely hurt so kind a friende;
But *Stesias*, if thou pardon what is past,
I shall rewarde thy sufferance with love,
These eyes that were like two malignant starres,
Shall yeeld their comfort with their sweet aspect;
And these my lippes that did blaspheme thy love,
Shall speake thee fayre and blesse thee with a kisse;
And this my hand that hurt thy tender side,
Shall first with herbes recure the wound it made,
Then plight my fayth to thee in recompence.
And thou, *Gunophilus*, I pray thee pardon me,
That I misdid thee in my witles rage,
As time shall yeelde occasion, be thou sure
I will not fayle to make thee some amends.

Gun. I so content me in this pleasaunt calme,
That former stormes are utterly forgot.

Enter FOURE SHEPHERDES.

Lear. We follow still in hope of grace to come.

Iphi. O! sweete *Pandora*, deigne our humble suites.

Melos. O! graunt me love, or wound me to the death.

Pan. Stand up: *Pandora* is no longer proud,
But shames at folly of her former deedes;
But why standes *Stesias* like a man dismayde?
Draw neare, I say, and thou with all the rest,

Forgive the rigour of *Pandoræ's* hand,
And quite forget the faultes of my disdayne.
Now is the time if you consent all foure,
Wherein I'll make amends for olde offence ;
One of you foure shal be my wedlocke mate,
And all the rest my welbeloved friendes :
But vowe you here in presence of the gods,
That when I choose, my choyse shall please you all.

Ste. Then make I vowe, by *Pallas'* shepherd's queene,
That *Stesias* will alowe *Pandoræ's* choyse ;
But if he speede that lesse deserves then I,
I'll rather dye, then grudge, or make complaynt.

Melos. I sweare the like by all our country gods.

Iphi. And I by our *Dianæ's* holy head.

Lear. And I by *Ceres* and her sacred nymphes.

Pan. Then love and *Hymen* blesse me in my choyse ;
You all are young and all are lovely fayre,
All kinde, and curteous, and of sweete demeane,
All right and valiaunt, all in flow'ring prime ;
But since you graunt my will his libertie,
Come, *Stesias*, take *Pandora* by the hand,
And with my hand I plight my spotles fayth.

Ste. The word hath almost slayne me with delight.

Lear. The worde with sorowe killeth me outright.

Melos. O ! happy *Stesias* ; but unhappy me !

Iphi. Come let us goe, and weepe our want elsewhere,
Stesias hath got *Pandora* from us all. [*Exeunt.*

Pan. Their sad depart would make my hart to earne,
Were not the joyes that I conceive in thee :
Go, go, *Gunophilus*, without delay,
Gather me balme and cooling violets,

And of our holly hearbe nicotian,
And bring withall pure hunny from the hyve,
That I may heere compound a wholesome salve,
To heale the wound of my unhappy hand.

Gun. I goe.

Ste. Blest be the hand that made so happy wound,
For in my sufferance have I wonne thy love :
And blessed thou, that having tryed my faith,
Hast given admittance to my hart's desert ;
Now all is well, and all my hurt is whole,
And I in paradise of my delight.

Come, lovely spouse, let us go walke the woods,
Where warbling birds recorde our happines,
And whisling leaves make musick to our myrthe.
And *Flora* strews her bowre to welcome thee.

Pan. But first, sweet husband, be thou rul'd by me.
Go make provision for some holy rytes,
That zeale may prosper our new joyned love :
And by and by myselfe will follow thee.

Ste. Stay not, my deere, for in thy looks I live.

[*Exit.*]

Pan. I feele myselfe inspyrd, but wot not how,
Nor what it is, unlesse some holy powre :
My heart foretels me many things to come.
And I am full of unacquainted skil,
Yet such as wil not issue from my tongue,
But like *Siballae's* goulden prophesies
Affecting rather to be clad in verse,
(The certaine badge of great *Apollon's* gift)
Then to be spred and soyld in vulgar words ;
And now to ease the burden of my bulke,

Like *Sibill*, thus *Pandora* must begin.

Enter STESIAS.

Ste. Come, my *Pandora*, *Stesias* staves for thee.

Pan. Peace, man, with reverence heare and note my words,

For from *Pandora* speakes the lawreast god.

Utopiæ Stesias Phœnici soluit amorem,

Numina cœlorum dum pia præcipiunt.

And backward thus the same, but double sence.

Præcipiunt pia dum cœlorum Numina, amorem

Soluit Phœnici Stesias Utopiæ.

(*He soberly repeating these verses, first forward
and then backward, sayeth:*)

Ste. If *soluere amorem* signifie to love,

Then meanes this prophesie good to *Stesias*:

But if it signifie to withdrawe love,

Then is it ill aboadement to us both:

But speake, *Pandora*, while the God inspyres.

Pan. *Idaliis prior hic pueris est: æquoris Alti*

Pulchrior hec nymphis et prior Aoniis.

And backward thus, but still all one in sence.

Aoniis prior et nymphis hec pulchrior alti

Æquoris est: pueris hic prior Idaliis.

(*He soberly repeating these also, backward and
forward, sayeth:*)

Ste. Forward and back, these also are alike

And sence all one, the pointing only chang'd:

They but import *Pandoræ's* praise and mine.

Pan. Even now beginneth my furie to retyre,

And now with *Stesias* hence wil I retyre. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE II.

Enter VENUS.

Venus. *Phœbus* away, thou maks't her too precise,
I'lle have her wittie, quick, and amorous,
Delight in revels and in banqueting,
Wanton discourses, musicke and merrie songes.

Sol. Bright Cyprian queene, intreate *Pandora* fayre;
For though at first *Phœbus* envied her lookes,
Yet now doth he admire her glorious hew,
And sweares that neyther *Daphne* in the spring,
Nor glistering *Thetis* in her orient robe,
Nor shamefast morning gert in silver cloudes,
Are halfe so lovely as this earthly sainte.

Venus. And being so fayre my beames shall make
her light,
For levety is beautie's wayting mayde.

Sol. Make chastity *Pandoræ's* wayting mayde,
For modest thoughtes beseemes a woman best.

Venus. Away with chastity and modest thoughts,
Quo mihi fortune si non conceditur uti?
Is she not young? then let her to the worlde,
All those are strumpets that are overchaste,
Defying such as keepe their company;
'Tis not the touching of a woman's hand,
Kissing her lips, hanging about her necke,
A speaking looke, no, nor a yeelding worde,
That men expect: beleewe me, *Sol*, 'tis more,
And were *Mars* here he would protest as much.

Sol. But what is more then this is worse then nought;

I dare not stay least she infect me too. [Exit.

Venus. What, is he gone? then light foote *Joculus*,
Set me *Pandora* in a dauncing vayne.

Joc. Fayre mother, I will make *Pandora* blyth,
And like a satyre hop upon these playnes. [Exit.

Venus. Go, *Cupid*, give her all the golden shafts,
And she will take thee for a forrester.

Cupid. I will, and you shall see her streight in love.
[Exit.

VENUS ascendeth.

Venus. Here, *Venus*, sit, and with thy influence,
Governe *Pandora*, *Nature's* miracle.

Enter PANDORA and JOculus.

Pan. Prethee be quiet, wherefore should I daunce?

Joc. Thus daunce the *Satyrs* on the even lawnes.

Pan. Thus, pretie *Satyr*, will *Pandora* daunce.

Cupid. And thus will *Cupid* make her melody.

[He shootes.

Joc. Were I a man I could love thee.

Pan. I am a mayden, wilt thou have me?

Joc. But *Stesias* saith you are not.

Pan. What then? I care not.

Cupid. Nor I.

Joc. Nor I.

Pan. Then merely farewell my maydenhead,
These be all the teares I'le shed;
Turne about and tryppe it.

Venus. *Cupid* and *Joculus*, come leave her now.

[Exeunt.

Pan. The boyes are gone and I will follow them;

I will not follow them, they are to young.
What hony thoughts are in *Pandora's* brayne?
Hospitis est tepedo nocte recepta sui.
Ah, I envie her, why was not I so?
And so will I be; where is *Iphicles*,
Melos, *Learchus*? any of the three?
I cure the sicke? I study poetry?
I thinke of honour and of chastitie?
No: love is fitter then *Pandora's* thoughts,
Yet not the love of *Stesias* alone,
Learchus is as fayre as *Stesias*,
And *Melos* lovlier then *Learchus* farre;
But might I chose, I would have *Iphicles*,
And of them all *Stesias* deserves the least.
Must I be tyde to him? no I'le be loose,
As loose as *Helen*, for I am as fayre.

Enter GUNOPHILUS.

Gun. Mistresse, here be the hearbs for my maister's
wound.

Pan. Prety *Gunophilus*, give me the hearbs:
Where didst thou gather them, my lovely boye?

Gun. Upon *Learchus'* plaine.

Pan. I feare me *Cupid* daunst upon the plaine,
I see his arrow head upon the leaves.

Gun. And I his golden quiver and his bowe.

Pan. Thou doost dissemble, but I meane good sooth.
These hearbes have wrought some wondrous effect;
Had they this vertue from thy lilly hands?
Let's see thy hands, my fayre *Gunophilus*.

Gun. It may be they had, for I have not washt them
this many a day.

Pan. Such slender fingers hath *Jove's Ganymede* ;
Gunophilus, I am love sick for thee.

Gun. O that I were worthy you should be sick for me !

Pan. I languish for thee, therefore be my love.

Gun. Better you languish, then I be beaten !

Pardon me, I dare not love, because of my maister.

Pan. I'll hide thee in a wood, and keepe thee close.

Gun. But what if he come a hunting that way ?

Pan. I'll say thou art a *Satyre* of the woods.

Gun. Then I must have hornes.

Pan. I, so thou shalt, I'll give thee *Stesias'* hornes.

Gun. Why he hath none.

Pan. But he may have shortly.

Gun. Yee say true, and of that condition I am yours.

Enter LEARCHUS.

Lear. I may not speake of love, for I have vow'd,
Ne're to sollicit her, but rest content ;

Therefore onely gaze, eyes, to please yourselves,

Let not my inward sence know what you see,

Least that my fancie doate upon her still.

Pandora is divine, but say not so,

Least that thy heart heare thee and breake in twaine.

I may not court her, what a hell is this ?

Pan. *Gunophilus* : I'll have a banquet streight,
Goe thou provide it, and then meete me here.

Gun. I will ; but by your leave I'll stay awhile.

Lear. Happy are those that be *Pandora's* gueses.

Pan. Then happy is *Learchus*, he is my guest.

Lear. And greater joy doe I conceave therein,
Then *Tantalus* that feasted with the gods.

Gun. Mistres, the banquet.

Pan. What of the banquet?

Gun. You have bid nobody to it.

Pan. What's that to you? goe and prepare it.

Gun. And in the meane time you will be in love
with him ;

I pray let me stay, and bid him prepare the banquet.

Pan. Away! ye peasant!

Gun. Now she begins to love me.

Pan. *Learchus*, had I markt this golden hayre,
I had not chosen *Stesias* for my love ;
But now—

Lear. Lovely *Pandora*, if a shepherd's teares
May move thee unto rueth, pity my state,
Make me thy love, though *Stesias* be thy choyse,
And I insteade of love will honour thee.

Pan. Had he not spoke I should have courted him :
Wilt thou not say *Pandora* is too light,
If she take thee insteade of *Stesias*?

Lear. Rather I'll dye then have but such a thought.

Pan. Then, shepheard, this kisse shal be our nuptials.

Lear. This kisse hath made me welthier then *Pan.*

Pan. Then come agayne : now be as great as *Jove*.

Lear. Let *Stesias* never touch these lippes agayne.

Pan. None but *Learchus* : now, sweete love, begone,
Least *Stesias* take thee in this amarous vayne ;
But go no farther then thy bower, my love,
I'll steale from *Stesias* and meete thee streight.

Lear. I will, *Pandora*, and agaynst thou com'st,
Strew all my bower with flagges and watermints.

[*Erit.*

Pan. A husband? what a foolish word is that?
Give me a lover, let the husband goe.

Enter MELOS and IPHICLES.

Melos. O *Iphicles*, beholde the heavenly nympe.

Iphi. We may beholde her, but she scornes our love.

Pan. Are these the shepherds that made love to me?

Melos. Yea, and the shepherds that yet love thee
still.

Iphi. O that *Pandora* would regard my suite.

Pan. They looke like water nymphes, but speake like
men,

Thou should be *Nature* in a man's attire,
And thou young *Ganimayde* minion to *Jove*.

Melos. Then would I make a worlde and give it thee.

Iphi. Then would I leave great *Jove*, to follow thee.

Pan. *Melos* is loveliest, *Melos* is my love;
Come hither, *Melos*, I must tell thee newes,
Newes tragicall to thee and to thy flock.

[*She whispers in his eare.*

Melos, I love thee, meete me in the vale.

[*She speakes aloud.*

I saw him in the wolfe's mouth, *Melos* flye.

Melos. O that so fayre a lambe should be devoured:
I'le goe and rescue him.

Iphi. Could *Iphicles* goe from thee for a lambe,
The wolfe take all my flocke, so I have thee.
Will me to dive for pearle into the sea,
To fetch the fethers of the *Arabian* bird,
The golden apples from the *Hesperian* wood,
The maremaydes' glasse, *Flora's* abbilliment,

So I may have *Pandora* for my love.

Pan. He that would do all this, must love me well ;
And why should he love me and I not him ?
Wilt thou for my sake goe into yon grove,
And we will sing unto the wilde birde's notes,
And be as pleasant as the western winde,
That kisses flowers, and wantons with their leaves.

Iphi. Will I ? O that *Pandora* would !

Pan. I will ! and therefore followe *Iphicles*.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter STESIAS with GUNOPHILUS.

Ste. Did base *Learchus* court my heavenly love ?
Pardon me, *Pan*, if to revenge this deed,
I shed the blood of that dessembling swaine.
With jealous fire my hart begins to burne ;
Ah, bring me where he is, *Gunophilus*,
Least he intice *Pandora* from my bower.

Gun. I know not where he is, but here hee'le be :
I must provide the banquet, and be gone.

Ste. What ! will the shepherds banquet with my wife.
O light *Pandora*, canst thou be thus false ?
Tell me where is this wanton banquet kept,
That I may hurle the dishes at their heades,
Mingle the wine with blood, and end the feast
With tragieke outeries, like the *Theban* lord
Where fayre *Hippodamia* was espous'd.

Gun. Here in this place, for so she 'poynted me.

Ste. Where might I hide me to behold the same ?

Gun. O ! in this cave, for over this they'le sitte.

Ste. But then I shall not see them when they kisse.

Gun. Yet you may heare what they say ; if they kisse
I'le hollow.

Ste. But do so then, my sweete *Gunophilus* ;
And as a stronge winde bursting from the earth,
So will I rise out of this hollow vault,
Making the woods shake with my furious wordes.

Gun. But if they come not at all, or when they come
do use themselves honestly, then come not out, least
you seeming jealous make her over-hate you.

Ste. Not for the worlde, unles I heare thee call,
Or els their wanton speech provoke me forth.

Gun. Well in then ; wer't not a prety jest to bury
him quicke, I warrant it would be a good while 'eare
she would scratch him out of his grave with her nayles ;
and yet shee might too, for she hath dig'd such vaults
in my face that ye may go from my chinne to my eye-
browes betwixt the skin and the flesh ; wonder not at it,
good people, I can prove there hath bene two or three
marchantes with me to hire roomes to lay in wine, but
that they doe not stand so conveniently as they wold
wish, (for indeed they are every one too neare my mouth,
and I am a great drinker,) I had had a quarter's rent
beforehand. Wel, be it knowne unto all men, that I
have done this to cornute my maister, for yet I could
never have opportunitie. You would litle thinke my
necke is growne awry with loking back as I have been
a kissing, for feare he should come, and yet it is a fayre
example ; beware of kissing, bretheren. What, doth the
cave open ? 'ere she and he have done hee'le picke the
lock with his horne.

Enter PANDORA.

Pan. Now have I playde with wanton *Iphicles*,
Yea, and kept touch with *Melos*, both are pleased;
Now, were *Learchus* here!—but stay, methinkes
Here is *Gunophilus*, I'll goe with him.

Gun. Mistres, my mayster is in this cave, thinking
to meete you and *Learchus* here.

Pan. What, is he jealous? come, *Gunophilus*,
In spite of him I'll kisse thee twenty times.

Gun. O! looke how my lippes quiver for feare!

Pan. Where is my husband? speake *Gunophilus*.

Gun. He is in the woods, and will be here anon.

Pan. I, but he shall not.

His fellow swaines will meete me in this bower,
Who for his sake I meane to entertayne,
If he knew of it he would meete them here.
Ah! whereso'ere he be, safe may he be!
Thus hold I up my hands to heaven for him,
Thus weepe I for my deere love *Stesias*!

Gun. When will the shepheards come?

Pan. Immediately; prepare the banquet streight:
Meanetime I'll pray that *Stesias* may be here.
Bring *Iphicles* and *Melos* with thee, and tell them
Of my husband, *descendit ad inferos*.

Gun. You'll love them then?

Pan. No, onely thee, yet let them sitte with me.

Gun. Content, so you but sit with them. [Exit.]

Enter LEARCHUS.

Lear. Why hath *Pandora* thus deluded me?

Pan. *Learchus*, whist! my husband's in this cave,
Thinking to take us together here!

Lear. Shall I slay him, and enjoy the still?

Pan. No! let him live, but had he *Argos'* eyes,
He should not keepe me from *Learchus'* love:
Thus will I hang about *Learchus'* necke,
And sucke out happinesse from forth his lippes.

Lear. And this shall be the heaven that I'le ayne at.

Enter GUNOPHILUS.

Gun. *Sic vos non vobis, sic vos non vobis.*

Lear. What mean'st thou by that?

Gun. Here is a coment upon my wordes,

*[He throwes the glasse downe and
breakes it.]*

Pan. Wherefore doest thou breake the glasse?

Gun. I'le answere it, shall I provide a banquet, and
be cosen'd of the best dish? I hope, syr, you have
sayde grace, and now may I fall too.

*[He takes his mistres by the hand and
imbraceth her.]*

Lear. Away, base swayne!

Gun. Sir, as base as I am, I'le goe for currant here!

Lear. What! will *Pandora* be thus light?

Gun. O! you stand upon the weight! wel if she
were twenty graines lighter I would not refuse her, pro-
vided alwayes, she be not clipt within the ringe.

Pan. *Gunophilus*, thou art too malepert;
Thinke nothing, for I cannot shift him off.
Sirra, provide the banquet you are best.

Gun. I will! and that incontinently! for indeed I cannot abstain. [*Exit.*

Pan. Here, take thou *Melos*' favours, keep it close,
For he and *Iphicles* will streight be here;
I love them not, they both importune me,
Yet must I make as if I love them both;
Here they come.
Welcome *Learchus* to *Pandora*'s feast.

Enter MELOS and IPHICLES.

Melos. What makes *Learchus* here?

Iphi. Wherefore should *Melos* banquet with my love?

Lear. My heart ryseth agaynst this *Iphicles*.

Pan. *Melos*, my love! Sit downe, sweete *Iphicles*.

Melos. She daunts *Learchus* with a strange aspect.

Lear. I like not that she whispers unto him.

Iphi. I warrant you.

Pan. Her's to the health of *Stesias* my love,
Would he were here to welcome you all three.

Melos. I will go seeke him in the busky groves.

Gun. You lose your labour then, he is at his flocke.

Pan. I, he wayes more his flocke than me.

[*She weepes.*

Iphi. Weepe not, *Pandora*, for he loves thee well.

Pan. And I love him.

Iphi. But why is *Melos* sad?

Melos. For thee I am sad, thou hast injured me.

Pan. Knowes not *Melos* I love him?

Iphi. Thou injurest me, and I wil be revenged!

Pan. Hath *Iphicles* forgot my wordes?

Gun. If I should hollow they were all undone.

Lear. They both are jealous, yet mistrust me not !

Iphi. Here, *Melos* !

Melos. I pledge thee, *Iphicles* !

Pan. *Learchus* goe, thou know'st my minde.

Lear. Shall I sit here thus to be made a stale ?

Lovely *Pandora* meanes to follow me :

Farewell this feast, my banquet comes not yet. [*Exit.*

Iphi. Let him goe.

Melos. *Pandora*, go with me to *Stesias*.

Iphi. No, rather goe with me.

Melos. Away, base *Iphicles* !

Iphi. Coward ! hand of ! or els I'll strike thee downe !

Pan. My husband heres you, will you strive for wine,
Give us a fresh cup, I will have ye friends.

Melos. I defie thee, *Iphicles* !

Iphi. I thee, *Melos* !

Gun. Both of them are drunke !

Melos. Is this thy love to me ?

Pan. Nay, if you fall out, farewell.

Now will I goe meet *Learchus*. [*Exit Pandora.*

Iphi. I see thy jugling, thou shalt want thy will.

Melos. Follow me if thou dar'st, and fight it out.

Iphi. If I dare ? yes I dare, and will ! come thou.

Gun. Hollow, hollow. [*Stesias riseth out of the cave.*

Ste. Where is the villayne that hath kist my love ?

Gun. Nobody, mayster.

Ste. Why strive they then ?

Gun. 'Twas for a cup of wine, they were all drunke.

Ste. Whither is my wife gone ?

Gun. To seeke you.

Ste. Ah ! *Pandora*, pardon me ! thou art chaste.

Thou mad'st me to suspect her, take thou that.

Gun. O, mayster! I did for good will to you!

Ste. And I beat thee for good will to her.

What hast thou to doe betwixt man and wife?

Gun. Too much with the man, too litle with the wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

Finis Actus tertij.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter MERCURY.

Mer.



MPRESSE of love, give *Hermes* leave to
reigne,

My course comes next, therefore resigne to
me.

(*Descend VENUS.*)

Venus. Ascend, thou winged pursevant of love.

Mer. Now shall *Pandora* be no more in love;

And all these swaines that were her favorits

Shall understand there mistres hath playde false,

And lothing her blab all to *Stesias*.

Now is *Pandora* in my regiment,

And I will make her false and full of slights,

Theevish, lying, suttle, eloquent;

For these alone belong to *Mercury*.

Enter MELOS, LEARCHUS, IPHICLES.

Iphi. Unkind *Pandora* to delude me thus.

Lear. Too kinde *Learchus*, that hath lovde her thus.

Melos. Too foolish *Melos* that yet dotes on her.

Lear. Blacke be the ivory of her 'tyising face

Melos. Dimde be the sunshine of her ravishing eyes.

Iphi. Fayre may her face be, beautifull her eyes!

Lear. O, *Iphicles*, abjure her; she is false!

Iphi. To thee, *Learchus*, and to *Melos* false.

Melos. Nay, to us all too false, and full of guile.

Lear. How many thousand kisses gave she me,
And every kisse mixt with an amorous glaunce.

Melos. How oft have I lean'd on her silver breast,
She singing on her lute, and *Melos* being the note.

Iphi. But waking, what sweete pastime have I had,
For love is watchfull, and can never sleepe.

Melos. But 'ere I slept—

Lear. When I had list—

Iphi. What then?

Melos. *Cætera quis nescit?*

Lear. *Melos* prevents me that I should have sayd.

Iphi. Blush, *Iphicles*, and in thy rosie cheekes
Let all the heat that feeds thy heart appeare.

Lear. Droope not, fayre *Iphicles*, for her misdeeds:
But to revenge it hast to *Stesias*.

Melos. Yea, he shall know she is lascivious.

Iphi. In this complaint I'll joyne with thee, let us go.

Lear. Stay, heere he comes.

Enter STESIAS with GUNOPHILUS.

Ste. O, *Stesias*, what a heavenly love hast thou?

A love as chaste as is *Apolloe's* tree:

As modest as a vestall *Virgin's* eye,

And yet as bright as glow-wormes in the night,

With which the morning decks her lover's hayre.

O, fayre *Pandora*, blessed *Stesias*!

Iphi. O, foule *Pandora*, cursed *Stesias*!

Ste. What meanst thou, *Iphicles*?

Melos. Ah! is she fayre that is lascivious?

Or that swaine blest, that she makes but a stale?

Lear. He means thy love, unhappy *Stesias*.

Ste. My love? no, shepherds, this is but a stale,
To make me hate *Pandora* whom I love;
So whispered late the false *Gunophilus*;
Let it suffice that I beleieve you not.

Iphi. Love is deafe, blinde, and incredulous;
I never hung about *Pandorae's* neck;
She never term'd me fayre, and thee black, swaine.

Melos. She play'd not unto *Melos* in her bowre,
Nor is his green bowre strew'd with primrose leaves.

Lear. I kist her not, nor did she terme me love;
Pandora is the love of *Stesias*.

Ste. Sirra! bid your mistres come hether.

Gun. I shall, syr.

Ste. "I never hung about *Pandora's* neck."—
"She playde not unto *Melos* in her bower,"—
"I kist her not, nor did she terme me love:"—
These wordes argue *Pandora* to be light!
She playde the wanton with these amarus swaines,
By all these streames that interlaced these floodes,
Which may be venom to her thirstie soule,
I'le be revenged as never shepherd was!
Now, foule *Pandora*, wicked *Stesias*.

Enter GUNOPHILUS and PANDORA.

Gun. Mistres, 'tis true, I heard them, venter not.

Pan. Fenced with her tongue, and garded with her wit,
Thus goeth *Pandora* unto *Stesias*.

Ste. Detested falsor! that to *Stesias*' eyes
Art more inestious then the basiliske.

Pan. *Gunophilus*, *Pandora* is undone!
Her love, her joy, her life, hath lost his wits!
Offer a kyd in *Esculapias*' fane,
That he may cure him, least I dye outright.

Gun. I'll offer it *Esculapias*, but he shall not have him,
For when he comes to himselfe I must answer it.

Pan. Go, I say!

Ste. Stay! I am well, 'tis thou that mak'st me rave,
Thou playd'st the wanton with my fellow swaynes.

Pan. Then dye, *Pandora*: art thou in thy wits,
And cal'st me wanton? [She fals downe.

Gun. O, maister! what have you done!

Ste. Divine *Pandora*! rise and pardon me!

Pan. I cannot, but forgive thee, *Stesias*,
But by this light, if ——

Gun. Looke, how she winks.

Ste. O! stay, my love; I know 'twas their devise.

Pan. He that will winne me must have *Stesias*' shape,
Such golden hayre, such alabaster lookes;
Wilt thou know why I loved not *Jupiter*?
Because he was unlike my *Stesias*.

Ste. Was ever silly shepherd thus abus'd?
All three affirm'd *Pandora* held them deare.

Pan. It was to bring me in disgrace with thee,
That they might have some hope I would be theirs.
I cannot walke but they importune me.
How many amarous letters have they sent!

What giftes ! yet all in vayne ; to prove which true,
I'll beare this slaunder with a patient minde ;
Speeke them all fayre, and 'ere the sunne go downe
I'll bring thee where they use to lie in weight,
To robbe me of my honour in the groves.

Ste. Do so, sweete wife ; and they shall buy it deare.
I cannot stay, my sheepe must to the fould. [Exit.

Pan. Go, *Stesias*, as simple as a sheepe ;
And now, *Pandora*, summon all thy wits,
To be revenged upon these long-toung'd swaynes.
Gunophilus, beare *Iphicles* this ring :
Tell him I rave and language for his love ;
Will him to meete me in this meade alone.
And sweare his fellowes have deluded him.
Beare this to *Melos* ; say that for his sake
I stab'd myselfe, and had'st not thou been neare
I had bene dead, but yet I am alive,
Calling for *Melos* whom I onely love.
And to *Learchus* beare these passionate lines,
Which, if he be not flint, will make him come.

Gun. I will, and you shall see how cunningly I'll use
them : stay here, and I will send them to you one after
another, and then use them as your wisdom shall thinke
good. [Exit.

Pan. That letter did I pen doubting the worst,
And dipt the napking in the lambkin's blood.
For *Iphicles* were he compact of iron,
My ring is adamant to drawe him forth.
Let women learne by me to be reveng'd.
I'll make them bite their tongues and eate their wordes,
Yea, sweare unto my husband all is false ;

My wit is plyant and invention sharpe,
To make these novises that injure me.
Young *Iphicles* must boast I favour'd him,
Here I protest as *Helen* to her love:
*Oscula luctanti tantummodo pauca protenus abstulit:
ulterius, nil habet ille mei.*

And what's a kisse? too much for *Iphicles*?

Iphi. *Melos* is wily, and *Learchus* false,
Here is *Pandoræ's* ring, and she is mine!
It was a stratagem layde for my love.
O foolish *Iphicles*, what hast thou done?
Must thou betray her unto *Stesias*?

Pan. Here will I sit till I see *Iphicles*,
Sighing my breath, out-weeping my heart bloud.
Go, soule, and flye unto my leefest love,
A fayrer subject then *Elysium*.

Iphi. Can I heare this? can I view her? O no!

Pan. But I will view thee, my sweet *Iphicles*!
Thy lookes are physicke, suffer me to gaze,
That for thy sake am thus distempered.

Iphi. Pale be my lookes to witnesse my amisse.

Pan. And mine to shew my love; lovers are pale.

Iphi. And so is *Iphicles*.

Pan. And so *Pandora*; let me kiss my love,
And adde a better couler to his cheekes.

Iphi. O bury all thy anger in this kisse,
And mate me not with uttering my offence.

Pan. Who can be angrie with one whom she loves?
Rather had I to have no thoughts at all,
Then but one ill thought of my *Iphicles*:
Go unto *Stesias* and deny thy words,

For he hath thrust me from his cabanet.
 For as I have done, I will love thee still;
 Delay no time, hast, gentle *Iphicles*,
 And meete me on *Enepeus*' sedgy bankes.

Iphi. When shall I meet thee? tell me, my bright love.

Pan. At midnight, *Iphicles*; till then farewell!

Iphi. Farewell! *Pandora*; I'll to *Stesias*. [*Exit.*

Pan. Thus will I serve them all; now, *Melos*, come,
 I love thee too, as much as *Iphicles*.

Enter MELOS.

Melos. This is *Pandorae*'s blood; hast, *Melos*, hast!
 And in her presence launce thy flesh as deepe:
 Wicked *Learchus*, subtill *Iphicles*:

You have undone me by your reaching wit.

Pan. *Gunophilus*! where is *Gunophilus*?
 Give me the knife thou pulled'st from my brest:
Melos is gone, and left *Pandora* here;
 Witnesse yee wounds, witnesse yee silver streames,
 That I am true, to *Melos* onely true,
 And he betrayde me unto *Stesias*.

Melos. Forgive me, love, it was not I alone,
 It was *Learchus*, and false *Iphicles*.

Pan. 'Tis not *Learchus*, nor that *Iphicles*,
 That greeves me, but that *Melos* is unkinde;
Melos, for whom *Pandora* straynd her voyce,
 Playing with every letter of his name:
Melos, for whom *Pandora* made this wounde:
Melos, for whom *Pandora* now will dye!

Melos. Divine *Pandora*, stay thy desperat hand,
 May summer's lightning burne our autumn crop,

The thunder's teeth plowe up our fayrest groves,
The scorching sun-beames dry up all our springs,
And ruffe windes blast the beauty of our plaines,
If *Melos* love not thee, more then his heart.

Pan. So *Melos* sweares, but 'tis a lover's othe.

Melos. Once guiltie, and suspected evermore;
I'll nere be guiltie more, suspect me not.

Pan. Nor I suspect thee more, mistrust me not;
Learchus never toucht *Pandoræ's* lips,
Nor *Iphicles* receav'd a friendly word:
Melos hath all my favours, and for all
Doe onely this, and I'll be onely thine.
Go unto *Stesias* and deny thy wordes,
And as the sunne goes downe I'll meete thee heare.

Melos. I will, *Pandora*; and to cure thy wound,
Receive these vertuous hearbes which I have found.

Pan. A pretty swayne! worthy *Pandoræ's* love;
But I have written to *Learchus*, I,
And I will keepe my promise though I dye;

Enter LEARCHUS with a letter, and GUNOPHILUS.

Which is to cozen him as he did me.

Lear. [*reading*] "*Learchus*, my love, *Learchus*!"
O the iteration of my name argues her affection;
"Was it my desert? thine, alas! *Pandora*."
It was my destiny to be credulous on these miscreants.

Gun. Looke, looke, she is writing to you agayne.

Pan. What, is he come! then shall my tongue de-
clayme,—

Yet am I bashfull and afeard to speake.

Lear. Blush not, *Pandora*; who hath made most fault?

Pan. I that sollicit thee, which loves me not.

Lear. I that betray'd thee, which offended not.

Pan. *Learchus*, pardon me!

Lear. *Pandora*, pardon mee!

Gun. All friendes! and so they kist.

Pan. I can but smile to thinke thou was't deceiv'd.

Learchus, thou must to my husband streight,

And say that thou art sory for thy wordes,

And in the evening I'll meete thee agayne,

Under the same grove where we both sat last.

Lear. I will, *Pandora*; but looke, where he comes.

Pan. Then give me leave to disemble.

'Tis not thy sorrow that can make amends;

Were I a man thou should'st repent thy wordes!

Ste. *Learchus*, will you stand unto your wordes?

Lear. O, *Stesias*! pardon me; 'twas their deceite:
I am sorry that I injured her.

Ste. They lay the fault on thee, and thou on them;
But take thee that. [Striking him.]

Pan. Ah, *Stesias*, leave; you shall not fight for me.
Go, goe, *Learchus*, I am *Stesiasses*.

Lear. Art thou?

Gun. No, no, *Learchus*, she doth but say so.

Ste. Out of my ground, *Learchus*, from my land,
And from henceforward come not neare my lawnes.

Pandora, come; *Gunophilus*, away!

Pan. *Learchus*, meete me straight, the time drawes
nigh.

Lear. The time draws nigh,—O, that the time were
now!

I go to meete *Pandora* at the grove.

[Exit.]

Enter MELOS.

Melos. When will the sun go downe? flye, *Phæbus*,
flye!

O, that thy steeds were wing'd with my swift thoughts:
Now shouldst thou fall in *Thetis'* azure armes;
And now would I fall in *Pandoræ's* lap.

Enter IPHICLES.

Iphi. Wherefore did *Jupiter* create the day?
Sweete is the night when every creature sleeps.
Come night, come gentle night, for thee I stay.

Melos. Wherefore dooth *Iphicles* desire the night?

Iphi. Whose that? *Melos!* thy words did make me
afeard;

I wish for midnight but to take the wolfe,
Which kils my sheepe, for which I make a snare.

Melos, farewell, I must go watch my flocks.

Melos. And I my love! here she will meet me
streight.

[*Exit Iphicles.*

See where she comes, hiding her blushing eyes.

Enter STESIAS in woman's apparell.

Melos. My love, *Pandora*; for whose sake I live?
Hide not thy beauty which is *Melos'* sunne.
Here is none but us two, lay aside thy vale.

Ste. Here is *Stesias*; *Melos*, you are deceav'd.

[*He striketh Melos.*

Melos. *Pandora* hath deceav'd me, I am undone!

Ste. So will not I, syr, I meane simply. [*Exit.*

Enter PANDORA with GUNOPHILUS.

Pan. Come, hast thou all his jewels and his pearles?

Gun. I, all ! but tell me which way shall we go ?

Pan. Unto the sea-side, and take shipping streight.

Gun. Well, I am reveng'd at last of my maister ; I pray God I may be thus even with all mine enemyes, only to runne away with their wives.

Pan. *Gunophilus*, for thee I have done this.

Gun. I, and for yourselfe too ; I am sure you will not beg by the way.

Pan. For thee I'll beg, and dye, *Gunophilus* !

Gun. I, so I thinke ; the world is so hard, that if yee beg yee may be sure to be starv'd.

Pan. I prythee be not so churlish.

Gun. O, this is but myrthe ; do you not know

Comes facetus est tanquam vehiculus in via :

A merry companion is as good as a wagon,

For you shall be sure to ryde though yee go a foote.

Pan. *Gunophilus*, setting this mirth aside,
Dost thou not love me more then all the world ?

Gun. Be you as stedfast to me as I'll be to you, and we two will goe to the world's end ; and yet we cannot, for the world is round, and seeing 'tis round, let's daunce in the circle ; come, turne about.

Pan. When I forsake thee, then heaven itselfe shall fall.

Gun. No, God forbid, then perhaps we should have larkes.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter STESIAS.

Ste. This is *Enipeus*' banke, here she should be.

Enter IPHICLES.

Iphi. What, is it midnight? time hath bene my friend.
Come, sweete *Pandora*, all is safe and whist;
Whither flies my love?

Ste. Follow me, follow me; here comes *Stesias*!

Iphi. She hath betray'd me; whither shall I flye?

Ste. Eyther to the river, or els to thy grave.

[*He strikes Iphicles.*]

Enter LEARCHUS.

Lear. The evening's past, yea, midnight is at hand,
And yet *Pandora* comes not at the grove.

Ste. But *Stesias* is her deputy, he comes;
And with his shephooke greetes *Learchus* thus.

[*He layes about.*]

Lear. Pardon me, *Stesias*, 'twas *Pandorae's* wiles
That hath betray'd me; trust her not, she is false.

Ste. Why doest thou tell me the contrary? take that;
She is honest, but thou would'st seduce her.

Away from my grove, out of my land;

Did I not give thee warning?

[*Exit.*]

ACT V.

Enter LUNA.

Luna.



OW other planets' influence is done,
To *Cynthia*, lowest of the erring starres,
Is beautilous *Pandora* given in charge.

And as I am, so shall *Pandora* bee,

New-fangled, fyckle, slothfull, foolish, mad,
In spight of *Nature*, that envies us all.

Gun. Come, come, *Pandora*, we must make more hast,
Or *Stesias* will overtake us both.

Pan. I cannot go no faster, I must rest.

Gun. We are almost at the sea-side, I pray thee ryse.

Pan. O, I am faynt and weary, let me sleepe.

Gun. *Pandora*, if thou love me, let us goe.

Pan. Why doest thou waken me? I'le remember this.

Gun. What, are you angry with me?

Pan. No, with myselfe for loving such a swayne.

What fury made me doate upon these lookes?
Like winter's picture are his withered cheekes,
His hayre as raven's plumes; ah! touch me not!
His hands are like the finnes of some foule fish;
Look, how he mowes, like to an aged ape!
Over the chayne, jacke! or I'le make thee leape!

Gun. What a suddayne change is here?

Pan. Now he sweares by his ten bones; downe, I say!

Gun. Did I not tell you I should have larkes?

Pan. Where is the larks? come, wee'l go catch some
streight;

No, let us go a fishing with a net.

With a net? no, an angle is enough.

An angle, a net, no none of both,

I'le wade into the water, water is fayre,
And stroke the fishes underneath the gilles.

But first I'le go a hunting in the wood;

I like not hunting; let me have a hawke.

What wilt thou say and if I love the still?

Gun. Anything, what you will!

Pan. But shall I have a gowne of oken leaves,
A chaplet of red berries, and a fanne
Made of the morning dewe to coole my face?
How often will you kisse me in an houre?
And where shall we sit till the sunne be downe?
For *Nocte latent mendæ*.

Gun. What then?

Pan. I will not kisse thee till the sunne be downe;
Thou art deform'd, the nyght will cover thee;
We women must be modest in the day:
O, tempt me not untill the evening come.

Gun. *Lucretia tota sis licet usque die, Thaidia nocte volo.*
Hate me a dayes, and love me in the nyght.

Pan. Cals't thou me *Thais*? goe, and love not me;
I am not *Thais*, I'll be *Lucretia*, I;
Give me a knife, and for my chastety
I'll dye to be canonized a saynt.

Gun. But you will love me when the sun is downe?

Pan. No, but I will not!

Gun. Did you not promise me?

Pan. No, I! I saw thee not till now.

Gun. Do you see me now?

Pan. I! and loth thee!

Gun. Belike I was a spirit all this while?

Pan. A spirit! a spirit! whither may I flye?

Enter STESIAS.

Ste. I see *Pandora* and *Gunophilus*.

Pan. And I see *Stesias*; welcome, *Stesias*!

Ste. *Gunophilus*, thou hast inveigled her,
And rob'd me of my treasure and my wife.

I'le strippe thee to the skinne for this offence,
And put thee in a wood to be devour'd
Of emptie tygres, and of hungry wolves,
Nor shall thy sad lookes move me unto rueth.

Gun. Pardon me, mayster ; she is lunaticke,
Foolish and franticke, and I followed her,
Onely to save the goods and bring her backe :
Why thinke you I would runne away with her ?

Pan. He neede not, for I'le runne away with him ;
And yet I will go home with *Stesias* ;
So I shall have a white lambe coloured blacke,
Two little sparrowes, and a spotted fawne.

Ste. I feare it is too true that he reportes.

Gun. Nay, stay awhile, and you shall see her daunce.

Pan. No, no, I will not daunce, but I will sing :
Stesias hath a white hand, but his nayles are blacke,
His fingers are long and small, shall I make them cracke ?
One, two, and three ; I love him, and he loves me.

Beware of the shephooke ;

I'le tell you one thing,

If you aske me why I sing,

I say yee may go looke.

Ste. *Pandora*, speake ; lovest thou *Gunophilus* ?

Pan. I, if he be a fish, for fish are fine ;
Sweete *Stesias*, helpe me to a whiting moppe.

Ste. Now I perceive that she is lunaticke ;
What may I do to bring her to her wits ?

Gun. Speake, gentle maister, and intreat her fayre.

Ste. *Pandora*, my love, *Pandora* !

Pan. I'le not be fayre : why call you me your love ?
Love is a little boy, so am not I !

Ste. I will allure her with fayre promises ;
And when I have her in my leavie bower,
Pray to our water-nymphes and silvane-gods
To cure her of this piteous lunacye.

Pan. Give me a running streame in both my hands,
A blew king's-fisher, and a pible-stone,
And I'll catch butterflies upon the sand,
And thou, *Gumophilus*, shalt clippe their wings.

Ste. I'll give thee streames whose pible shal be pearle,
Love-birdes whose feathers shal be beaten gold,
Musk-flyes with amber berries in their mouthes,
Milke-white squirrels, singing popinjays,
A boat of deare-skins, and a fleeting ile,
A sugar-cane, and line of twisted silke.

Pan. Where be all these ?

Ste. I have them in my bower ; come, follow me.

Pan. Streames with pearle ? birdes with golden
feathers ?

Musk-flyes, and amber berries ? white squirrels,
And singing popinjays ? a boat of deare-skins ?
Come, I'll goe ! I'll go ! [*Exeunt.*

Gun. I was nere in love with her till now. O absolute
Pandora ! because folish, for folly is women's perfection.
To talke idely, to loke wildly, to laugh at every breach
and play with a feather, is that would make a stoyke in
love, yea thou thyselfe.

*O, Marci fili annum iam aulientem Cratippum idque
Athænis.*

Gravity in a woman is like to a gray beard upon a
breaching boies chinne, which a good scholemaister would
cause to be clipt, and the wise husband to be avoyded.

Enter MELOS and the rest.

Melos. *Gunophilus*, where is thy mistresse?

Gun. A ketching a blew king's-fisher.

Iphi. Tell us where is she?

Gun. A gathering little pibles.

Lear. What! dost thou mocke us?

Gun. No! but if she were here, she would make
mowes at the proudest of you.

Melos. What meanest thou by this?

Gun. I meane my mistres is become folish.

Iphi. A just reward for one so false as shee.

Melos. Such hap betide those that intend us ill.

Lear. Never were simple shepherdes so abus'd.

Iphi. *Gunophilus*, thou hast betray'd us all;
Thou broughtest this ring from her which made me come.

Melos. And thou this bloody napkin unto me.

Lear. And thou this flattering letter unto me.

Gun. Why I brought you the ring thinking you and
shee should be married togeather. And being hurt, as
she told me, I had thought she had sent for you as a
surgeon.

Lear. But why broughtest thou me this letter?

Gun. Onely to certifie you that she was in health, as
I was at the bringing hereof. And thus being loth to
trouble you, I commit you to God. Yours, as his owne,
Gunophilus. [*Exit.*

Melos. The wicked youngling flouteth us; let him goe!

Lear. Immortall *Pan*, where'ere this lad remaynes,
Revenge the wrong that he hath done thy swaines.

Melos. O, that a creature so divine as she,

Whose beauty might inforce the heavens to blush,
And make fayre *Nature* angry at the hart
That she hath made her to obscure herselfe,
Should be so fickle and so full of slighthes ;
And fayning love to all, love none at all.

Iphi. Had she been constant unto *Iphicles*,
I would have clad her in sweete *Floræ's* robes :
Have set *Dianæ's* garland on her head,
Made her sole mistres of my wanton flocke,
And sing in honour of her diety,
Where now with teares I curse *Pandoræ's* name.

Lear. The springs that smil'd to see *Pandoræ's* face,
And leapt above the bankes to touch her lippes ;
The proud playnes dauncing with *Pandoræ's* weight ;
The jocund trees that val'd when she came neare,
And in the murmur of their whispering leaves
Did seeme to say, "*Pandora* is our queene !"
Witnesse how fayre and beautifull she was ;
But now alone, how false, and treacherous !

Melos. Here I abjure *Pandora*, and protest
To live for ever in a single life.

Lear. The like vow makes *Learchus* to great *Pan*.

Iphi. And *Iphicles* ; though soare agaynst his will.

Lear. In witnesse of my vow I rend these lines ;—
O thus be my love disperst into the ayre !

Melos. Here lie the bloo y napkin which she sent,
And with it my affection, and my love.

Iphi. Breake, breake, *Pandoræ's* ring ; and with it
breake

Pandoræ's love, that almost burst my heart.

Enter STESIAS, PANDORA, and GUNOPHILUS.

Ste. Ah, whither runnes my love *Pandora*? stay,
Gentle *Pandora*, stay; runne not so fast.

Pan. Shall I not stamp upon the ground? I will!
Who sayeth *Pandora* shall not rend her hayre?
Where is the grove that ask't me how I did?
Give me an angle, for the fish will bite.

Melos. Looke, how *Pandora* raves! now she is starke
mad.

Ste. For you she raves, that meant to ravish her;
Helpe to recover her, or els yee dye!

Lear. May she with raving dye! do what thou dar'st.

Iphi. She overreacht us with deceitfull guile;
And *Pan*, to whom we prayd, hath wrought revenge.

Pan. I'll have the ocean put into a glasse,
And drinke it to the health of *Stesias*.
Thy head is full of hedioces, *Iphicles*,
So, shake them of; now let me see thy hand;
Looke where a blasing starre is in this line,
And in the other two-and-twenty sonnes.

Ste. Come, come, *Pandora*; sleepe within my armes.

Pan. Thine armes are firebrandes! wher's *Guno-*
philus?

Go kisse the eccho, and bid love untrusse;
Go fetch the blacke goat with the brazen heele,
And tell the bell-wether I heare him not.
Not, not, not, that you should not come unto me
This night, not at all, at all, at all. [*Dormit.*]

Gun. She is asleepe, mayster; shall I wake her?

Ste. O, no, *Gunophilus*; there let her sleepe,

And let us pray that she may be recur'd.

Lear. *Stesias*, thou pittiest her that loves thee not.

Melos. The wordes we told thee, *Stesias*, were too true.

Iphi. Never did *Iphicles* disemble yet ;

Beleeve me, *Stesias*, she hath bene untrue.

Ste. Yet will you slay me with your slaunderous words ?

Did you not all sweare for her chastety ?

Lear. It was her subtle wit that made us sweare ;

For, *Stesias*, know she shewed love to us all,

And severally sent for us by this swayne.

And unto me he brought such hony lines,

As overcom'd, I flew unto her bower ;

Who, when I came, swore she lov'd me alone,

Willing me to deny the wordes I spoke,

And she at night would meet me in the grove ;

Thus meaning simply, lo ! I was betray'd.

Melos. *Gunophilus* brought me a bloody cloth,

Saying for my love she was almost slayne ;

And when I came she used me as this swaine,

Protesting love, and 'poynting me this place.

Iphi. And by this bearer I received a ring,

And many a loving word that drew me forth.

O ! that a woman should desemble so !

She then forswore *Learchus* and this swaine,

Saying that *Iphicles* was onely hers ;

Whereat I promised to deny my wordes,

And she to meete me at *Enepius'* banks.

Ste. Wert thou the messenger unto them all ?

Gun. I was, and all that they have sayde is true ;

She lov'd not you, nor them, but me alone.

How oft hath she runne up and downe the lawnes,

Calling aloud—"Where is *Gunophilus*?"

Ste. Ah! how my hart swels at these miscreant's wordes!

Melos. Come, let us leave him in this pensive mood.

Lear. Fret, *Stesias*, fret; while we daunce on the playne.

Melos. Such fortune happen to incredulus swaines.

Iphi. Sweete is a single life; *Stesias*, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ste. Go life, flye soule; go, wretched *Stesias*!

Curst be *Utopia* for *Pandoræ's* sake!

Let wild bores with their tuskes plow up my lawnes,

Devouring wolves come shake my tender lambes,

Drive up my goates unto some steepy rocke,

And let them fall downe headlong in the sea.

She shall not live, nor thou, *Gunophilus*,

To triumph in poore *Stesias'* overthrow.

Enter the SEAVEN PLANETS.

Sat. Stay, shepherd, stay!

Jup. Hurt not *Pandora*, lovely *Stesias*.

[*She awakes and is sober.*]

Pan. What meanes my love, to looke so pale and wan?

Ste. For thee, base strumpet, am I pale and wanne.

Mer. Speake mildly, or I'll make thee, crabbed swaine!

Sol. Take her agayne, and love her, *Stesias*.

Ste. Not for *Utopia*! no, not for the world!

Venus. Ah! can'st thou frowne on her that looks so sweet?

Pan. Have I offended thee? I'll make amends.

Mer. And what can'st thou demand more at her hand?

Ste. To slay herselfe, that I may live alone.

Luna. Flint-hearted shepherd, thou deserveth her not.

Ste. If thou be *Jove*, convey her from the earth,
And punish this *Gunophilus* her man.

Gun. O *Jove*! let this be my punishment, to live still
with *Pandora*.

Enter NATURE.

Nat. Envious planets, you have done your worst,—
Yet in despite of you *Pandora* lives;
And seeing the shepherds have abjur'd her love,
She shal be placed in one of your seaven orbs.
But thou that hast not serv'd her as I wil'd,
Vanish into a haythorne as thou stand'st,
Neare shalt thou wait upon *Pandora* more.

[*Exit Gunophilus.*

Sat. O, *Nature*! place *Pandora* in my sphere,
For I am old, and she will make me young.

Jup. With me! and I will leave the queene of heaven.

Mars. With me! and *Venus* shall no more be mine.

Sol. With me! and I'll forget fayre *Daphne's* love.

Venus. With me! and I'll turne *Cupid* out of doores.

Mer. With me! and I'll forsake *Aglauros'* love.

Luna. No! fayre *Pandora*, stay with *Cynthia*,
And I will love thee more then all the rest:

Rule thou my starre, while I stay in the woods,
Or keepe with *Pluto* in the infernall shades.

Ste. Go where thou wilt, so I be rid of thee.

Nat. Speake, my *Pandora*; where wilt thou be?

Pan. Not with old *Saturne*, for he lookes like death;

Nor yet with *Jupiter*, least *Juno* storme ;
Nor with thee, *Mars*, for *Venus* is thy love ;
Nor with thee, *Sol*, thou hast two parramours,
The sea-borne *Thetis* and the rudy morne ;
Nor with thee, *Venus*, least I be in love
With blindfold *Cupid*, or young *Joculus* ;
Nor with thee, *Hermes*, thou art full of slighes,
And when I need thee *Jove* will send thee foorth.
Say, *Cynthia*, shall *Pandora* rule thy starre,
And wilt thou play *Diana* in the woods,
Or *Hecate* in *Pluto's* regiment ?

Luna. I, *Pandora* !

Pan. Fayre *Nature*, let thy handmayd dwell with her.
For know that change is my felicity,
And ficklenesse *Pandoræ's* proper forme.
Thou mad'st me sullen first, and thou, *Jove*, proud :
Thou bloody-minded ; he a Puritan :
Thou, *Venus*, mad'st me love all that I saw,
And *Hermes* to deceive all that I love ;
But *Cynthia* made me idle, mutable, forgetfull,
Foolish, fickle, franticke, madde ;
These be the humors that content me best,
And therefore will I stay with *Cynthia*.

Nat. And, *Stesius*, since thou set'st so light on her,
Be thou her slave, and follow her in the moone.

Ste. I'll rather dye, then beare her company !

Jup. *Nature* will have it so, attend on her.

Nat. I'll have thee be her vassaile, murmur not.

Ste. Then, to revenge me of *Gunophilus*,
I'll rend this hathorne with my furious hands,
And beare this bush, if eare she looke but backe,

I'll scratch her face that was so false to me.

Nat. Now rule, *Pandora*, in fayre *Cynthia's* steede,
And make the moone inconstant like thyselfe ;
Raigne thou at women's nuptials, and their birth ;
Let them be mutable in all their loves,
Fantasticall, childish, and folish, in their desires.
Demaunding toyes : and starke madde
When they cannot have their will.

Now follow me, ye wand'ring lightes of heaven,
And greive not that she is not plast with you ;
All you shall glaunce at her in your aspects,
And in conjunction dwell with her a space.

Ste. O that they had my roome !

Nat. I charge thee follow her, but hurt her not.

LOVE'S METAMORPHOSIS.

A WITTIE AND COURTLY PASTORALL, WRITTEN BY MR.

JOHN LYLLIE. FIRST PLAYD BY THE CHILDREN

OF PAULES, AND NOW BY THE CHILDREN

OF THE CHAPPELL.

*London: Printed by William Wood, dwelling
at the West end of Paules, at the
signe of Time. 1601.*



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CUPID.

RAMIS, *in love with Nisa.*

MONTANUS, *in love with Celia.*

SILVESTRIS, *in love with Niobe.*

ERISICTHON, *a churlish Husbandman.*

PETULIUS, *in love with Protea.*

MERCHANT.

CERES.

NISA,

CELIA,

NIOBE,

TIRTENA,

} *Nymphs of Ceres.*

PROTEA, *Daughter to Erisicthon.*

FIDELIA, *a Maiden transformed into a Tree.*

SYREN.

SCENE—*Arcadia.*



LOVE'S METAMORPHOSIS.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA PRIMA.

RAMIS, MONTANUS, SILVESTRIS.

Ramis.

I CANNOT see, *Montanus*, why it is fain'd
by the poets, that love sat upon the chaos
and created the world, since in the world
there is so little love.

Mon. Ramis, thou canst not see that which cannot
with reason be imagined ; for if the divine vertues of
love had disperst themselves through the powers of the
world so forcibly as to make them take by his influence
the formes and qualities imprest within them, no doubt
they could not chuse but savour more of his divinitie.

Sil. I doe not thinke love hath any sparke of divi-
nitie in him ; since the end of his being is earthly ; in
the bloud is he begot, by the fraile fires of the eye, and
quencht by the frayler shadowes of thought. What
reason have we then to soothe his humor with such zeale,
and follow his fading delights with such passion ?

Ramis. We have bodies, *Silvestris*, and humane bo-

dies, which in their owne natures being much more wretched then beastes, doe much more miserably then beasts pursue their owne ruines: and since it will aske longer labour and studie to subdue the powers of our bloud to the rule of the soule, then to satisfie them with the fruition of our loves, let us bee constant in the world's errours, and seeke our owne torments.

Mon. As good yeeld indeed submissively, and satisfie part of our affections, as bee stubborne without abilitie to resist, and enjoy none of them. I am in worst plight, since I love a nymph that mockes love.

Ramis. And I one that hates love.

Sil. I, one that thinkes herselfe above love.

Ramis. Let us not dispute whose mistris is most bad, since they be all cruell; nor which of our fortunes be most froward, since they bee all desperate. I will hang my skutchin on this tree in honour of *Ceres*, and write this verse on the tree in hope of my successe. *Penelope ipsam perstes, modo tempore vinces.* *Penelope* will yeeld at last: continue and conquer.

Mon. I this: *Fruetus abest facies cum bona teste caret.* Faire faces lose their favours, if they admit no lovers.

Ramis. But why studieth thou? what wilt thou write for thy lady to read?

Sil. That which necessitie maketh me to indure, love reverence, wisdomer wonder at. *Rivalem patienter habe.*

Mon. Come, let us everie one to our walkes, it may be we shall meete them walking. [Exeunt.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCÆNA SECUNDA.

NISA, CELIA, NIOBE, FIDELIA, ERISICTHON.

Nisa. It is time to hang up our garlands, this is our harvest holyday, wee must both sing and daunce in the honour of *Ceres*: of what colours or flowers is thine made of, *Niobe*?

Niobe. Of salamints, which in the morning are white, red at noone, and in the evening purple; for in my affections shall there be no staiednesse but in unstaiednes; but what is yours of, *Nisa*?

Nisa. Of hollie, because it is most holy, which lovely greene neither the sunne's beames, nor the wind's blasts can alter or diminish. But, *Celia*, what garland have you?

Celia. Mine all of cypres leaves, which are broadest and beautifullest, yet beareth the least fruit; for beautie maketh the brightest shew, being the slightest substance; and I am content to wither before I bee worne, and deprive myselfe of that which so many desire.

Niobe. Come, let us make an end, lest *Ceres* come and find us slacke in performing that which wee owe. But soft, some have beene here this morning before us.

Nisa. The amorous foresters, or none; for in the woods they have eaten so much wake-robin, that they cannot sleepe for love.

Celia. Alas, poore soules, how ill love sounds in their lips, who telling a long tale of hunting, thinke they have bewray'd a sad passion of love!

Niobe. Give them leave to love, since we have libertie to chuse, for as great sport doe I take in coursing their tame hearts, as they doe paines in hunting their wilde harts.

Celia. *Niobe*, your affection is but pinned to your tongue, which when you list you can unloose. But let us read what they have written : *Penelopen ipsam perstes, modo tempore vinces.* That is for you, *Nisa*, whome nothing will moove, yet hope makes him hover.

Nisa. A fond hobbie to hover over an eagle.

Niobe. But forresteres thinke all birds to be buntings. What's the nexte? *Fruetus abest facies cum bona teste caret.* *Celia*, the forrester gives you good counsel, take your penniworth whiles the market serves.

Celia. I hope it will be market day till my deathe's day!

Nisa. Let me read to. *Rivalem patienter habe.* Hee toucheth you, *Niobe*, on the quicke, yet you see how patient he is in your constancie.

Niobe. Inconstancie is a vice, which I will not swap for all the vertues; though I throwe one off with my whole hand, I can pull him againe with my little finger: let us encourage them, and write something; if they censure it favourably, we know them fooles; if angerly, we wil say they are froward.

Nisa. I will begin. *Cedit amor rebus, res age, tutus eris.*

Celia. Indeed better to tell stars then be idle, yet better idle then ill employed; mine this. *Sat mihi si facies, sit bene nota mihi.*

Niobe. You care for nothing but a glasse, that is, a flatterer.

Nisa. Then all men are glasses.

Celia. Some glasses are true.

Niobe. No men are ; but this is mine : *Victoria tecum stabit.*

Nisa. Thou givest hope.

Niobe. He is worthy of it, that is patient.

Celia. Let us sing, and so attend on *Ceres* ; for this day, although into her heart never entred any motion of love, yet usually to the temple of *Cupid*, shee offereth two white doves, as entreating his favour, and one eagle as commaunding his power. *Præcibusque minas regaliter addet.* [Cantant et saltant.

Eris. What noyse is this, what assembly, what idolatrie ? Is the modestie of virgins turnd to wantonnesse ? The honour of *Ceres* accompted immortal ? And *Erisiethon*, ruler of this forrest, esteemed of no force ? Impudent giglots that you are, to disturbe my game, or dare doe honour to any but *Erisiethon*. It is not your faire faces as smooth as jeate, nor your entysing eyes, though they drew yron like adamants, nor your filed speeches, were they as forcible as *Thessalides*, that shall make me any way flexible.

Niobe. *Erisiethon*, thy sterne lookes joynd with thy stout speeches ; thy words as unkembd as thy lockes ; were able to affright men of bold courage, and to make us silly girles frantiecke, that are full of feare ; but knowe thou, *Erisiethon*, that were thy hands so unstaid as thy tongue, and th' one as ready to execute mischief as the other to threaten it, it should neither move our hearts to aske pittie, or remoove our bodies from this place ; wee are the handmaidens of divine *Ceres* ; to faire *Ceres* is

this holy tree dedicated, to *Ceres*, by whose favour thyselfe livest, that art worthy to perish.

Eris. Are you addicted to *Ceres*, that in spight of *Erisichthon* you wil use these sacrifices? No, immodest girles, you shall see that I have neither regard of your sexe which men should tender, nor of your beautie which foolish love would dote on, nor of your goddesse, which none but pievish girles reverence. I will destroy this tree in despite of all, and that you may see my hand execute what my heart intendeth, and that no meane may appease my malice, my last word shall bee the beginning of the first blowe.

Celia. Out, alas! what hath he done?

Niobe. Ourselves, I feare, must also minister matter to his furie!

Nisa. Let him alone: but see, the tree powreth out bloud, and I heare a voice.

Eris. What voice? if in the tree there be anybodie, speake quickly, lest the next blow hit the tale out of thy mouth.

Fide. Monster of men, hate of the heavens, and to the earth a burthen, what hath chast *Fidelia* committed? It is thy spite, *Cupid*, that having no power to wound my unspotted mind, procurest meanes to mangle my tender body, and by violence to gash those sides that enclose a heart dedicate to vertue: or is it that savage *Satire*, that feeding his sensuall appetite upon lust, seeketh now to quench it with bloud, that being without hope to attaine my love, hee may with cruelty end my life? Or doth *Ceres*, whose nymph I have beene many yeares, in recompence of my inviolable faith, reward me

with unspeakable torments? Divine *Phæbus*, that pursued *Daphne* till shee was turned to a bay-tree, ceased then to trouble her. I, the gods are pittifull; and *Cineras*, that with furie followed his daughter *Miretia*, till shee was chaunged to a mirre-tree, left then to prosecute her: yea, parents are naturall; *Phæbus* lamented the losse of his friend, *Cineras* of his child: but both gods and men either forgot or neglect the chaunge of *Fidelia*; nay, follow her after her chaunge, to make her more miserable: so that there is nothing more hatefull then to be chast, whose bodies are followed in the world with lust, and prosecuted in the graves with tyrannie; whose minds the freer they are from vice, their bodies are in the more daunger of mischiefe, so that they are not safe when they live, because of men's love; nor being chaunged, because of their hates; nor being dead, because of their defaming. What is that chastitie which so few women study to keep, and both gods and men seeke to violate? If onely a naked name, why are we so superstitious of a hollow sound? If a rare vertue, why are men so carelesse of such an exceeding rarenesse? Goe, ladies, tell *Ceres* I am that *Fidelia* that so long knit garlands in her honour, and chased with a *Satyre*, by praier to the gods became turned to a tree, whose body now is growne over with a rough barke, and whose golden lockes are covered with green leaves, yet whose mind nothing can alter, neither the feare of death nor the torments. If *Ceres* seeke no revenge, then let virginities be not only the scorne of savage people, but the spoyle. But, alas! I feele my last bloud to come, and therefore must end my last breath. Farewel, ladies,

whose lives are subject to many mischieves ; for if you be faire, it is hard to be chaste ; if chaste, impossible to be safe ; if you be young, you will quickly bend ; if bend, you are suddenly broken ; if you be foule, you shall seldome be flattered ; if you be not flattered, you will ever be sorrowfull. Beautie is a firme ficklenesse, youth a feeble staiednesse, deformitie a continuall sadnesse.

Niobe. Thou monster, canst thou heare this without griefe ?

Eris. Yea, and double your griefes with my blowes.

Nisa. Ah, poore *Fidelia*, the expresse patterne of chastitie, and example of misfortune !

Celia. Ah, cruel *Erisiethon*, that not onely defaceeth these holy trees, but murtherest also this chaste nimph !

Eris. Nimph, or goddesse, it skilleth not ! for there is none that *Erisiethon* careth for, but *Erisiethon* ; let *Ceres*, the lady of your harvest, revenge when shee will, — nay, when shee dares ! and tell her this, that I am *Erisiethon*.

Niobe. Thou art none of the gods.

Eris. No, a contemner of the gods.

Nisa. And hopest thou to escape revenge, being but a man ?

Eris. Yea, I care not for revenge, beeing a man and *Erisiethon*.

Nisa. Come, let us to *Ceres*, and complaine of this unacquainted and incredible villiane ; if there bee power in her deitie, in her mind pittie, or vertue in virginities, this monster cannot escape.

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

CERES, NIOBE, NISA, CUPID, TIRTEA.

Ceres.

BOTH *Erisichthon* offer force to my nymphs, and to my deitie disgrace? Have I stuffed his barnes with fruitfull graine, and doth hee stretch his hand against me with intolerable pride? So it is, *Ceres*, thine eyes may wnesse what thy nymphes have told: heere lyeth the tree hackt in peeces, and the blood scarce cold of the fairest virgine. If this be thy crueltie, *Cupid*, I will no more hallow thy temple with sacred vowes; if thy caukred nature, *Erisichthon*, thou shalt find as great miserie, as thou shewest malice: I am resolved of thy punishment, and as speedie shall bee my revenge, as thy rigour barbarous. *Tirtena*, on yonder hill—where never grew graine nor leafe, where nothing is but barrennesse and coldnesse, feare and palenesse—lyeth famine; goe to her, and say that *Ceres* commaundeth her to gnaw on the bowels of *Erisichthon*, that his hunger may bee as unquenchable as his furie.

Tir. I obey; but how should I know her from others?

Ceres. Thou canst not misse of her, if thou remember but her name; and that canst thou not forget, for that comming neere to the place, thou shalt find gnawing in thy stomacke. Shee lyeth gaping, and swalloweth nought but ayre; her face pale, and so leane, that as easily thou maiest through the verie skinne behold the bone as in a glasse thy shadow; her haire long, blacke

and shaggie ; her eyes sunke so farre into her head that she looketh out of the nape of her necke ; her lips white and rough ; her teeth hollow and red with rustinesse ; her skin so thin, that thou maiest as lively make an anatomie of her body as shee were cut up with chirurgions ; her maw like a drie bladder ; her heart swolne bigge with wind ; and all her bowels like snakes working in her bodie. This monster, when thou shalt behold, tell her my mind, and returne with speed.

Tir. I goe, fearing more the sight of famine then the force.

Ceres. Take thou these few eares of corne, but let not famine so much as smell to them ; and let her goe aloofe from thee. Now shall *Erisichthon* see that *Ceres* is a great goddessse, as full of power as himselfe of pride, and as pittillesse as he presumptuous ; how thinke you, ladies, is not this revenge apt for so great injurie ?

Niobe. Yes, madam : to let men see they that contend with the gods doe but confound themselves.

Ceres. But let us to the temple of *Cupid* and offer sacrifice ; they that thinke it straunge for chastitie to humble itselfe to *Cupid*, knowe neither the power of love, nor the nature of virginie : th' one having absolute authoritie to commaund, the other difficultie to resist ; and where such continuall warre is betweene love and vertue, there must bee some parlies and continuall perils ; *Cupid* was never conquered, and therefore must be flattered : virginie hath, and therefore must be humble.

Nisa. Into my heart, madam, there did never enter any motion of love.

Ceres. Those that often say they cannot love, or will

not love,—certainly they love. Did'st thou never see *Cupid*?

Nisa. No: but I have heard him described at the full; and, as I imagined, foolishly. First, that he should bee a god blind and naked, with wings, with bowe, with arrowes, with fire-brands, swimming sometimes in the sea, and playing sometimes on the shore, with many other devices which the painters, being the poets' apes, have taken as great paines to shaddow, as they to lie. Can I thinke that gods that commaund all things would goe naked? What should he doe with wings that knowes not where to flie? Or what with arrowes, that sees not how to ayme? The heart is a narrow marke to hit, and rather requireth *Argus*' eyes to take level, then a blind boy to shoote at randome. If he were fire, the sea would quench those coles, or the flame turne him into cinders.

Ceres. Well, *Nisa*, thou shalt see him.

Nisa. I feare *Niobe* hath felt him.

Niobe. Not I, madam! yet must I confesse, that oftentimes I have had sweete thoughts, sometimes hard conceites; betwixt both, a kind of yeelding; I know not what. But certainly I thinke it is not love; sigh I can, and find ease in melancholly; smile I doe, and take pleasure in imagination; I feele in myselfe a pleasing paine, a chill heate, a delicate bitternesse; how to terme it I know not; without doubt it may be love; sure I am it is not hate.

Nisa. *Niobe* is tender-hearted, whose thoughts are like water, yeelding to everie thing, and nothing to bee scene.

Ceres. Well, let us to *Cupid*; and take heede that in your stubbernesse you offend him not, whome by en-

treaties you ought to follow. *Diana's* nymphes were as chaste as *Ceres's* virgines, as faire, as wise: how *Cupid* tormented them I had rather you should heare then feele; but this is truth, they all yeelded to love; looke not scornefully, my nymphes, I say they are yeelded to love. This is the temple. Thou great god *Cupid*, whome the gods regard, and men reverence, let it bee lawfull for *Ceres* to offer her sacrifice.

Cupid. Divine *Ceres*. *Cupid* accepteth anything that cometh from *Ceres*; which feedeth my sparrows with ripe corne, my pigeons with wholesome seedes and honourest my temple with chaste virgines.

Ceres. Then, love, to thee I bring these white and spotlesse doves, in token that my heart is as free from any thought of love, as these from any blemish, and as cleare in virginity, as these perfect in whitenesse. But that my nymphes may know both thy power and thy lawes, and neither erre in ignorance nor pride, let me aske some questions to instruct them that they offend not thee, whome resist they cannot. In virgines what dost thou chiefest desire?

Cupid. In those that are not in love, reverent thoughts of love; in those that be, faithfull vowes.

Ceres. What dost thou most hate in virgines?

Cupid. Pride in the beautifull, bitter taunts in the wittie, incredulity in all.

Ceres. What may protect my virgines that they may never love?

Cupid. That they be never idle.

Ceres. Why didst thou so cruellie torment all *Diana's* nymphes with love.

Cupid. Because they thought it impossible to love.

Ceres. What is the substance of love?

Cupid. Constancie and secrecie.

Ceres. What the signes?

Cupid. Sighes and teares.

Ceres. What the causes?

Cupid. Wit and idlenesse.

Ceres. What the meanes?

Cupid. Oportunitie and importunitie.

Ceres. What the end?

Cupid. Happinesse without end.

Ceres. What requirest thou of men?

Cupid. That onely shall be knowne to men.

Ceres. What revenge for those that will not love?

Cupid. To be deceived when they doe.

Ceres. Well, *Cupid.* intreate my nymphes with favour, and though to love it be no vice, yet spotlesse virginie is the onely vertue: let me keepe their thoughtes as chaste as their bodies, that *Ceres* may be happie, and they praised.

Cupid. Why, *Ceres*, doe you thinke that lust followeth love? *Ceres*, lovers are chaste: for what is love, divine love, but the quintessence of chastitie, and affections binding by heavenly motions, that cannot bee undone by earthly meanes, and must not be controlled by any man?

Ceres. Wee will honour thee with continuall sacrifice, warme us with mild affections; lest being too hotte, wee seeme immodest like wantons, or too cold, immoveable like stockes.

Cupid. *Ceres*, let this serve for all; let not thy nymphes

be light nor obstinate ; but as virgines should be, pittifull and faithfull. So shall your flames warme, but not burne ; delight, and never discomfort.

Ceres. How say you, my nymphs ! doth not *Cupid* speake like a god ? Counsel you I will not to love ; but conjure you I must, that you be not disdainfull. Let us in, and see how *Erisichthon* speedeth : famine flieth swiftly, and hath already seized on his stomacke.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS TERTIUS. SCENA PRIMA.

RAMIS, NISA, MONTANUS, CELIA, SILVESTRIS, NIOBE.

Ramis.



TAY, cruell *Nisa*, thou knowest not from whome thou fliest, and therefore fliest ; I come not to offer violence, but that which is inviolable : my thoughts are as holy as thy vows, and I as constant in love as thou in crueltie ; lust followeth not my love as shadowes doe bodies, but truth is woven into my love as veines into bodies : let me touch this tender arme, and say my love is endlesse.

Nisa. And to no end.

Ramis. It is without spot.

Nisa. And shall be without hope.

Ramis. Dost thou disdaine love and his lawes ?

Nisa. I doe not disdaine that which I thinke is not, yet laugh at those that honour it if it be.

Ramis. Time shall bring to passe that *Nisa* shall confesse there is love.

Nisa. Then also will love make me confesse that *Nisa* is a foole.

Ramis. Is it folly to love, which the gods accompt honourable, and men esteeme holy?

Nisa. The gods make anything lawfull, because they be gods, and men honour shadowes for substance, because they are men.

Ramis. Both gods and men agree that love is a consuming of the heart, and restoring a bitter death in a sweete life.

Nisa. Gods doe know, and men should, that love is a consuming of wit, and restoring of folly; a staring blindnesse, and a blind gazing.

Ramis. Wouldst thou allot me death?

Nisa. No, but discretion.

Ramis. Yeeld some hope.

Nisa. Hope to dispaire.

Ramis. Not so long as *Nisa* is a woman.

Nisa. Therein, *Ramis*, you show yourselfe a man.

Ramis. Why?

Nisa. In flattering yourselfe that all women wil yeeld.

Ramis. All may.

Nisa. Thou shalt sweare that we cannot.

Ramis. I will follow thee, and practise by denials to bee patient, or by disdaining die, and so be happy.

[*Exeunt.*

Mon. Though thou hast overtaken me in love, yet have I overtaken thee in running: faire *Celia*, yeelde to love, to sweete love!

Celia. *Montanus*, thou art mad; that having no breath almost in running so fast, thou wilt yet spend more in

speaking so foolishly: yeeld to love I cannot, or if I doe, to thy love I will not.

Mon. The fairest wolfe chuseth the foulest, if he bee faithfullest; and he that indureth most griefe, not hee that hath most beautie.

Celia. If my thoughts were wolvis, thy hopes might be as thy comparison is, beastly.

Mon. I would thy words were, as thy lookes are, lovely.

Celia. I would thy lookes were, as thy affection is, blind.

Mon. Faire faces should have smoothe hearts.

Celia. Fresh flowres have crooked rootes.

Mon. Women's beauties will waine, and then no art can make them faire!

Celia. Men's follies will ever waxe, and then what reason can make them wise?

Mon. To be amiable, and not to love, is like a painted lady, to have colours, and no life.

Celia. To be amorous, and not lovely, is like a pleasant foole, full of words, and no deserts.

Mon. What call you deserts, what lovely?

Celia. No lovelier thing then wit; no greater desert then patience.

Mon. Have not I an excellent wit?

Celia. If thou thinke so thyselfe, thou art an excellent foole.

Mon. Foole? no, *Celia!* thou shalt find me as wise as I doe thee proud; and as little to digest thy taunts as thou to brooke my love.

Celia. I thought, *Montanus*, that you could not deserve, when I told you what it was, patience.

Mon. Sweete *Celia*, I will be patient and forget this.

Celia. Then want you wit, that you can be content to be patient.

Mon. A hard choyse, if I take all well, to be a fool ; if find fault, then to want patience.

Celia. The fortune of love and the vertue is neither to have successe nor meane. Farewel ! [*Exeunt.*

Mon. Farewell ? nay, I will follow ! and I know not how it commeth to passe, disdaine increaseth desire ; and the further possibilitie standeth, the neerer approacheth hope. I follow ! [*Exeunt.*

Sil. Polypus, *Niobe*, is ever of the colour of the stone it sticketh to ; and thou ever of his humor thou talkest with.

Niobe. Find you fault that I love ?

Sil. So many.

Niobe. Would you have me like none ?

Sil. Yes, one.

Niobe. Who shall make choyse but myselfe ?

Sil. Myselfe.

Niobe. For another to put thoughts into my head were to pull the braynes out of my head ; take not measure of my affections, but weigh your owne ; the oake findeth no faulte with the dewe, because it also falleth on the bramble. Beleeve me, *Silvestris*, the onely way to be mad is to be constant. Poets make their wreathes of lawrell ; ladies, of sundrie flowers.

Sil. Sweete *Niobe*, a ryver running into divers brookes becommeth shallow, and a mind divided into sundrie affections, in the end, will have none. What joy can I take in the fortune of my love, when I shall know many

to have the like favours? Turtles flocke by couples, and breede both joy and young ones.

Niobe. But bees in swarmes, and bring forth waxe and honie.

Sil. Why doe you covet many, that may find sweetnesse in one?

Niobe. Why had *Argus* an hundred eyes, and might have seene with one?

Sil. Because whilst he slept with some, he might wake with other some.

Niobe. And I love many, because, being deceived by the inconstancie of divers, I might yet have one.

Sil. That was but a device of *Juno*, that knewe *Jupiter's* love.

Niobe. And this a rule of *Venus*, that knew men's lightnes.

Sil. The whole heaven hath but one sunne.

Niobe. But sturres infinite.

Sil. The rainebow is ever in one compasse.

Niobe. But of sundrie colours.

Sil. A woman hath but one heart.

Niobe. But a thousand thoughts.

Sil. My lute, though it have many strings, maketh a sweete consent: and a ladie's heart, though it harbour many fancies, should embrace but one love.

Niobe. The strings of my heart are tuned in a contrarie keye to your lute, and make as sweete harmonie in discords as yours in concord.

Sil. Why, what strings are in ladies' hearts? not the base.

Niobe. There is no base string in a woman's heart.

Sil. The meane?

Niobe. There was never meane in woman's heart.

Sil. The treble?

Niobe. Yea! the treble, double and treble; and so are all my heartstrings. Farewell!

Sil. Sweete *Niobe*, let us sing, that I may die with the swanne.

Niobe. It will make you sigh the more, and live with the salamich.

Sil. Are thy tunes fire?

Niobe. Are yours death?

Sil. No; but when I have heard thy voice, I am content to die.

Niobe. I will sing to content thee. [*Cantant.*

Sil. Inconstant *Niobe*! unhappie *Silvestris*! yet had I rather shee should rather love all then none: for nowe though I have no certaintie, yet doe I find a kinde of sweetnesse.

Ramis. Cruell *Nisa*, borne to slaughter men!

Mon. Coy *Celia*, bred up in skoffes!

Sil. Wavering, yet wittie *Niobe*! But are we all met?

Ramis. Yea! and met withall; if your fortunes be answerable to mine, for I find my mistris immoveable, and the hope I have is to despaire.

Mon. Mine in pride intolerable, who biddeth me looke for no other comfort then contempt.

Sil. Mine is best of all, and worst; this is my hope, that either shee will have many or none.

Ramis. I feare our fortunes cannot thrive, for *Erisichthon* hath felled downe the holy tree of *Ceres*, which will encrease in her choler, and in her nymphes cru-

eltie: let us see whether our garlands bee there which we hanged on the tree; and let us hang ourselves upon another.

Sil. A remedie for love irremoveable; but I will first see whether all those that love *Niobe* do like: in the meane season I will content myselfe with my share.

Mon. Here is the tree. O mischiefe scarce to be beleev'd, impossible to be pardoned!

Ramis. Pardoned it is not, for *Erisicthon* perisheth with famine, and is able to starve those that looke on him. Here hang our garlands, something is written; read mine.

Sil. *Cedit amor rebus, res age, tutus eris.*

Mon. And mine.

Sil. *Sat mihi si facies, sit bene nota mihi.* Now for myselfe,—*Victoria tecum stabit scilicet.*

Mon. You see their posies is as their hearts; and their hearts as their speeches, cruell, proud, and wavering: let us all to the temple of *Cupid*, and intreate his favour, if not to obtaine their loves, yet to revenge their hates; *Cupid* is a kinde god, who, knowing our unspotted thoughts, will punish them, or release us. Wee will studie what revenge to have, that our paines proceeding of our owne minds, their plagues may also proceed from theirs. Are you all agreed?

Sil. I consent; but what if *Cupid* denie helpe?

Mon. Then he is no god.

Sil. But if he yeeld, what shall we aske?

Ramis. Revenge.

Mon. Then let us prepare ourselves for *Cupid's* sacrifice.

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS TERTIUS. SCÆNA SECUNDA.

ERISICTHON, PROTEA, MARCHANT.

Eris. Come, *Protea*, deare daughter, that name must thou buy too deare ; necessitie causeth thee to be sold ; nature must frame thee to be contented. Thou seest in how short a space I have turned all my goods into my guts, where I feele a continuall fire, which nothing can quench ; my famine increaseth by eating, resembling the sea, which receiveth all things, and cannot be filled : life is sweete, hunger sharpe, betweene them the contention must bee short, unlesse thou, *Protea*, prolong it. I have acknowledged my offence against *Ceres* ; make amends I cannot, for the gods holding the ballance in their hands, what recompence can equally weigh with their punishments ? Or what is hee that having but one ill thought of *Ceres*, that can 'race it with a thousand dutifull actions ? Such is the difference, that none can find defence : this is the ods, we miserable, and men ; they immortall, and gods.

Pro. Deare father, I will obey both to sale and slaughter, accompting it the onely happinesse of my life, should I live an hundred yeares, to prolong yours but one mynute : I yeeld, father, chop and chaunge me, I am readie ; but first let mee make my prayers to *Neptune*, and withdraw yourselfe till I have done, long it shall not bee, now it must be.

Eris. Stay, sweete *Protea*, and that great god heare thy prayer, though *Ceres* stop her eares to mine.

Pro. Sacred *Neptune*, whose godhead conquered my

maidenhead, bee as ready to heare my passions, as I was to beleeeve thine, and performe that now I intreate which thou didst promise when thyselfe didst love. Let not mee be a pray to this *Marchaunt*, who knowes no other god then gold, unlesse it be falsely swearing by a god to get gold; let me as often as I be bought for money, or pawn'd for meate, be turned into a bird, hare, or lambe, or any shape wherin I may be safe; so shall I preserve mine owne honour, my father's life, and never repent me of thy love; and now bestirre thee, for of all men, I hate that *Marchant*, who, if he find my beautie worth one pennie, will put it to use to gaine ten, having no religion in his mind, nor word in his mouth but money. *Neptune*, heare now or never. Father, I have done.

Eris. In good time, *Protea*, thou hast done; for loe, the *Marchant* keepeth not onely day, but hower.

Pro. If I had not beene here, had I beene forfeited?

Eris. No, *Protea*, but thy father famished. Here, gentleman, I am ready with my daughter.

Pro. Gentleman?

Mar. Yea, gentleman, faire maide! my conditions make me no lesse.

Pro. Your conditions indeed brought in your obligations, your obligations your usurie, your usurie your gentrie.

Mar. Why, doe you judge no *Marchants* gentlemen?

Pro. Yes, many, and some no men!

Mar. You shall be well intreated at my hands.

Pro. It may. Commaunded I will not be.

Mar. If you be mine by bargaine, you shall.

Pro. Father, hath this *Marchant* also bought my mind?

Eris. He cannot buy that which cannot be sold.

Mar. Here is the money.

Eris. Here the maide. Farewell, my sweete daughter; I commit thee to the gods and this man's curtesie, who I hope will deale no worse with thee then hee would have the gods with him. I must bee gone, lest I doe starve as I stand. [*Exit.*]

Pro. Farewell, deare father, I will not cease continually to pray to *Ceres* for recoverie.

Mar. You are now mine, *Protea*.

Pro. And mine owne.

Mar. In will, not power.

Pro. In power if I will.

Mar. I perceive nettles, gently touched, sting; but, roughly handled, make no smart.

Pro. Yet, roughly handled, nettles are nettles, and a waspe is a waspe, though shee lose her sting.

Mar. But then they doe no harme.

Pro. Nor good.

Mar. Come with me, and you shall see that *Marchants* know their good as well as gentlemen.

Pro. Sure I am they have gentlemen's goods.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCÆNA PRIMA.

RAMIS, MONTANUS, SILVESTRIS, CUPID.

Ramis.

HIS is the temple of our great god, let us offer our sacrifice.

Mon. I am readie.

Sil. And I. *Cupid*, thou god of love, whose arrowes have pierced our hearts, give care to our complaints.

Cupid. If you come to *Cupid*, speake boldly, so must lovers ; speake faithfully, so must speeders.

Ramis. These ever-burning lampes are signes of my never-to-be-quenched flames ; this bleeding heart, in which yet stickes the head of the golden shaft, is the lively picture of inward torments : mine eyes shall bedewe thine altars with teares, and my sighes cover thy temple with a darke smoake : pittie poore *Ramis*.

Mon. With this distaffe have I spun, that my exercises bee as womanish as my affections, and so did *Hercules* : and with this halter will I hang myselfe, if my fortunes answer not my deserts, and so did *Iphis*. To thee, divine *Cupid*, I present not a bleeding, but a bloudlesse heart, dried onely with sorrow, and worne with faithfull service. This picture I offer, carved with no other instrument then love ; pittie poore *Montanus*.

Sil. This fanne of swans' and turtles' feathers is token of my truth and jealousy ; jealousy, without which love is dotage, and with which love is madnesse ; without the which love is lust, and with which love is folly. This heart, neither bleeding nor bloudlesse, but swolne with

sighes, I offer to thy godhead, protesting that all my thoughts are, as my words, without lust, and all my love, as my fortune, without sweetnesse. This garland of flowers, which hath all colours of the rainebow, witnesseth that my heart hath all torments of the world: pittie poore *Silvestris*.

Cupid. I accept your offers, not without cause; and wonder at your loves, not without pleasure: but bee your thoughts as true as your words?

Ramis. Thou, *Cupid*, that givest the wound, knowest the heart; for as impossible it is to conceale our affections as to resist thy force.

Cupid. I know that where mine arrowe lighteth there breedeth love; but shooting everie minute a thousand shafts, I know not on whose heart they light, though they fall on no place but hearts. What are your mistresses?

Ramis. *Ceres'* maidens: mine most cruell, which shee calleth constancie.

Mon. Mine most faire, but most proud.

Sil. Mine most wittie, but most wavering.

Cupid. Is the one cruell, th' other coye, the third inconstant?

Ramis. Too cruell!

Mon. Too coye!

Sil. Too fickle!

Cupid. What do they thinke of *Cupid*?

Ramis. One saith hee hath no eyes, because he hits hee knowes not whome.

Mon. Th' other, that he hath no eares to heare those that call.

Sil. The third, that he hath no nose, for savours are not found of lovers.

Ramis. All, that hee hath no taste, because sweete and sower is all one.

Mon. All, that hee hath no sense, because paines are pleasures, and pleasures paines.

Sil. All, that he is a foolish god, working without reason, and suffering the repulse without regard.

Cupid. Dare they blaspheme my godhead, which *Jove* doth worship, *Neptune* reverence, and all the gods tremble at! To make them love were a revenge too gentle for *Cupid*; to make you hate, a recompence too smal for lovers. But of that anon: what have you used in love?

Ramis. All things that may procure love—giftes, words, othes, sighs, and swounings.

Cupid. What said they of gifts?

Mon. That affection could not bee bought with gold.

Cupid. What of words?

Ramis. That they were golden blastes out of leaden bellowes.

Cupid. What of othes?

Sil. That *Jupiter* never sware true to *Juno*.

Cupid. What of sighes?

Sil. That deceit kept a forge in the hearts of fooles.

Cupid. What of swounings?

Mon. Nothing, but that they wished them deathes.

Cupid. What reasons gave they not to love?

Sil. Women's reasons; they would not, because they would not.

Cupid. Well, then shall you see *Cupid* requite their

reasons with his rigour. What punishment doe you desire that *Cupid* will denie?

Ramis. Mine being so hard as stone, would I have turned to stone ; that being to lovers pittillesse, shee may to all the world be senselesse.

Mon. Mine being so faire and so proud, would I have turned into some flower : that shee may know beautie is as fading as grasse, which, being fresh in the morning, is withered before night.

Sil. Mine, divine *Cupid*, whose affection nothing can make staied, let her be turned to that bird that liveth only by ayre, and dieth if shee touch the earth, because it is constant. The bird of Paradise, *Cupid*, that, drawing in her bowels nothing but ayre, shee may know her heart fed on nothing but ficklenesse.

Cupid. Your revenges are reasonable, and shall bee graunted. Thou, *Nisa*, whose heart no teares could pearce, shalt with continuall waves be wasted : instead of thy faire haire, shalt thou have greene mosse ; thy face of flint, because thy heart is of marble ; thine eares shall bee holes for fishes, whose eares were more deafe then fishes. Thou, *Celia*, whome beautie made proud, shalt have the fruite of beautie ; that is, to fade whiles it is flourishing, and to blast before it is blowne. Thy face, as faire as the damaske rose, shall perish like the damaske rose ; the canker shall eate thee in the bud, and every little wind blow thee from the stalke, and then shall men in the morning weare thee in their hats, and at night cast thee at their heeles. Thou, *Niobe*, whome nothing can please, (but that which most displeaseth *Cupid*, inconstancie,) shalt only breathe and sucke ayre for foode,

and weare feathers for silke, being more wavering then ayre, and lighter then feathers. This will *Cupid* doe. Therefore, when next you shall behold your ladies, doe but send a faithfull sigh to *Cupid*, and there shall arise a thicke mist which *Proserpine* shall send; and in the moment you shall be revenged, and they chaunged. *Cupid* prove himsele a great god, and they peevish girles.

Ramis. With what sacrifice shall we shewe ourselves thankfull, or how may we requite this benefit?

Cupid. You shal yerely at my temple offer true hearts, and howerly bestow all your wits in loving devices; thinke all the time lost that is not spent in love; let your othes be without number, but not without truth; your wordes full of alluring sweetnesse, but not of broad flatterie; your attires neate, but not womanish; your giftes of more price for the fine device then the great valewe, and yet of such valew that the device seeme not beggerly, nor yourselves blockish; be secrete, that worketh myracles; bee constant, that bringeth secrecie; this is all *Cupid* doth commaund. Away!

Ramis. And to this we all willingly consent. Nowe what resteth but revenge on them that have practised malice on us? let mine be anything, seeing shee will not be onely mine.

Mon. Let us not now stand wishing, but presently seeke them out, using as great speed in following revenge as we did in pursuing our love: certainly wee shall find them about *Ceres*' tree, singing or sacrificing.

Sil. But shall we not goe visit *Erisicthon*?

Mon. Not I, lest hee eate us, that devoureth all things; his lookes are of force to famish: let us in, and

let all ladies beware to offend those in spight that love them in honour; for when the crow shall set his foote in their eye, and the blacke ox tread on their foote, they shall finde their misfortunes to be equall with their deformities, and men both to loath and laugh at them.

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA SECUNDA.

ERISICTHON, PROTEA, PETULIUS, SYREN.

Eris. Come, *Protea*, tell me, how didst thou escape from the *Marchant*?

Pro. *Neptune*, that great god, when I was ready to goe with the *Marchaunt* into the ship, turned me to a fisherman on the shore, with an angle in my hand, and on my shoulder a net; the *Marchaunt* missing me, and yet finding me, asked me who I was, and whether I saw not a faire maiden? I answered, no! He, marveiling and raging, was forced either to lose his passage, or seeke for mee among the pebbles: to make short—a good wind caused him to goe I know not whither; and me (thanks be to *Neptune*) to returne home.

Eris. Thou art happie, *Protea*, though thy father bee miserable, and *Neptune* gracious; though *Ceres* cruell; thy escape from the *Marchaunt* breedeth in me life, joy, and fulnesse.

Pro. My father cannot be miserable, if *Protea* be happie, for by selling me everie day hee shall never want meate, nor I shiftes to escape. And now, father,

give me leave to enjoy my *Petulius*, that on this unfortunate shore still seekes me sorrowing.

Eris. Seeke him, deare *Protea*, find, and enjoy him ; and live ever hereafter to thine owne comforts, that hast hitherto beene the preserver of mine. [*Exit*.

Pro. Aye me, behold, a *Syren* haunts this shore ; the gods forbid shee should entangle my *Petulius*.

[*Syren appears*.

Syren. Accursed men ! whose loves have no other meane then extremities, nor hates end but mischief.

Pro. Unnaturall monster ! no maide, that accuseth men whose hearts are removed by curtesie. I will heare the depth of her malice.

Syren. Of all creatures most unkind, most cunning, by whose subtilties I am halfe fish, halfe flesh, themselves being neither fish nor flesh ; in love lukewarme, in crueltie red hot ; if they praise, they flatter ; if flatter, deceive ; if deceive, destroy.

Pro. Shee rayles at men, but seekes to intangle them ; this slight is prepared for my sweete *Petulius* ; I will withdraw myselfe close, for *Petulius* followeth : hee will without doubt be enamored of her, enchanted hee shall not be, my charmes shall countervaille hers : it is he hath saved my father's life with money, and must prolong mine with love.

Pet. I marvaile *Protea* is so farre before me ; if shee runne, I'll flie : sweete *Protea*, where art thou ? it is *Petulius* calleth *Protea*.

Syren. Here commeth a brave youth. Now, *Syren*, leave out nothing that may allure—thy golden lockes, thy entising lookes, thy tuned voice, thy subtile speeche,

thy faire promises, which never missed the heart of any but *Uliesses*.

[*Sings, with a glasse in her hand and a combe.*

Pet. What divine goddesse is this? What sweete harmonie! my heart is ravished with such tickling thoughts, and mine eyes stayed with such a bewitching beautie, that I can neither find the meanes to remove my affection, nor to turne aside my lookes. [*Sing againe Syren.*] I yeeld to death, but with such delight, that I would not wish to live, unlesse it were to heare thy sweete layes.

Syren. Live still, so thou love me! why standest thou amazed at the word love?

Pro. It is high time to prevent this mischief. Nowe, *Neptune*, stand to thy promise, and let me take suddenly the shape of an olde man; so shall I marre what shee makes.

Pet. Not yet come to myselfe, or if I bee, I dare not credit my eares. Love thee, divine goddesse? vouchsafe I may honour thee, and live by the imagination I have of thy words and worthinesse.

Syren. I am a goddesse, but a ladie and a virgine, whose love if thou embrace, thou shalt live no lesse happie then the gods in heaven.

Pro. Beleeve not this inchauntresse (sweete youth), who retaineth the face of a virgine, but the heart of a fiend; whose sweet tongue sheadeth more drops of bloud then it uttereth sillables.

Pet. Out, dottrell! whose dimme eyes cannot discern beautie, nor doting age judge of love.

Pro. If thou listen to her words, thou shalt not live

to repent, for her malice is as suddaine as her joyes are sweete.

Pet. Thy silver haire is not so precious as her golden lockes; nor thy crooked age of that estimation as her flow'ring youth.

Syren. That old man measureth the hot assault of love with the cold skirmishes of age.

Pro. That young cruell resembleth old apes, who kill by culling; from the top of this rocke whereon shee sitteth, will shee throw thee headlong into the sea; whose song is the instrument of her witchcraft, never smiling but when shee meaneth to smite, and under the flatterie of love practiseth the shedding of blood.

Pet. What art thou, which so blasphemest this divine creature?

Pro. I am the ghost of *Ulysses*, who continually hover about these places where this *Syren* haunteth, to save those which otherwise should be spoyled. Stop thine eares, as I did mine, and succour the faire, but by thy folly the most unfortunate *Protea*.

Pet. *Protea*? what dost thou heare, *Petulius*? where is *Protea*?

Pro. In this thicket, ready to hang herselfe, because thou carest not for her that did sweare to follow. Curse this hag, who onely hath the voice and face of a virgine, the rest all fish, and feathers, and filth; follow me, and strongly stoppe thine eares, lest the second encounter make the wound incurable.

Pet. Is this a *Syren*, and thou *Ulysses*? Cursed be that hellish carkas, and blessed be thy heavenly spirit.

Syren. I shrinke my head for shame. O, *Ulysses*!

is it not enough for thee to escape, but also to teach others? Sing and die, nay die, and never sing more.

Pro. Followe me at this doore, and out at the other.

Pet. How am I delivered! the old man is vanished, and here for him stands *Protea*.

Pro. Here standeth *Protea*, that hath saved thy life, thou must also prolong hers; but let us into the woods, and there I will tell thee howe I came to *Uliesses*, and the summe of all my fortunes, which happily will breed in thee both love and wonder.

Pet. I will, and onely love *Protea*, and never cease to wonder at *Protea*. [Exeunt.

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCÆNA PRIMA.

CERES, CUPID, TIRTENA.

Ceres.



CUPID, thou hast transformed my nymphes and incensed me; them to shapes unreasonable, me to anger immortall; for at one time I am both rob'd of mine honour and my nymphes.

Cupid. *Ceres*, thy nymphes were stubborne, and thyselfe, speaking so imperiously to *Cupid*, somewhat stately. If you aske the cause in choller, *Sic volo, sic jubeo*: if in curtesie, *Quæ venit ex merito pœna dolenda venit*. They were disdainfull, and have their deserts; thou, *Ceres*, doest but governe the guts of men, I the hearts: thou seekest to starve *Erisichthon* with thy ministred famine, whome his daughter shall preserve by my vertue, love.

Ceres. Thou art but a god, *Cupid*.

Cupid. No, *Ceres*, but such a god that maketh thunder fall out of *Jove's* hand by throwing thoughts into his heart; and to bee more terrified with the sparkling of a ladie's eye, then men with the flashes of his lightning: such a god that hath kindled more fire in *Neptune's* bosome then the whole sea which he is king of can quench; such power have I, that *Plutoe's* never-dying fire doth but scorch in respect of my flames. *Diana* hath felt some motions of love, *Vesta* doth, *Ceres* shall.

Ceres. Art thou so cruell?

Cupid. To those that resist, a lyon; to those that submit, a lambe.

Ceres. Can'st thou make such difference in affection, and yet shall it all be love?

Cupid. Yea, as much as betweene sicknesse and health, though in both bee life: those that yeeld and honour *Cupid*, shall possesse sweete thoughts and enjoy pleasing wishes: the other shall bee tormented with vaine imaginations and impossible hopes.

Ceres. How may my nymphes be restored?

Cupid. If thou restore *Erisiethon*, they embrace their loves, and all offer sacrifice to me.

Ceres. *Erisiethon* did in contempt hewe downe my sacred tree.

Cupid. Thy nymphes did in disdaine scorne my constant love.

Ceres. He slew most cruelly my chast *Fidelia*, whose bloud lieth yet on the ground.

Cupid. But *Diana* hath chaunged her bloud to freshe flowers, which are to be seene on the ground.

Ceres. What honour shall he doe to *Ceres*? What amends can he make to *Fidelia*?

Cupid. All *Ceres*' grove shall he decke with garlands, and accompt everie tree holy; a stately monument shall hee erect in remembrance of *Fidelia*, and offer yearely sacrifice.

Ceres. What sacrifice shall I and my nymphes offer thee; for I will doe anything to restore my nymphes, and honour thee.

Cupid. You shall present, in honour of my mother *Venus*, grapes and wheate; for *Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus*. You shall suffer your nymphes to play, sometimes to be idle, in the favour of *Cupid*, for *Otia si tollas, periere Cupidinis arcus*. So much for *Ceres*. Thy nymphes shall make no vowes to continue virgins, nor use words to disgrace love, nor flie from opportunities that kindle affections: if they be chaste, let them not bee cruell; if faire, not proud; if loving, not inconstant; crueltie is for tygers, pride for peacocks, inconstancie for fooles.

Ceres. *Cupid*, I yeeld, and they shall: but, sweete *Cupid*, let them not be deceived by flatterie, which taketh the shape of affection, nor by lust, which is clothed in the habit of love; for men have as many slights to delude as they have words to speake.

Cupid. Those that practise deceit shall perish: *Cupid* favoureth none but the faithfull.

Ceres. Well, I will goe to *Erisichthon*, and bring him before thee.

Cupid. Then shall thy nymphes recover their formes, so as they yeeld to love.

Ceres. They shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCÆNA SECUNDA.

PETULIUS, PROTEA.

Pet. A straunge discourse, *Protea*, by which I find the gods amorous, and virgines immortall, goddesses full of crueltie, and men of unhappinesse.

Pro. I have told both my father's misfortunes, grown by stoutnesse, and mine by weaknesse; his thwarting of *Ceres*, my yeelding to *Neptune*.

Pet. I know, *Protea*, that hard yron, falling into fire, waxeth soft; and then the tender heart of a virgine being in love, must needes melt; for what should a faire young, and wittie ladie answere to the sweete inticements of love, but, *Molle meum lenibus cor est violabile telit?*

Pro. I have heard, too, that hearts of men, stiffer then steele, have by love beene made softer then wooll, and then they crie, *Omnia vincit amor et nos cedamus amori*.

Pet. Men have often fained sighs.

Pro. And women forged teares.

Pet. Suppose I love not.

Pro. Suppose I care not.

Pet. If men sweare and lie, how will you trie their loves?

Pro. If women sweare they love, how will you trie their dissembling?

Pet. The gods put wit into women.

Pro. And nature deceit into men.

Pet. I did this but to trie your patience.

Pro. Nor I, but to proove your faith. But see, *Petulus*, what miraculous punishments here are for deserts in love; this rocke was a nymphe to *Ceres*; so was this rose; so that bird.

Pet. All chaung'd from their shapes?

Pro. All chaung'd by *Cupid*, because they disdain'd love, or dissembl'd in it.

Pet. A faire warning to *Protea*; I hope shee will love without dissembling.

Pro. An item for *Petulus*, that hee delude not those that love him; for *Cupid* can also chaunge men: let us in. [Exeunt.

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCÆNA TERTIA.

RAMIS, SILVESTRIS, MONTANUS.

Ramis. This goeth luckily, that *Cupid* hath promised to restore our mistresses; and *Ceres*, that they shall accept our loves.

Mon. I did ever imagine that true love would end with sweete joyes, though it was begun with deepe sighs.

Sil. But how shall we looke on them when we shall see them smile? We must, and perchaunce they will frowne.

Ramis. Tush! let us indure the bending of their faire browes, and the scorching of their sparkling eyes, so that we may possesse at last the depth of their affections.

Mon. Possesse? Never doubt it; for *Ceres* hath restored *Erisicthon*, and therefore will perswade with them, nay, commaund them.

Sil. If it come by commaundement of *Ceres*, not their owne motions, I rather they should hate: for what joye can there be in our lives, or in our love's sweetnesse, when everie kisse shall bee sealed with a curse, and everie kind word proceed of feare, not affection; enforcement is worse then enchantment.

Ramis. Art thou so superstitious in love, that was wont to be most carelesse? Let them curse all day, so I may have but one kisse at night.

Mon. Thou art worse then *Silvestris*; hee not content without absolute love, thou with indifferent.

Sil. But here commeth *Ceres* with *Erisiethon*: let us looke demurely; for in her heart shee hates us deeply.

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA ULTIMA.

CUPID, CERES, NYMPHES, ERISICTHON, PETULIUS,
PROTEA.

Eris. I will hallow thy woods with solemne feastes, and honour all thy nymphes with due regard.

Ceres. Well, doe so; and thanke *Cupid* that commaunds; nay, thanke my foolish nymphes, that know not how to obey; here be the lovers ready at receipt. How now, gentlemen, what seeke you?

Ramis. Nothing but what *Ceres* would find.

Ceres. *Ceres* hath found those that I would she had lost, vaine lovers.

Ramis. *Ceres* may lose that that *Cupid* would save, true lovers.

Ceres. You thinke so one of another.

Sil. Cupid knoweth so of us all.

Ceres. You might have made me a counsell of your loves.

Mon. I, madame, if love would admit counsell.

Ceres. Cupid, here is *Erisichthon* in his former state; restore my nymphes to theirs, then shal they embrace these lovers who wither out their youth.

Eris. Honoured bee mightie Cupid, that makes me love!

Pro. And me!

Ceres. What? more lovers yet! I thinke it bee impossible for *Ceres* to have any follow her in one hower, that is not in love in the next.

Cupid. *Erisichthon*, be thou carefull to honour *Ceres*, and forget not to please her nymphes. The faithfull love of thy daughter *Protea*, hath wrought both pittie in me to graunt her desires, and to release thy punishments. Thou, *Petulus*, shalt enjoy thy love, because I know thee loyall.

Pet. Then shall *Petulus* be most happie.

Pro. And *Protea* most fortunate.

Cupid. But doe you, *Ramis*, continue your constant love? and you, *Montanus*? and you, *Silvestris*?

Ramis. Nothing can alter our affections, which encrease while the meanes decrease, and waxe stronger in being weakened.

Cupid. Then, *Venus*, send downe that showre where-with thou wert wont to wash those that doe thee worship; and let love by thy beames bee honoured in all the world, and feared, wished for, and wond'red at: here are thy nymphs, *Ceres*.

Ramis. Whome doe I see—*Nisa*?

Mon. Divine *Celia*, fairer then ever shee was!

Sil. My sweete *Niobe*!

Ceres. Why stare you, my nymphs, as amazed? triumph rather because you have your shapes: this great god *Cupid*, that for your prides and follies changed, hath by my praier and promise restored you.

Cupid. You see, ladies, what it is to make a mocke of love, or a scorne of *Cupid*; see where your lovers stand; you must now take them for your husbands; this is my judgement, this is *Ceres*' promise.

Ramis. Happie *Ramis*!

Mon. Happie *Montanus*!

Sil. Happie *Silvestris*!

Ceres. Why speake you not, nymphes? This must bee done, and you must yeeld.

Nisa. Not I!

Niobe. Nor I!

Celia. Nor I!

Ceres. Not yeeld? Then shall *Cupid* in his furie turne you againe to sencelesse and shamefull shapes.

Cupid. Will you not yeeld? How say you, *Ramis*? Doo your loves continue? Are your thoughts constant? And yours, *Montanus*? And yours, *Silvestris*?

Ramis. Mine most unspotted!

Mon. And mine!

Sil. And mine, *Cupid*! which nothing can alter!

Cupid. And will you not yeeld, virgins?

Nisa. Not I, *Cupid*! neither doe I thanke thee that I am restored to life, nor feare againe to be chaunged to stone: for rather had I beene worne with the con-

tinuall beating of waves then dulled with the importunities of men, whose open flatteries make way to their secret lustes, retaining as little truth in their hearts as modestie in their words. How happie was *Nisa*, which felt nothing; pined, yet not felt the consumption; unfortunate wench, that now have cares to heare their cunning lies, and eyes to behold their dissembling lookes! turne me, *Cupid*, againe, for love I will not!

Ramis. Miserable *Ramis*! unhappie to love; to chaunge the ladie, accurst; and now lose her, desperate!

Celia. Nor I, *Cupid*: well would I content myselfe to bud in the summer, and to die in the winter: for more good commeth of the rose then can by love: when it is fresh, it hath a sweete savour; love, a sowre taste: the rose, when it is old, loseth not his vertue; love, when it is stale, waxeth loathsome. The rose, distilled with fire, yeeldeth sweete water: love, in extremities, kindles jealousies: in the rose, however it be, there is sweetness; in love, nothing but bitterness. If men looke pale, and sweare, and sigh, then forsooth women must yeeld, because men say they love, as though our hearts were tied to their tongues; and we must chuse them by appointment, ourselves feeling no affection, and so have our thoughtes bound prentises to their words: turne me againe; yeeld I will not!

Mon. Which way shalt thou turne thyselfe, since nothing will turne her heart? Die, *Montanus*, with shame and grieve, and both infinite!

Niobe. Nor I, *Cupid*! let me hang alwayes in the ayre, which I found more constant then men's words: happie *Niobe*, that touched not the ground where they

goe, but alwayes holding thy beake in the ayre, didst never turne backe to behold the earth. In the heavens I saw an orderly course, in the earth nothing but disorderly love and pievishnesse: turne me againe, *Cupid*, for yeeld I will not!

Sil. I would myselfe were stone, flower, or fowle; seeing that *Nisa* hath a heart harder then stone, a face fairer then the rose, and a mind lighter then feathers.

Cupid. What have we here? Hath punishment made you perverse? *Ceres*, I vowe here by my sweete mother *Venus*, that if they yeeld not I will turne them againe, not to flowers, or stones, or birds, but to monsters no lesse filthie to bee seene then to bee named hatefull: they shall creepe that now stand, and be to all men odious, and bee to themselves (for the mind they shall retaine) loathsome.

Ceres. My sweete nymphs, for the honour of your sex, for the love of *Ceres*, for regard of your own countrie, yeeld to love; yeeld, my sweete nymphes, to sweete love.

Nisa. Shall I yeeld to him that practised my destruction, and when his love was hottest caused me to bee chaunged to a rocke?

Ramis. *Nisa*, the extremitie of love is madnesse, and to be mad is to bee sencelesse; upon that rocke did I resolve to end my life: faire *Nisa*, forgive him thy chaunge, that for himselfe provided a harder chaunce.

Celia. Shall I yeeld to him that made so small accompt of my beautie, that he studied how he might never behold it againe?

Mon. Faire ladie, in the rose did I alwayes behold

thy colour, and resolv'd by continuall gazing to perish, which I could not doe when thou wast in thine owne shape, thou wast so coy and swift in flying from me.

Niobe. Shall I yeeld to him that caused me have wings that I might flie farther from him?

Sil. Sweete *Niobe*, the farther you did seeme to bee from me, the neerer I was to my death; which, to make it more speedy, wisht thee wings to flie into the ayre, and myselfe lead on my heeles to sinke into the sea.

Ceres. Well, my good nymphes, yeeld; let *Ceres* intreat you yeeld.

Nisa. I am content, so as *Ramis*, when hee finds me cold in love, or hard in believe, hee attribute it to his owne folly; in that I retaine some nature of the rocke he chaunged me into.

Ramis. O, my sweete *Nisa*! bee what thou wilt, and let all thy imperfections bee excused by me, so thou but say thou lovest me.

Nisa. I doe.

Ramis. Happie *Ramis*!

Celia. I consent, so as *Montanus*, when in the midst of his sweete delight shall find some bitter overthwarts, impute it to his folly, in that he suffered me to be a rose, that hath prickles with her pleasantnes, as hee is like to have with my love shrewdnes.

Mon. Let me bleed everie minute with the prickles of the rose, so that I may enjoy but one hower the savour; love, faire *Celia*, and at thy pleasure comfort, and confound.

Celia. I doe.

Mon. Fortunate *Montanus*!

Niobe. I yeelded first in mind though it bee my course last to speake: but if *Silvestris* find me not ever at home, let him curse himselfe that gave me wings to flie abroad, whose feathers if his jealousie shall breake, my policie shall nip. *Non custodiri, ni velit ulla potest.*

Sil. My sweete *Niobe!* flie whither thou wilt all day, so I may find thee in my nest at night, I will love thee, and belove thee. *Sit modo non feci, dicere lingua memor.*

Cupid. I am glad you are all agreed; enjoy your loves, and everie one his delight. Thou, *Erisiethon*, art restored of *Ceres*, all the lovers pleased by *Cupid*, shce joyfull, I honoured. Now, ladies, I will make such unspotted love among you that there shall bee no suspition nor jarre, no unkindnesse nor jealousie: but let all ladies heereafter heede that they resist not love, which worketh wonders.

Ceres. I will charme my nymphes, as they shall neither be so stately as not to stoope to love, nor so light as presently to yeeld.

Cupid. Here is none but is happie: but doe not as *Hippomanes* did, when by *Venus'* ayd hee wonne *Atalanta*, defile her temple with unchast desires, and forget to sacrifice vowes. I will soare up into heaven, to settle the loves of the gods, that in earth have dispos'd the affections of men.

Ceres. I to my harvest, whose corne is now come out of the blade into the eare; and let all this amorous troupe to the temple of *Venus*, there to consummate what *Cupid* hath commaunded.

Eris. I, in the honour of *Cupid* and *Ceres*, will solemnize this feast within my house ; and learne, if it be not too late, againe to love. But you forresters were unkind that in all my maladies would not visit me.

Mon. Thou knowest, *Erisicthon*, that lovers visit none but their mistresses.

Eris. Well, I will not take it unkindly, since all ends in kindnesse.

Ceres. Let it bee so ; these lovers mind nothing what we say.

Ramis. Yes, we attend on *Ceres*.

Ceres. Well, doe. [*Exeunt.*





NOTES.

Page 3, line 8.



COME to the Taylor, hee is gone to the painter's.—
This is a curious passage, proving that artists
were occasionally consulted by the knights of
the needle. Ben Jonson thus confirms it:—

“Pray thee tell me, fashioner, what authors
Thou read'st to help thy invention? Italian prints?
Or Arras hangings? they are tailors' libraries.”

The Staple of Newes.

Coryat, in his *Crudities*, thus notes the mutability of English fashions in dress:—“We weare more fantastick fashions than any nation under the sun doth, the French only excepted; which hath given occasion to the Venetian, and other Italians, to brand the Englishman with a notable mark of levity, by painting him stark naked with a pair of sheers in his hand, making the fashion of his attire according to the vaine conception of his brainsick head, not to comelinesse and decorum.”

11. *Notes beyond Ela.*—The highest note of the gamut.

“Why this is above Ela.”

Beaumont and Fletcher's Humourous Lieutenant

19. *Like Arras full of device.*—An allusion to the abundance of design exhibited in the tapestry of the Arras' factories in contradistinction to the simpler production of the English loom.

24. *A gallimafray.*—See note, vol. 1, p. 100, l. 3.

Page 6, l. 9. *Were I a king, &c.*—“This contest between Eristus, Martius, and Mellacrites seems to be an imitation of a passage in the third and fourth chapters of the first book of Esdras, on the comparative strength of wine, the king, and women.” (Note to Dilke's edition, 1814.)

Page 8, l. 31. *Wimpled about the eyes*.—The wimple was a head-dress like that universally adopted by nuns, and partially hid the face; it covered the forehead, and our author, by a slight stretch of fancy, makes it blind Justice.

Page 10, l. 14. *Therefore Licio-backare*.—In the note to the edition of 1814 we read:—"The first part of this speech is a quotation from the Latin grammar of William Lilly. *Backare* means *give place*, or *allow me the precedency*. In this sense it is used by Shakespeare in 'The Taming of the Shrew'—

‘*Baccare, you are marvellous forward;*

and the passage in the text has been quoted by Steevens in explanation; and, as proof of its meaning, Farmer has also quoted two epigrams of John Heywood's in which it is also found; one of them the following:—

‘*Backare, quoth Mortimer, to his sow;*

Went that sow back at his bidding, trow you?’”

Page 11, l. 4. *My mistresse' disposition*.—The reader will not fail to notice the great similarity between this dialogue and that between Launce and Speed in Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act 3, Sc. 1. The first edition of Lilly's play appeared in 1592. Shakespeare's drama was not printed until after his death, in the first folio edition of his works, 1623. The absolute date of its composition is unknown, but it did not take precedence of Lilly's work. 6. *The head and purtenance*.—i. e. The head and things belonging to it. So in "Hamlet:"—

“The appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony.”

10. *A whole daye's worke to dresse*.—There is a curious passage in the comedy of "Lingua," 1607, which offers a good comment on this of our author:—"Five hours ago I set a dozen maides to attire a boy like a nice gentlewoman; but there is such doing with their looking-glasses, pinning, unpinning, setting, unsetting, formings and conformings, painting blew vains and cheeks; such stir with stieks and combs, cascanets, dressings, purles, falles, squares, buskes, bodies, scarffs, necklaces, carcanets, rebatoes, borders, tires, fans, palizadoes, puffs, ruffs, cuffs, muffs, pusles, fusles, partlets, frisleets, bandlets, fillets, croslets, pendulets, amulets, annulets, bracelets, and so many lets (i. e. hindrances), that yet she is scarce drest to the girdle; and now there's such culling for fardingales, kirtlets, busk-points, shoo-ties, &c., that seven pedlers' shops—nay, all Stur-

bridge fair—will scarcely furnish her; a ship is sooner rigged by farre than a gentlewoman made ready.” 22. *Tire with her eyes.*—i. e. Feast her eyes; from an old hawking term, the bird being said to *tire* upon the prey it feeds on. 30. *Walke, knave, walk.*—A rude phrase which parrots were taught to use. Butler speaks of a politician who unravelled hidden allusions, and

“ — could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak and think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry rope, and walk, knave, walk.”

Page 12, l. 18. *Her wedding ring.*—An allusion to the custom of putting a ring in a pig's nose. 22. *Beetle-browed.*—Having overhanging brows.

“ The dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base.” *Hamlet.*

23. *Beetle-head.*—i. e. A heavy or stupid head.

“ A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-eared knave.”
Taming of the Shrew.

Page 14, l. 8. *Hares we cannot.*—This absurd piece of natural history is a relic of the old fables applied to natural history, in which Lilly revelled; and which may be studied, by all who think it worth the labour, in Topsel's ponderous folio *History of Foure-footed Beasts*, a most industrious collection of strange untruths regarding the animal world. 22. *Fetch her hair.*—The custom of wearing false hair is very ancient, and may be traced to the earliest civilized nation—that of ancient Egypt. It was a fashion which had ceased in the Middle Ages, and was revived in the seventeenth century, when its very general adoption roused the ire of all the satirists. It was customary to vary the colour of the hair.

“ To-day her own hair best becomes, which yellow is as gold,
A periwig's better for to-morrow, blacker to behold.”

The Cobler's Prophesie, 1594.

The joke of our author, as to the true proprietorship of the hair, is borrowed from Martial's epigram—

“ Jurat capillos esse quos emit suos
Fabulla, nunquid illa, Paule, pejerat?”

Page 16, l. 23. *If threats might have feared my heart.*—This use of the word *feared* in the sense of having caused fear is constantly used by Shakespeare and the dramatists of his era.

"I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant." *Merchant of Venice.*

Page 18, l. 1. *Sitteth over head and ears in crowns.*—The golden coined crown-piece is here alluded to by our author. They were first struck in England by Henry VIII, and bore the royal arms on one side, and the crowned rose of England on the other. 8. *Thoughts gyvde to her beautie.*—I have retained the reading of the first edition. In the reprint of 1814 the word is rendered *gyved*, and explained as *chained*, which suits the context, and the fanciful affectations of the whole speech; but I am far from satisfied that it may not be a printer's error, and the true reading of the passage be that given by Blount—"Thoughts *guide* to her beautie." 26. *Golden ruddocks.*—The ruddock is the old name for the bird now popularly called the robin redbreast. It is here used metaphorically for gold coin, "red gold" being the usual phrase adopted by our old poets to indicate it.

Page 19, l. 27. *The utmost parts of the West.*—"There can be no doubt that South America is here meant." (Ed. 1814.)

Page 21, l. 15. *Blirt to you both.*—An old term of contempt.

Page 22, l. 18. *A portague.*—"A Portuguese coin worth four pounds ten shillings. The word is found in the 'Sea Voyage' of Beaumont and Fletcher, and this explanation of it given by Mr. Weber." (Note, ed. 1814.) 23. *A reason dow-baked.*—*i. e.* Imperfectly concluded. The peasantry in the midland counties still say of an idiotic person, "he is only half baked."

Page 23, l. 25. *Bath thy sword in water.*—"This is evidently an allusion to the story of Naaman, the Syrian, in the Second Book of Kings. The attentive reader of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays will remark that many of their images are drawn from the same source." (Note, ed. 1814.)

Page 26, l. 26. *Have not all treasons been discovered by miracle, not council?*—In a note to Dilke's edition of this play, that editor promulgates the theory of an evident allusion to James I. and the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, in this passage of our author, which he says "must have been written and added to the original piece after the death of Elizabeth." Unfortunately for the whole statement, it may be found in the first edition of the play printed in 1592.

Page 27, l. 16. *Kingdome proof.*—*i. e.* Strong enough to stand all test. 16. *Pelting.*—See notes to vol. 1, p. 27, l. 3.

Page 28, l 17. *Cunning men's charms*.—Several of these reputed cures by charms are thus given by Reginald Scot:—"Scarifie the gums in the greefe with the tooth of one that hath beene slaine. Otherwise, say *galbes galbat, galdes galdat*. Otherwise, *A ab, hur, hus, &c.* Otherwise, at saccaring of masse, hold your teeth together and say, *O non commennetis ex eo*. Otherwise, *Strigiles falseque dentata dentium dolorem personate*; O horse combs and sickles that have so many teeth, come heale me now of my tooth-ache."—*Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1585.

Page 29, l. 9. *Herbadge*.—i. e. Harbourage; safe keeping.
 22. *I have taught thee the knacking of the hands*.—This was a great feat with barbers of our dramatist's era. It is well described by Stubbes in his *Anatomie of Abuses*:—"When they come to washing, oh! how gingerly they behave themselves therein. For then shall your mouth be bossed with the lather or fome that riseth of the balles (for they have their sweete balles wherewithall they use to wash), your eyes closed must be anointed therewith also. Then snap go the fingers, full bravely God wot!" To snap the fingers and the scissors with great dexterity was considered a finished trait of an accomplished barber. In Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, Morose, the quiet man, makes a friend of his barber, because "the fellow trims him silently, and hath not the knack with his sheers or his fingers." 24. *Tuning of a citterne*.—It was the custom formerly to keep a cittern in all barbers' shops to amuse customers waiting their turn to be operated on. The cittern was a species of guitar or lute. In Burton's *Winter Evening's Entertainments*, 1687, is a representation of a barber's shop, where a person waiting his turn is playing on a lute. The trimming of the hair and beard was a long and important operation. In *Pylades and Corinna*, 1721, its authoress, Mrs. Thomas, speaks of her grandfather, a Turkey merchant, being "very nice in the mode of that age, his valet being some hours every morning in starching his beard and curling his whiskers, during which time a gentleman whom he maintained as a companion always read to him upon some useful subject." 27. *How, sir, will you be trim'd*.—The whole of this passage has been frequently quoted as a curious detailed account of fashions in male hair-dressing. The "spade-beard" was generally worn by grave men, and was allowed to grow long, and was cut straight across the bottom like the iron of a spade, varying

occasionally, as that does, by being slightly rounded at the corners. The "bodkin-beard" was "sharp, stiletto fashion, dagger-like," to use the words of Taylor, the Water Poet, in his *Superbiæ Flagellum*. It was the fashion usually adopted by Charles I, and was also termed the *pique-a-devant* beard. The "penthouse on the upper lip" is the bushy moustache hanging over the mouth. The "ally on the chin," the fashion of parting the beard in the centre of the chin, so that it hung like a double pendant; it is the "forked beard" of the Middle Ages, as mentioned by Chaucer. The "bull's curls" on the head are well illustrated by Randle Holme in his work on Heraldry; they were arranged upon the forehead in close contiguity, rising above each other in a thick bush. The "dangling locks" were curled and allowed to flow over the shoulders. The "moustachoes sharpe at the ends, like shoemakers aules," were brought to a taper point, and stiffened with gum; those that "hang down" are sometimes seen in contemporary portraits reaching to the breast. "Love-locks" were single locks of hair, allowed to flow loosely and uncut, or twisted in a ribbon and tied with a silken bow at the end; seldom more than one was worn on the left side of the head; it was sometimes long enough to reach the waist, but generally rested on the bosom.

Page 30, l. 11. *I am a barber and cannot tittle-tattle*.—A satire on the craft, who were notorious gossips; their shops were emporiums of news and scandal. 21. *Is that word come into the barber's bason?*—"Licio expresses surprise at the use of the word *rheum* by a low fellow like the barber. From an observation on the use of it in Act 5, it will appear to have been 'a courtly term.'" (Dilke.) 23. *A barber and a surgeon*.—Both professions were generally practised together, and the surgeons in London were not dissevered from the barbers before 1745: they were incorporated as early as 1540, when all persons merely practising shaving were forbidden to meddle with surgery, except to draw teeth and let blood, unless properly qualified as barber-surgeons. There is a very curious volume descriptive of this art pulished at Naples in 1626, with engravings of the varied operations in surgery, and implements used in the profession; it was written by Tiberio Malfi, and is entitled *Il Barbiero*, its author being a Neapolitan barber, who has enriched his work with portraits of the most eminent.

Page 31, l. 26. *Virginals*.—The virginals was a keyed instrument like the harpsichord.

Page 32, l. 1. *The jacks*.—The small pieces of wood or quills that struck the chords of the virginals.

Page 33, l. 24. *Song*.—Omitted in the early editions. 28. *Pellitory fetcht from Spaine*.—The root of the Spanish pellitory, chewed in the mouth or placed near the inflamed tooth, by causing an abundant discharge of mucus and counter-irritation, generally relieves the pain of toothache. 29. *Masticke*.—Gum mastick was used to stop decayed teeth. 30. *A patch*.—See note to vol. 1, p. 56, l. 4.

Page 34, l. 6. *Checker'd-apron men*.—A checkered apron was peculiarly indicative of a barber; and Randle Holme, in his curious book on Heraldry, emphatically says, "A barber is always known by his cheque party-coloured apron; neither can he be termed a barber till his apron be about him." He has an engraving of a barber thus "properly habited."

Page 35, l. 2. *What shall we doe?*—The devices for passing time agreeably, proposed by the ladies here, are paraphrased in Shakespeare's "Richard II," Act 3, Sc. 4, where the Queen and her ladies devise similar modes in the garden at Langley. 18. *Short in the heele*.—This appears to be a popular covert phrase for immodesty. Dilke has this note to his reprint:—"Amerula insinuates that the lady was wanton. *Sue Short-heels* was the name of a strumpet in 'A Match at Midnight' of Rowley's." 22. *As larkes are caught*.—In Hone's *Every-day Book*, vol. 2, p. 94, may be seen an account of this mode of catching larks, as practised near Abbeville in France (1827), and an engraving of the implement adopted to attract the birds. It is a small instrument inlaid with small bits of looking-glass, and twisted rapidly by a string; "the reflected light unaccountably attracts the larks, who hover over it, and become a mark for the sportsman."

Page 39, l. 2. *Makes beasts shake for fear*.—The word shake is omitted by Blount, but is here restored from the first edition.

Page 40, l. 19. *Love made Jupiter a goose*.—In Dilke's edition this is altered to swan; but as it is done so by that editor only, and is in all old editions as we give it, it is here retained, as it is evidently a jesting speech. 30. *Pan is all*.—An allusion to the original meaning of the word Pan.

Page 42, l. 1. *A song of Daphne to the lute*.—This line is all that is given in the old editions, the song itself first appears in Blount's reprint of 1632. 14. *O sweet consent*.—i. e. Harmony

of voice and lute. So in Spenser:—

“Chaunted their sundry notes with sweet *concent*.”

22. *Song*.—Omitted in the old quarto editions. 29. *Cross-gartered swains*.—The custom of enswathing the leg with long garters was peculiarly indicative of the Italian peasantry, and is still customary with them. It was equally common in Normandy until the middle of the last century. It was an Anglo-Saxon fashion, but considered boorish in our author's days.

Page 47, l. 5. *To make the cod*.—“The cod of a net is, I believe, the bag at the end in which it is usual to place a stone to sink it, but the corks are to keep the other part floating, and Pisida might have been famous for these trees.” (Dilke.)

Page 48, l. 3. *I will never care three flocks*.—A jest is here made on *flocks*, or small bunches of wool. 13. *If you call a dog a dog, you are undone*.—A jest on the affected phraseology employed by gentlemen in hunting, and which became a tiresome part of their education. A serious specimen is given in our author's “*Gallathea*,” Act 2, Sc. 1 (see notes, p. 296), but its absurdities are more clearly displayed in the dialogue of the present scene, which is constructed in ridicule of its *pseudo* refinements. The phrase in the text was eventually understood to indicate a person who would speak the truth; our author, in his pamphlet called “*Pap with a Hatchet*,” 1593, declares it to be “written by one that dares call a dog a dog.” 18. *Faire fieu'd and well hang'd*.—i. e. Well chapped and long eared. 19. *Deepness of a hound's mouth*.—A deep-toned cry was considered indicative of a good dog, and the tone was chosen in each to make the general cry of the pack tuneable, and produce what is called “the music of the chase.”

Page 49, l. 2. *Thou shalt be lasht*.—In the first edition it is *leasht*, which is adopted by Dilke. The leash was the leathern thong with which sportsmen held in their dogs, and he is of opinion the word *lash* is derived therefrom.

Page 50, l. 4. *A scul of pheasants*.—“The language of Petulus is intentionally erroneous, *scull* has the same meaning as *shoal*, and like it was applied only to fish.” (Dilke.) 8. *Country swad*.—i. e. Country booby. Dilke notes that the pods of peas before they are filled, or when the peas are taken out, are still termed *swads* in the north; the phrase would therefore mean an empty fellow.

Page 51, l. 12. *A choakepeare*.—This was a sort of gag shaped like a pear, which opened from the centre by a spring, and

forced the mouth to its utmost width. It was of Italian invention, used for purposes of punishment.

Page 53, l. 12. *A mithridat for melancholy*.—A mithridat was a mixture of various ingredients believed to be of sovereign remedy for infection; and was a cheap panacea to be purchased of grocers and druggists, holding its place among medicines till the close of the last century.

Page 57, l. 2. *They were but table-men*.—i. e. Draughtsmen, used in the game (like the modern backgammon) anciently termed *tables*; usually kept in barbers' shops to amuse customers who waited. 8. *A pikedevant*.—See note to p. 29, l. 27. 9. *A poynado*.—Italian for poniard. 23. *What else?*—This is one of those understood elisions common in our author's era, the full sense being, "what else should we think of doing?"

Page 58, l. 24. *Enter Pipenetta singing*.—This stage direction occurs in the first edition, but no song is printed before Blount's edition of 1632.

Page 59, l. 19. *Tell the cause of the reeds' song*.—In Blount this passage reads, "tell the cause, and the reeds song;" I have corrected it from the first edition. 27. *Post-pare, &c.*—Licio commences with true heraldic terms, but blunders on with those of a gamester. *Post and pair* is the name of a game at cards, sometimes known simply as *post*; thus mentioned by Sir John Harrington:—

"The second game was *post*, until with posting
They paid so fast, 'twas time to leave their bosting."

Page 60, l. 15. *Tongue taw'de*.—To *taw* is still used in Somersetshire in the sense of to tie, or to fasten. 15. *A woman's tongue ympt with a barbar's*.—To *impe* was to lengthen out. 19. *What all a-mort?*—Dull; dejected.

"Shall he thus *all amort* live malcontent?"

Greene's Friar Bacon, 1594.

"Why how now, Sophos? *all amort?* still languishing in love."
Wily Beguiled.

21. *Mary gup*.—i. e. Marry gee up!—a vulgar way of expressing surprise at presumptuous boldness, borrowed from the language of the stables. 24. *Being in his muble-fubles sayes he is melancholy*.—i. e. Depressed in spirits without any serious cause. (Halliwell's Dictionary.) Melancholy is considered too courtier-like a term for a barber's mouth; it was the fashion with gentlemen of our author's era to affect melancholy. It is hu-

mourously ridiculed by Ben Jonson in his "Every Man in his Humour," Act 1, Sc. 1.

Page 62, l. 15. *Perii*.—i. e. I am undone.

Page 63, l. 1. *Covin*—An old law term denoting fraudulent agreement. 9. *A dozen of beards to stuffe two dozen of cushions*.—A satire on the enormous beards occasionally worn by men, covering the breast, and sometimes reaching to the waist. Shakespeare has copied this jest: "Your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion."—"Coriolanus," Act 2, Sc. 2. 14. *All my mistresse' lines that shee dries her clothes on, are made only of mustachio stuffe*.—This is an important illustration of Shakespeare's "Tempest," Act 4, Sc. 1, where Stephano jests on the line upon which Prospero hangs the apparel to tempt himself and friends, and which one commentator has considered a lime tree. It was customary to make clothes-lines of hair, as they resisted the action of damp in a greater degree than flax would do. 18. *They that owe them*.—i. e. Own them. (Halliwell's Dictionary.)

"Ah, good young daughter, I may call thee so,
For thou art like a daughter I did owe."

Chron. Hist. of King Leir, 1605.

Page 64, l. 11. *Barlybreake*.—A rural sport which consisted in a certain number of players, ranged in two divisions, passing through a central space to the other extremity of the ground, without being caught by a couple of players stationed in the middle, and compelled to take their position. When all the players had thus taken their turn in the centre, the game ended.

Page 66, l. 22. *Peevishnesse*.—Silliness. In Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors," Act. 4, Sc. 1, Antipholus of Ephesus calls Dromio of Syracuse a "peevish sheep" for mistaking his errand.

Page 67, l. 13. *Apollo will not reply*.—This speech is printed by Blount in the same type as Apollo's oracle, as if part of it. I have given it to Sophronia, because it is evidently no part of Apollo's blank verse; and the following speech of Midas clearly points it out as the words of his daughter.

Page 73, l. 9. *A curst wife*.—i. e. A shrew.

Page 74, l. 28. *Beg him for a fool*.—Natural fools having property were wards in Chancery, and it was customary with persons who had sufficient interest to beg the guardianship of them in the time of our author, to profit by their lodging with

them. Douce has given a curious anecdote "how the Lord North begg'd old Bladwell for a foole," and what came of it. 30. *Let me have in a device.*—i. e. Permit me to suggest a contrivance to you. 31. *If it fadge.*—i. e. If it succeeds well.

Page 75, l. 29. *Mewed up.*—The simile is obtained from the *mews* or houses where hawks were kept for safety in sickness, or when moulting. 31. *Roisting.*—Noisy, swaggering.

Page 77, l. 21. *Fond speech.*—Foolish discourse.

Page 78, l. 16. *Cockring.*—Petting, foolishly indulging.

Page 79, l. 7. *If I come not about you.*—i. e. If I do not overreach you. 18. *You bite and wine, wring me on the withers, and yet winch yourself.*—Shakespeare has paraphrased this line more poetically in "Hamlet:"—

"Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung."

26. *Another gate's.*—Another sort. 27. *Marry gup.*—See note to p. 60, l. 21.

Page 80, l. 12. *Wert thou in place where I would teach thee to cogge.*—i. e. If I had you in a more fitting place, I would punish you for your satirical jests. 14. *If thou shake thy hands, I warrant thou canst not teach any to cog.*—To cog was to cheat at dice, and is a pun upon the word used by the previous speaker. The speech implies that a steady hand was necessary for the false throw. 21. *Princocks.*—A pert youth.

Page 82, l. 10. *My conceit may stumble on his staidnesse.*—i. e. My fancy may be as grave as his own. 23. *Cough me a foole for his labour.*—i. e. Only show himself a fool for his pains.

Page 83, l. 15. *Pap with a hatchet.*—A proverbial saying, indicative of the roughest mode of doing a necessary service. Our author calls a pamphlet written by him in 1584, "Pap with a Hatchet," otherwise, "A sound box on the ear for the Idiot Martin to hold his peace." 20. *Crooked as a cammocke.*—See note to vol. 1, p. 32, l. 24.

Page 84, l. 9. *Abestor.*—Asbestos. 12. *Her terripoope.*—"Mr. Weber understands this word as alluding to the loquacity with which women are charged; I think the meaning here is, 'who hath perfectly learned her lesson, and can repeat it by heart.'" (Note in ed. 1814.) 24. *Conster.*—Construe. 26. *Pace.*—Parse.

Page 86, l. 4. *Collops of thine own bowels.*—In Shakespeare's "Henry VI." is the same idea, with very little variation of words:—

"Thou art a collop of my own flesh."

20. *The sons must bee masters, the fathers guffers.*—Master being the title applied to gentlemen—*gaffer* that given to plain old countrymen. 22. *Wee must wearie our legges to purchase our children armes.*—i.e. We must toil to make them rank as gentlemen by purchasing the right to use a coat of arms from Herald's College. 26. *A micher.*—A contemptuous term for an idle skulking fellow. 29. *Fed with love upon sops.*—Sops were sweet cakes used for soaking in wine, and the allusion is to the refinement of Livia, who will not accept of love except in the most luxurious form.

Page 88, l. 25. *Have at the bagge with the dudgin hafte.*—An allusion to the constant custom, from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century, of carrying the purse at the girdle, and the dagger thrust between the straps or cords by which it hung. Dudgeon-hafts were handles made of the root of the box-tree. 27. *Tantonie pouch.*—I imagine the allusion is to a pouch or purse well filled with coin, which, having a cross so constantly on the reverse, might be known, as St. Anthony was, by his cross. This familiar mode of using the saint's name is preserved in the saying, "He follows him like a *tantonie* pig," the saint being always pictured with one of these animals. 28. *Old huddles.*—See note to vol. 1, p. 132, l. 16. 29. *A snap-haunce.*—A musket of Dutch invention, which derived its name from the troops who made use of it. These were at first a set of marauders termed *snap-haans*, or "poultry-stealers," and their weapon was an improvement on the matchlock musket, with some contrivances suggested by the wheel-lock. (Meyrick.) 31. *A purse with a ring round it.*—The old fashion in contradistinction to the spring-lock. The ring purse was drawn together by a silken or leathern thong, and afforded greater facilities to the hand of the dishonest. It was customary to inscribe the metal frame and ring round the mouth of the purse with some moral sentence. There is a curious engraving of such an one in the Journal of the British Archaeological Association, vol. 1, p. 251.

Page 89, l. 10. *Double coistrels.*—Coistrels were vessels to hold drink carried by working men or travellers, slung at their sides by a thong which passed through loops. They contained a day's allowance of drink; hence a "double coistrel" is equivalent to "drunkard." 14. *You shall be naited up for slips.*—An image borrowed from the old custom of nailing false coins to the counter of a tradesman; a *slip*, according to Halliwell's Dictionary, is "a counterfeit coin, consisting of brass washed

over with silver." 16. *A slipstring*.—One who has escaped the gallows. 23. *Hammers*.—Troublesome thoughts. It is still a popular phrase in recommending hard mental labour, "try and hammer it out."

Page 91, l. 25. *Mew thy tongue*.—Equivalent to "shut your mouth." See note to p. 75, l. 29.

Page 92, l. 9. *Brinch you mas, Sperantus*.—Meaning I drink to your master, Sperantus. 23. *Let us close to the bush*.—Let us go in a body to the tavern; which was known by a bush hung at the door. 29. *Left a print deeper in thy hand*.—An allusion to the old punishment for felony of burning the hand with a brand.

Page 93, l. 3. *Song*.—Not printed in the old quarto edition.

Page 94, l. 13. *The loving worme*.—This phrase is made use of by our author in "Campaspe," Act 5, Sc. 4: "Two loving wormes, Hephestion." 15. *This greene nosegay*.—The bush at the tavern door. 24. *Pigsnie*.—Pig's eye, a ridiculous term of endearment.

Page 95, l. 2. *A dodkin*.—A dutch coin of very low value. Snelling, in his work on silver coins, note, "The Holland duitkin, or doitkin, of two penningens;" its value was therefore about the eighth part of an English penny. Holinshed, in his *Description of Ireland*, p. 21, uses it in the same sense as our author, when he tells us of a mayor, who "at the conclusion of his office owed no man a dotkin." 2. *Miching*.—Loitering. See note to p. 86, l. 27.

Page 97, l. 1. *Are you there with your bears?*—An old colloquial jest borrowed from the bear-garden, equivalent to saying, "Aha, is that what you are about?" 10. *The line of life—Venus' mount*.—Old terms in palmistry. The line of life is the furrow in the skin of the hand passing from the root of the thumb to the centre of the palm, and its length was supposed to denote the duration of its owner's life. The mount of Venus is the fleshy base of the thumb. 13. *A poulter*.—A poulterer; a young turkey is still termed a turkey poult. 29. *Peevishnesse*.—See note to p. 66, l. 22.

Page 99, l. 5. *Taken tardie*.—i.e. Caught idling. 6. *Over-taken*.—Drunken. 25. *Cast this matter in a corner*.—"The meaning of Halfpenny is that the liquor hath made him sick; the meaning of the bowl and broom will now be clear." (Note in edition of 1814.)

Page 102, l. 5. *He learn'd his leere*.—i.e. Got his know-

ledge; *leere* is an Anglo-Saxon word, signifying to learn or to teach.

Page 103, l. 18. *It is good counsell.*—Dilke, in his edition, has noted “there is some error here in the edition of 1598, which is faithfully copied in Mr. Blount’s; this speech is there made a continuation of Mæstius’s.” In the first edition of 1594 it is thus correctly given, by bracing the speeches of Mæstius and Serena, and giving another speech to the latter lady which does not appear at all in later editions:—

Mæst. It is good counsel, faire sister, if the necessitie of love could be releevd by counsell, yet this is our comfort, that these unnaturall heates have stretched themselves no further than thoughts; unhappie me, that they should stretch so.

Ser. That which nature warranteth laws forbid, straunge it seemeth in sense, that because thou art mine, therefore thou must not be mine.

Mæst. So it is, Serena, &c.

Page 105, l. 13. *Crocke up gold like honey.*—A crocke is an earthen pot; and the old money-pot for savings was made of coarse earthenware, and broken when filled and the money was wanted. The simile is obtained from the resemblance of such a pot to the one used for honey.

Page 106, l. 15. *Overreach his speech.*—*i.e.* Discover his folly by his conversation. 21. *Without many words.*—Blount reads, “without my words;” but this is an evident error. 30. *Fadges well.*—*i.e.* Goes on well.

Page 107, l. 8. *As well whittled as wee.*—“As drunk as ourselves; a whittle is a knife; and a drunken person is said to be cut.” (Note in ed. 1814.)

Page 108, l. 8. *Memphio and Stellio singing.*—There is some error here; in the first edition there is this stage direction, but no song given; only the note of act and scene after it, and the names of Memphio and Stellio; but as they immediately afterward order away Accius and Silena, whose entry is not noted, I believe that they should begin the scene by singing this song before the entry of the old men.

Page 109, l. 10. *Lapwing like.*—See note to vol. 1, p. 109, l. 19. 20. *Straine cur’sie.*—Abridge compliments. 22. *Stands me upon.*—Obliges me.

Page 110, l. 13. *Her make.*—Her mate. 24. *You meane knavishly.*—*i.e.* Wantonly. 31. *Crabs she stamp.*—Verjuice is made by stamping or pounding the crab-apple.

Page 111, l. 9. *Cantant*.—This stage direction is all that is given in the first edition, the song being there omitted. Blount gives the lines which interrupt Rixula to the “four pages;” Dilke alters it to the “men;” but as two only are men, and two are pages, I have merely altered the numeration of Blount. 26. *Phip, phip the sparrowes*.—“*Philip* or *Phip* was a familiar name given to a sparrow, from its note being supposed to resemble that sound.” Dyce’s *Skelton*, vol. 2, p. 121. That author, in his *Elegy on Philip Sparowe*, his pet bird, has these lines:—

“And whan I sayd *Phyp, Phyp*,
Then he wold lepe and skyp,
And take me by the lip.”

28. *A rope the parrat that holds tuck*.—For the cry of the parrot, see note to p. 11, l. 30; *to hold tuck* is to keep well to the subject.

Page 112, l. 26. *Marke her not*.—I have restored this speech to Dromio on the authority of the first edition. In Blount it forms a new paragraph without a name prefixed, hence it has been run on to Halfpenny’s speech in the reprint of 1814.

Page 113, l. 11. *A cushion of white brewish*.—Explained in ed. 1814 as “bread soaked in the liquor in which salt meat is boiled, or the liquor only;” and the following passage quoted in illustration:—

“Some forty pound of lovely beef
Plac’d in a Mediterranean sea of brewis.”
The Spanish Curate.

13. *Powdred*.—Salted. 25. *A racke*.—A neck of mutton. 27. *To hox*.—To hamstring.

Page 114, l. 7. *A wedding fresh a beating*.—This is explained in the edition of 1814 as a synonymous term for *breeding*; usual in Yorkshire, where it was the custom to say, a woman was “*beating with child*.” 12. *Prest satten*.—Glazed satin.

Page 118, l. 27. *Bavins*.—Faggots of furze-wood.

Page 121, l. 27. *I cry you mercy, I took you for a joynt stool*.—A ridiculous jest of depreciation, also used by the fool in Shakespeare’s “*Lear*,” Act 3, Sc. 6. 28. *Heere’s courting for a conduit or a bakehouse*.—Places where servants or the lower classes met; and where rough greetings were usual, and politeness was rare.

Page 122, l. 3. *The booties*.—An allusion to an implement of

torture made like a boot, which crushed the leg by pressure.

11. *Much in my gascoines, more in my round hose.*—This is the correct reading of the first edition. Blount has corrupted it into *round house*, and it so appears in the reprint of 1814. *Gascoines* were loose wide breeches; the *round hose* fitted the leg closely. 24. *A fraile of figges.*—A wicker basket.

Page 123, l. 9. *There's glick for you, let mee have my gird.*—A *glick* is a jest or joke; to *gird* was to indulge in satirical personalities. See note to vol. 1, p. 117, l. 17.

Page 124, l. 1. *So 'twill cotten.*—See note to vol. 1, p. 125, l. 27.

Page 126, l. 25. *Goe for a farthing.*—In the old editions it is abbreviated “*goe for a que*,” or *q*; the arithmetical mark for the coin.

Page 127, l. 7. *Alecie.*—A term coined to signify drunkenness. 17. *A bottle of hay.*—A bundle of hay. 20. *Why, he never askt for any.*—I have restored this speech to Dromio on the authority of the first edition. In Blount's reprint it is given to Riscio, and the word *for* omitted. 25. *One that would stand upon no ground.*—*i. e.* Was too mettlesome to stand still. 29. *I lent him thee gently.*—Courteously, like a gentleman, not as a mere dealer.

Page 128, l. 5. *It was for tiring.*—For dressing or decorating him. 18. *Addices.*—*i. e.* Adzes or axes. 27. *Pose.*—A running at the nose caused by cold.

Page 129, l. 4. *A statute marchant.*—“A species of security, I believe differing from the mortgage, in that the estate which was pledged was retained by the creditor until the debt was liquidated by its profits.” (Note in edition of 1814.) 25. *They will ride them worse.*—Altered in ed. of 1814 to *we will*, but all the old editions read as in our text.

Page 130, l. 12. *Jost up there, bay Richard.*—An imitation of the hackneyman's call to his horses.

Page 131, l. 14. *In these same yeaves.*—Equivalent to saying, “if your age has given you wisdom.” 19. *A naturall.*—A simpleton or idiot, such as Vicina's children really are. The word *a* occurs only in the first edition, and is not preserved by Blount or in the reprint of 1814; but it is of great importance in this somewhat obscure speech.

Page 132, l. 2. *Bewraying.*—Discovering. 24. *Into the leads for a hobler.*—*i. e.* Into the gutter for a mark to throw at.

Page 133, l. 1. *Brabble.*—Idle talk. Parson Evans, in the

"Merry Wives of Windsor," declares Falstaff given to "swearings and starings, pribbles and prabbles." 5. *The love knot*.—This appears to have been a popular song for a wedding, and I incline to think it was introduced here by the fiddlers; not being written by Lilly, it did not occur in the original MS., from which Blount printed the songs omitted in the quartos. I have printed the speech as it occurs in the quarto first edition and Blount, but I think that the word *sing* is a stage direction where this popular song should be introduced; and when it is finished Synis exclaims, "Good morrow, fair bride, and send you joy of your bridal." In Dilke's reprint he ends Synis' speech at the word "sing," and gives to Nasutus the "good morrow," &c., but without any authority for the alteration. 12. *Double stockes*.—The stockings were termed *nether stockes* in our author's era. The pun here alludes to putting both legs in the stocks as a punishment.

Page 134, l. 4. *An angell*.—This was a coin of the legitimate value of 6s. 8d., but sometimes passed for ten shillings, as the older coinage of England varied in value by the occasional debasement or lightness given to it by the mint masters. The following speech of Bedunenus seems to attribute this value to it; "master maior" alludes to Memphio, who says in the next page he "stands to be maior." 10. *And marke in issues*.—The word and only occurs in the first edition. Dilke, in a note, says, "I cannot with anything like certainty explain this speech." It is either very corrupt, or some slang phrase now inexplicable. 19. *Song*.—As usual, the song is not given in the first edition, and the word *sing*, which ends the speech of Synis in Blount, as here reprinted, occupies a line by itself in italics as a stage direction for the introduction of the song, and confirms my conjecture as to the previous speech of Synis, p. 133, l. 7.

Page 135, l. 8. *A huddle*.—An embrace. 9. *Crouding knaves*.—Fiddling knaves; the old term for a fiddler was a *crowder*. 10. *Case up your fiddles*—i.e. Shut them in their cases. 19. *The rood's body*.—The rood was the figure of the Trinity, generally placed over the screen in churches, and representing the Father exhibiting the crucified Son, upon whose head the Holy Ghost descends in form of a dove; the crucified Saviour alone was sometimes exhibited, and bore the same name; the allusion in the text seems to be to such a rood. 31. *My scabbard*.—A jocular allusion to his fiddle-case.

Page 136, l. 1. *This boot*.—The leathern case. 2. *Straight*.—Narrow, too tight. 3. *'Twill be thought they were the four waites, and let them wring*.—*i. e.* The town waits, or musicians, will be suspected, not us; and let them take the consequences. 12. *Being bruted*.—*i. e.* Being generally talked about.

Page 137, l. 13. *Rustle*.—*i. e.* Force themselves.

Page 138, l. 17. *The micher*.—See note to p. 86, l. 26. 26. *It shall passe anger*.—*i. e.* Go beyond it. 28. *Impudent giglot*.—A giglot is a giddy, romping, or wanton girl.

Page 140, l. 11. *Let us not vary*.—*i. e.* Come to variance, or quarrelling. 12. *Cheating parts*.—This is the correct reading of the first edition; Blount reads *chearing* parts, clearly an error, perpetuated in the edition of 1814. 16. *Cals us knaves by craft*.—*i. e.* Craftily, without appearing to do so; by inuendo. 21. *As good confesse here being trust, as at home with my hose about my heeles*.—*Hose* is the old term for breeches; *to trusse the hose*, was to fasten them to the doublet; the boy therefore says it is as good to confess there as he is, than to be forced to do so at home after a whipping. The speech has been completely misinterpreted in the edition of 1814.

Page 143, l. 11. *In a hammering*.—*i. e.* In progress. 19. *Good old woman*.—Such is the reading of the first edition, which, by a curious error of the compositor, has been converted in Blount to “gold woman,” and been corrected by Dilke into “good woman.” 30. *Mandrage*.—Mandragora, to which many superstitious virtues were ascribed.

Page 144, l. 12. *Swap*.—Change one for another. 19. *Wel fare, Mother Bombie*.—This exclamation appears in ed. 1814, *Farewell, Mother Bombie*, for which there is no authority.

Page 146, l. 17. *Noverint*.—The Latin deeds of our author's era commenced with this word, equivalent to the modern *know all men*, &c. In Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare* some examples are given. Greene, in his *Groat's worth of Wit*, 1584, speaks of clerks “who leave the trade of *Noverint*, whereto they were born, and busy themselves with the endeavours of art.”

Page 147, l. 6. *Wee'le tesse it*.—*i. e.* Toss the can at the ale-house. 12. *If you mace us*.—*i. e.* If you trouble us by virtue of your power as mace-bearer. 16. *Upseekings*.—*i. e.* Seeking after.

Page 151. Prologue; l. 4. *His dreame*.—The idea of this whole play being considered as its author's dream, probably gave Shakespeare the notion for his “Midsummer Night's

Dream." The concluding lines of the Prologue—

"If many faults escape in her discourse,
Remember all is but a poet's dreame"—

is the same idea, in nearly the same words, as used by Shakespeare to deprecate criticism at the conclusion of his drama:—

"If we shadows have offended,
Think but this (and all is mended),
That you have but slumber'd here
While these visions did appear."

Page 153, l. 18. *Rundle*.—i. e. Rounded surface.

Page 155, l. 13. *Exeunt shepherds, singing*.—The "roundelay" is omitted as usual in the early quartos; and this and the following play not being among Blount's reprints, the songs are all irrecoverably lost. 24. *Dispight*.—Envy.

Page 156, l. 11. *Fearfully*.—Timidly. 14. *Sonne*.—Sun.

Page 157, l. 2. *As haute*.—As haughty. 3. *Mars's heart*.—Misprinted *Manor's heart* in the original.

Page 158, l. 15. *Signorize*.—Rule.

Page 159, l. 15. *The questionest*.—The questioner. 18. *Some other where*.—Somewhere else.

Page 160, l. 3. *No noyse for waking her*.—This exclamation is a good example of the compressed phraseology sometimes adopted in Lilly's era, which leave words unspoken, that still require to be understood to make the phrase perfect; thus the present sentence would be in full, "Make no noise for fear of waking her."

Page 161, l. 18. *She weeping sounds*.—She swoons weeping. 25. *They sing*.—The song, in accordance with the custom of most early printers of plays, has been omitted.

Page 162, l. 17. *Regiment*.—Government. 22. *Empery*.—Empire, dominion.

Page 166, l. 17. *Guerden my desire*.—Reward my hope.

Page 167, l. 30. *Weare my glove*.—See note to vol. 1, p. 135, l. 15.

Page 168, l. 21. *Weep curst hart away*.—i. e. Cure her shrewishness by weeping.

Page 169, l. 1. *A vixen martialist*.—A savage soldier; the vixen is the female fox. 13. *Lay down*.—An elision for *lay it doune*. 23. *Is my mistresse mankinde?*—i. e. Become masculine. It was a term of reproach; and a coarse female was termed "a mankind creature."

“Out mankinde witch, hence with her.”

Winter's Tale, Act 2, Sc. 3.

Page 172, l. 17. *Misdid thee*.—i. e. Did amiss to thee.

Page 173, l. 28. *Depart*.—Departure. *Earne*.—Yearn. 29. *Were not the joyes*.—The original reads *where not*; but the sense of the passage evidently is, “I should grieve at their departure, were I not in greater hope of joy from thee.”

Page 174, l. 1. *Our holly hearbe nicotian*.—The holy herb nicotian was the tobacco plant; so named from Jean Nicot, Lord of Villemaine, the French Ambassador to Portugal, who first brought it into notice at the French Court about 1561. His name was given to the herb (its essential oil is still termed *nicotine*), which was entirely valued by him for its curative virtues; indeed, he and others appear to have thought, with Captain Bobadil, that it was “the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man.” The “tabaco of Trinidada” is termed *Sana Sancta Indorum*, in Gerard's *Herball*, 1597.

Page 176, l. 16. *Levety is beautie's wayting mayde*.—This is printed *lenety* by error in the first edition.

Page 179, l. 14. *Of that condition*.—On that condition.

Page 180, l. 10. *Golden hayre*.—Yellow hair was considered a great beauty in our author's era, and during the Middle Ages. See note to vol. 1, p. 124, l. 29.

Page 181, l. 3. *Enter Melos and Iphicles*.—Iphicles' entry is not noted in the original. 28. *The Arabian bird*.—The phoenix. 30. *The muremaydes glass*.—An allusion to the popular mode of representing the fabulous mermaid as always employed arranging her hair with a comb by a hand-glass or mirror. Lilly furnishes his syren with similar implements in his “*Love's Metamorphosis*.” (See p. 245 of this vol.)

Page 183, l. 4. *Bursting from the earth*.—Erroneously printed *brusing* in the first edition. 17. *Wonder not at it, good people*.—Gunophilus here addresses the audience. 19. *To hire roomes*.—Something has been omitted here; to make sense of this speech, it seems necessary to read, “to hire them as rooms.” 26. *Groune awry*.—Misprinted *away* in the original edition.

Page 185, l. 26. *Clipt within the ring*.—This and the preliminary jests are obtained from the coinage of the day, which varied in value by the debasement of the metal, or depreciation of its weight; clipping the coinage was a dishonest trick, very rigidly punished in an offender; and the coin so clipt was alto-

gether debarred from currency if the clipping took away the outer inscription, or encroached within the ring which formed the boundary of the letters. 27. *Malepert*.—Insolent.

Page 186, l. 19. *Busky groves*.—Woody groves. Ceres, in "The Tempest," Act 4, Sc. 1, speaks of "my bosky acres." 21. *He wayes more*.—He cares more for.

Page 187, l. 5. *Made a stale*.—The stale was the stalking-horse used as a cover to the marksman. Shakespeare frequently uses this simile:—

"Poor I am but his stale."

Comedy of Errors, Act 2, Sc. 1.

"Had he none else to make a stale but me."

Henry VI., Part 3, Act 3, Sc. 3.

Page 188, l. 21. *In my regiment*.—i. e. Under my rule.

Page 190, l. 17. *Pandora is the love of Stesias*.—At the conclusion of this speech the Shepherds evidently leave Stesias and Gunophilus.

Page 191, l. 4. *Basiliske*.—This was a species of dragon (according to the old fabulous natural history of the Middle Ages) who killed his sire, and dishonoured his dam.

Page 192, l. 12. *Language*.—Languish. 28. *Adamant*.—It was believed during the Middle Ages that rocks of adamant were in the sea, so powerful in their attraction as to draw ships toward them, abstract the nails out of them, and destroy the vessel and all in it.

Page 193, l. 15. *My leefest love*.—My dearest love. 27. *Mate me not*.—Deject me not.

Page 197, l. 27. *I meane simply*.—i. e. In a simple plain manner.

Page 199, l. 3. *All is safe and uhist*.—i. e. Safe and silent. 14. *He layes about*.—i. e. Strikes about him on all sides with his sheephook.

Page 200, l. 5. *I cannot go no faster*.—This use of the negative in place of the word *any* is now confined to the vulgar; but was unobjectionable in our author's day. 17. *Over the chayne, Jacke*.—A common trick with apes. Ben Jonson, in his *Bartholomew Faire*, speaks of "a juggler with a well-educated ape to come over the chaine for the King of England, and back again for the Prince, and sit still on his haunches for the Pope and the King of Spain." 19. *By his ten bones*.—The fingers of both hands—a common form of small oath; "by these

ten bones, my lords," swears Peter, to the truth of his allegations against his master, in Shakespeare's "Henry VI," Part 2, Act 1, Sc. 3.

Page 201, l. 2. *A funne*.—Misprinted *faune* in the original edition.

Page 202, l. 17. *Shall I make them cracke?*—Lovers' play, testing their love by pulling the fingers, repeating at each pull, he *loves*, or *loves not*; if the fingers do not respond by a crack at the joints, the answer is unfavourable, the last attempt on the series giving the final response; it is another mode of divination, in its results resembling the pulling of flower-petals, an incident in Goethe's "Faust," where Margaret thus tests the love of the hero.

Page 203, l. 22. *O absolute Pandora*.—*i. e.* Perfect. Osrick, in Shakespeare's "Hamlet," speaks of Laertes as "an absolute gentleman." 25. *Stoyke*.—Stoic. 30. *A breaching boy*.—A boy just of age for breeching, which in our author's era was not before twelve or fourteen years of age.

Page 205, l. 15. *The jocund trees that val'd when she came neare*.—*i. e.* Bowed their tops to her. See note to vol. 1, p. 38, l. 7.

"All the gallants on the stage rise, vail to me,
Kiss their hand, offer me their places."

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Woman Hater*.

Page 206, l. 17. *Hediokes*.—*i. e.* Hedgehogs. 18. *Let me see thy hand*.—She imitates divination by palmistry. See note to p. 97, l. 10.

Page 209, l. 14. *A haythorne*.—*i. e.* A hawthorn. See also Stesias's speech at the foot of the following page. 20. *Mars*.—This speech is wrongly given to Mercury in the original edition.

Page 210, l. 25. *Follow her in the Moone*.—This transformation of Stesias to the Man in the Moon, and Gunophilus to the thornbush on his back, is an ingenious variation of a popular fable, which, says Grimm, declared this man either to be Isaac carrying sticks for his own sacrifice; Cain, bearing the bundle of thorns unworthily sacrificed by him to the Deity; or the unfortunate man who gathered sticks on the Sabbath-day, and was stoned by the Jews, as related in the Book of Numbers, chap. xv. 32-36. Ritson, in his *Ancient Songs of England*, has printed a curious song upon this popular personage, composed in the early part of the fourteenth century.

Shakespeare has introduced the character in the Clown's masque at the end of his "Midsummer Night's Dream;" and Halliwell, in his folio edition of the poet's works, has brought together a large mass of curious information on this fable.

Page 215, l. 17. *Begot by the frail fires of the eye*.—There is the same idea in Balthazar's song in the "Merchant of Venice," Act 3, Sc. 2, where, speaking of fancy or love, he says:—

"It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed."

Page 217, l. 24. *Wake-robin*.—The old English name for the *Arum maculatum*, or cuckoo-pint.

Page 218, l. 10. *A fond hobbie*.—The hobby was the hawk especially devoted to the use of young men, according to the old rules which assigned species to rank; by this rule the eagle is considered the bird fitted for an emperor's use; the simile points to the folly of an inferior attempting to secure a superior.

Page 219, l. 15. *Immortal*.—Query, immoral. 17. *Giglots*.—Wantons. See note to p. 138, l. 28. 20. *Adamants*.—See note to p. 192, l. 28. 21. *Filed speeches*.—Polished speeches.

Page 222, l. 15. *It skilleth not*.—It does not signify. 28. *Unacquainted*.—Unexampled.

Page 224, l. 4. *Lively*.—Exactly. 17. *Apt*.—Suitable.

Page 228, l. 10. *Ramis, Nisa, &c.*—All the characters in the scene are given as a head-line in the original; but only Ramis and Nisa enter, and exeunt, p. 229; then Montanus and Celia, who go out p. 231; and then Niobe and Silvestris. On page 233, Niobe, after her song (not printed in the original), evidently retires, and immediately afterwards Ramis and Montanus re-enter. The old edition has few notes of stage business.

Page 232, l. 10. *Other some*.—Other persons. Shakespeare's Hermia exclaims:—

"How happy some, o'er other some can be!"

Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 1, Sc. 1.

24. *A sweet consent*.—i. e. A pleasant harmony. 30. *The base*.—This jest on *base*, *mean*, and *treble* in music, has been used also in our author's "Gallathea." See note to vol. 1, p. 275, l. 20.

Page 233, l. 9. *The salamick*.—The salamander. 14. *Contentant*.—The song is omitted in the original edition.

Page 234, l. 5. *All those that love Niobe do like*.—There is

something incorrect here; we should probably read, "I will first see whether all those that love, as I love Niobe, do the like." 17. *Posies*.—Mottoes; see notes to vol. 1, p. 135, l. 6, for specimens of ring-posies.

Page 236, l. 24. *Your conditions indeed brought in your obligations*.—A satirical allusion to the wording of old bonds, which began with "The condition of this obligation," &c.

Page 242, l. 18. *Blockish*.—Stupid.

Page 243, l. 2. *The crow shall set his foote in their eye, and the black ox tread on their foote*.—Popular sayings for signs of advanced years; the marks of the crow's feet are the wrinkles at the corners of the eyes; the other allusion occurs in our author's "Sapho and Phao." See note to vol. 1, p. 199, l. 26.

Page 244, l. 12. *Removed*.—Moved anew. 26. *I marvail*, &c.—Petulius evidently enters at this speech.

Page 245, l. 29. *Out dottrell!*—Old fool! The bird known as the dottrell was popularly believed to be most easily caught by the silliest devices.

Page 246, l. 9. *Kill by culling*.—i. e. Hugging. 24. *That did sweare to follow*.—*Sic in orig.*, but it should be "that thou didst sweare to follow."

Page 247, l. 3. *Follow me at this doore*.—This speech is curious for its anachronism; the scene takes place on the sea-shore; but the references are evidently to the doors of entrance or exit on the stage; and time was allowed for some change of dress in the person who played Protea, by a departure from the audience before the next speech of Petulius.

Page 249, l. 29. *Recover their formes*.—*Fames* in original; an evident error.

Page 256, l. 4. *Pievishness*.—Foolishness.

Page 257, l. 22. *Bitter overthwarts*.—Disagreeable contradictions. 25. *Shrewdness*.—i. e. Shrewishness.

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